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THE JĀTAKA

OR

STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S FORMER BIRTHS

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TRANSLATED FROM THE PĀLI BY VARIOUS HANDS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF

PROFESSOR E. B. COWELL.

VOL. I.

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PROFESSOR T. W. RHYS DAVIDS, LL.D., PH.D.,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY

HIS FRIEND AND PUPIL

THE TRANSLATOR

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PREFACE.

It was an almost isolated incident in Greek literary history[1], when Pythagoras claimed to remember his previous lives. Heracleides Ponticus relates that he professed to have been once born as Æthalides, the son of Hermes, and to have then obtained as a boon from his father ζῶντα καὶ τελευτῶντα μνήμην ἔχειν τῶν συμβαινόντων[2]. Consequently he remembered the Trojan war, where, as Euphorbus, he was wounded by Menelaus, and, as Pythagoras, he could still recognise the shield which Menelaus had hung up in the temple of Apollo at Branchidæ; and similarly he remembered his subsequent birth as Hermotimus, and then as Pyrrhus, a fisherman of Delos. But in India this recollection of previous lives is a common feature in the histories of the saints and heroes of sacred tradition; and it is especially mentioned by Manu[3] as the effect of a self-denying and pious life. The doctrine of Metempsychosis, since the later Vedic period, has played such an important part in the history of the national character and religious ideas that we need not be surprised to find that Buddhist literature from the earliest times (although giving a theory of its own to explain the transmigration) has always included the ages of the past as an authentic background to the founder's historical life as Gautama. Jātaka legends occur even in the Canonical Piṭakas; thus the Sukha-vihāri Jātaka and the Tittira Jātaka, which are respectively the 10th and the 37th in this volume, are found in the Culla Vagga, vii. 1 and vi. 6, and similarly the Khandhavatta Jātaka, which will be given in the next volume, is found in the Culla Vagga v. 6; and there are several other examples. So too one of the minor books of the Sutta Piṭaka (the Cariyā Piṭaka) consists of 35 Jātakas told in verse; and ten at least

[1] But compare the account of Aristeas of Proconnesus in Hdt. iv. 14, 15.
[2] Diogenes Laert. viii. 1.
[3] iv. 148.

of these can be identified in the volumes of our present collection already published; and probably several of the others will be traced when it is all printed. The Sutta and Vinaya Piṭakas are generally accepted as at least older than the Council of Vesāli (380 B.C. ?); and thus Jātaka legends must have been always recognised in Buddhist literature.

This conclusion is confirmed by the fact that Jātaka scenes are found sculptured in the carvings on the railings round the relic shrines of Sanchi and Amaravati and especially those of Bharhut, where the titles of several Jātakas are clearly inscribed over some of the carvings. These bas-reliefs prove that the birth-legends were widely known in the third century B.C. and were then considered as part of the sacred history of the religion. Fah-hian, when he visited Ceylon, (400 A.D.), saw at Abhayagiri "representations of the 500 bodily forms which the Bodhisatta assumed during his successive births[1]," and he particularly mentions his births as Sou-ta-nou, a bright flash of light, the king of the elephants, and an antelope[2]. These legends were also continually introduced into the religious discourses[3] which were delivered by the various teachers in the course of their wanderings, whether to magnify the glory of the Buddha or to illustrate Buddhist doctrines and precepts by appropriate examples, somewhat in the same way as mediæval preachers in Europe used to enliven their sermons by introducing fables and popular tales to rouse the flagging attention of their hearers[4].

It is quite uncertain when these various birth-stories were put together in a systematic form such as we find in our present Jātaka collection. At first they were probably handed down orally, but their growing popularity would ensure that their kernel, at any rate, would ere long be committed to some more permanent form. In fact there is a singular parallel to this in the 'Gesta Romanorum', which was compiled by an uncertain author in the 14th century and contains nearly 200 fables and stories told to illustrate various virtues and vices, many of them winding up with a religious application.

[1] Beal's transl. p. 157.

[2] Hiouen-thsang twice refers to Jātakas, *Julien*, i. 137, 197.

[3] See Prof. M. M. Künté's paper, *Journ. R. A. S. Ceylon*, viii. 123.

[4] In the curious description of the Buddhist grove in the Harsha-carita, viii., Bāṇa mentions owls "which repeated the Bodhisattva's *Jātakas*, having gained illumination by continually hearing them recited."

Some of the birth-stories are evidently Buddhistic and entirely depend for their point on some custom or idea peculiar to Buddhism; but many are pieces of folk-lore which have floated about the world for ages as the stray waifs of literature and are liable everywhere to be appropriated by any casual claimant. The same stories may thus, in the course of their long wanderings, come to be recognised under widely different aspects, as when they are used by Boccaccio or Poggio merely as merry tales, or by some Welsh bard to embellish king Arthur's legendary glories, or by some Buddhist *samaṇa* or mediæval friar to add point to his discourse. Chaucer unwittingly puts a Jātaka story into the mouth of his Pardonere when he tells his tale of 'the ryotoures three'; and another appears in Herodotus as the popular explanation of the sudden rise of the Alcmæonidæ through Megacles' marriage with Cleisthenes' daughter and the rejection of his rival Hippocleides.

The Pāli work, entitled 'the Jātaka', the first volume of which is now presented to the reader in an English form, contains 550 Jātakas or Birth-stories, which are arranged in 22 *nipātas* or books. This division is roughly founded on the number of verses (*gāthās*) which are quoted in each story; thus the first book contains 150 stories, each of which only quotes one verse, the second 100, each of which quotes two, the third and fourth 50 each, which respectively quote 3 and 4, and so on to the twenty-first with 5 stories, each of which quotes 80 verses, and the twenty-second with 10 stories, each quoting a still larger number. Each story opens with a preface called the *paccuppannavatthu* or 'story of the present', which relates the particular circumstances in the Buddha's life which led him to tell the birth-story and thus reveal some event in the long series of his previous existences as a *bodhisatta* or a being destined to attain Buddha-ship. At the end there is always given a short summary, where the Buddha identifies the different actors in the story in their present births at the time of his discourse,—it being an essential condition of the book that the Buddha possesses the same power as that which Pythagoras claimed but with a far more extensive range, since he could remember all the past events in every being's previous existences as well as in his own. Every story is also illustrated by one or more *gāthās* which are uttered by the Buddha while still a Bodhisatta and so playing his part in the narrative; but sometimes the verses are put into his mouth as the Buddha, when they are called *abhisambuddha-gāthā*.

Some of these stanzas are found in the canonical book called the Dhammapada; and many of the Jātaka stories are given in the old Commentary on that book but with varying details, and sometimes associated with verses which are not given in our present Jātaka text. This might seem to imply that there is not necessarily a strict connexion between any particular story and the verses which may be quoted as its moral; but in most cases an apposite stanza would of course soon assert a prescriptive right to any narrative which it seemed specially to illustrate. The language of the gāthās is much more archaic than that of the stories; and it certainly seems more probable to suppose that they are the older kernel of the work, and that thus in its original form the Jātaka, like the Cariyā-piṭaka, consisted only of these verses. It is quite true that they are generally unintelligible without the story, but such is continually the case with proverbial sayings; the traditional commentary passes by word of mouth in a varying form along with the adage, as in the well-known *οὐ φροντὶς Ἱπποκλείδῃ* or our own 'Hobson's choice', until some author writes it down in a crystallised form[1]. Occasionally the same birth-story is repeated elsewhere in a somewhat varied form and with different verses attached to it; and we sometimes find the phrase *iti vitthāretabbam*[2], which seems to imply that the narrator is to amplify the details at his discretion.

The native tradition in Ceylon is that the original Jātaka Book consisted of the *gāthās* alone, and that a commentary on these, containing the stories which they were intended to illustrate, was written in very early times in Singhalese. This was translated into Pāli about 430 A.D. by Buddhaghosa, who translated so many of the early Singhalese commentaries into Pāli; and after this the Singhalese original was lost. The accuracy of this tradition has been discussed by Professor Rhys Davids in the Introduction to the first volume of his 'Buddhist Birth Stories'[3]; and we may safely adopt his conclusion, that if the prose commentary was not composed by Buddhaghosa, it was composed not long afterwards; and as in any case it was merely a redaction of materials

[1] We have an interesting illustration of the proverbial character of some of the Jātaka stories in the Sāṅkhya Aphorisms, iv. 11, "he who is without hope is happy like Piṅgalā," which finds its explanation in Jāt. 330. It is also referred to in the Mahâbh. xii. 6520.

[2] As e.g. Fausböll, iii. p. 495. Cf. *Divyāvad.* p. 377, 1.

[3] See also several papers in the eighth volume of the *Journal of the Ceylon Branch of the R. A. Society.*

handed down from very early times in the Buddhist community, it is not a question of much importance except for Pāli literary history. The *gāthās* are undoubtedly old, and they necessarily imply the previous existence of the stories, though not perhaps in the exact words in which we now possess them.

The Jātakas are preceded in the Pāli text by a long Introduction, the Nidāna-kathā, which gives the Buddha's previous history both before his last birth, and also during his last existence until he attained the state of a Buddha[1]. This has been translated by Professor Rhys Davids, but as it has no direct connexion with the rest of the work, we have omitted it in our translation, which commences with the first Birth-story.

We have translated the quasi historical introductions which always precede the different birth-stories, as they are an essential part of the plan of the original work,—since they link each tale with some special incident in the Buddha's life, which tradition venerates as the occasion when he is supposed to have recalled the forgotten scene of a long past existence to his contemporaries. But it is an interesting question for future investigation how far they contain any historical data. They appear at first sight to harmonise with the framework of the Piṭakas; but I confess that I have no confidence in their historical credibility,—they seem to me rather the laboured invention of a later age, like the legendary history of the early centuries of ancient Rome. But this question will be more easily settled, when we have made further progress in the translation.

The Jātakas themselves are of course interesting as specimens of Buddhist literature; but their foremost interest to us consists in their relation to folk-lore and the light which they often throw on those popular stories which illustrate so vividly the ideas and superstitions of the early times of civilisation. In this respect they possess a special value, as, although much of their matter is peculiar to Buddhism, they contain embedded with it an unrivalled collection of Folk-lore. They are also full of interest as giving a vivid picture of the social life and customs of ancient India. Such books as Lieutenant-Colonel Sleeman's 'Rambles' or Mr Grierson's 'Bihār Peasant Life' illustrate them at every turn. They form in fact an ever-shifting panorama of the village life such as Fah-hian and Hiouen-thsang saw it in the old days before the Muhammadan

[1] This latter portion partly corresponds to the well-known *Lalita-vistara* of the Northern Buddhists.

conquest, when Hindu institutions and native rule prevailed in every province throughout the land. Like all collections of early popular tales they are full of violence and craft, and betray a low opinion of woman; but outbursts of nobler feeling are not wanting, to relieve the darker colours.

Professor Rhys Davids first commenced a translation of the Jātaka in 1880, but other engagements obliged him to discontinue it after one volume had appeared, containing the Nidānakathā and 40 stories. The present translation has been undertaken by a band of friends who hope, by each being responsible for a definite portion, to complete the whole within a reasonable time. We are in fact a guild of Jātaka translators, *çreshṭhi-pūrvā vayaṃ çreṇiḥ*; but, although we have adopted some common principles of translation and aim at a certain general uniformity in our technical terms and in transliteration, we have agreed to leave each individual translator, within certain limits, a free hand in his own work. The Editor only exercises a general superintendence, in consultation with the two resident translators, Mr Francis and Mr Neil.

Mr R. Chalmers of Oriel College, Oxford, has translated in the present volume the first volume of Prof. Fausböll's edition of the Pāli text (five volumes of which have already appeared). The second volume will be translated by Mr W. H. D. Rouse, late fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, who will also be responsible for the fourth; the third will be translated by Mr H. T. Francis, Under-Librarian of the University Library at Cambridge, and late fellow of Gonville and Caius College, and Mr R. A. Neil, fellow and assistant-tutor of Pembroke College, who hope also to undertake the fifth[1].

E. B. COWELL.

[1] A complete index will be given at the end of the last volume.

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ERRATA.

P. 30, l. 36, *read* 'He who has trodden...'

P. 113, last l., *read* Cf. Vol. II. p. 362 (Pāli text).

Praised be the Blessed One, the Arahat, the perfect Buddha.

BOOK I.—EKANIPĀTA[1].

No. 1.

APAṆṆAKA-JĀTAKA.

[95.] This[2] discourse regarding Truth was delivered by the Blessed One, while he was dwelling in the Great Monastery at Jetavana near Sāvatthi.

But who, you ask, was it that led up to this tale?

Well; it was the Treasurer's five hundred friends, disciples of the sophists[3].

For, one day Anātha-piṇḍika[4] the Treasurer, took his friends the five hundred disciples of other schools, and went off with them to Jetavana, whither also he had a great store brought of garlands, perfumes, and unguents, together with oil, honey, molasses, cloths, and cloaks. After due salutation to the Blessed One, he made his offering to him of the garlands and the like, and handed over to the Order of the Brethren the medicinal oil and so forth together with the cloths; and, this done, he took his seat on one side eschewing the six faults in

[1] The canonical text of the Jātaka book, which consists exclusively of *gāthās* or stanzas, is divided into 'books,' or *nipātas*, according to the number of *gāthās*. The present volume contains the 150 stories which illustrate, and form the commentary of, a single *gāthā* in each case, and compose the first book. The later books contain an increasing number of *gāthās* and a decreasing number of stories : *e.g.* the second book contains 100 two-gāthā stories, the third book 50 three-gāthā stories, and so on. The total number of the books or *nipātas* is 22, 21 of which form the text of the five published volumes of the Pali text. The *nipātas* are subdivided into *vaggas*, or sets of about 10 stories, named as a rule after their first story. It has not been thought desirable to cumber the translation with these subdivisions.

[2] The Introductory Story usually begins by quoting, as a catchword, the first words of the subsequent *gāthā*.

[3] Literally 'sectaries'; but usually translated 'heretics,' a term which has come to have too theological a connotation to be applicable to philosophers. The six rivals with whom Gotama had chiefly to compete were Pūraṇa Kassapa, Makkhali Gosāla, Ajita Kesa-kambalī, Pakudha Kaccāyana, Sañjaya Belaṭṭhi-putta, and Nigaṇṭha Nāta-putta (see, *e.g.*, the *Sāmaññaphala Sutta* in the *Dīgha Nikāya*, Vol. I. p. 47).

[4] This is a surname, meaning literally 'feeder of the poor.' His ordinary name was Sudatta. See the account in the Vinaya (Cullavagga, VI. 4, 9) of how he bought from Prince Jeta the latter's grove for as much money as would pave the ground, and how he built thereon the Great Monastery for the Buddha.

sitting down. Likewise, those disciples of other schools saluted the Buddha, and took their seats close by the side of Anātha-piṇḍika,—gazing upon the Master's countenance, glorious as the full moon, upon his excellent presence endowed with the signs and marks of Buddhahood and encompassed to a fathom's length with light, and upon the rich glory that marks a Buddha, a glory which issued as it were in paired garlands, pair upon pair.

Then, though in thunderous tones as of a young lion roaring in the Red Valley or as of a storm-cloud in the rainy season, bringing down as it were the Ganges of the Heavens[1] [96] and seeming to weave a chaplet of jewels,—yet in a voice of eightfold perfection, the charm of which ravished the ear, he preached to them the Truth in a discourse full of sweetness and bright with varied beauty.

They, after hearing the Master's discourse, rose up with hearts converted, and with due salutation to the Lord of Knowledge, burst asunder the other doctrines in which they had taken refuge, and betook themselves to the Buddha as their refuge. Thenceforth without ceasing they used to go with Anātha-piṇḍika, carrying in their hands perfumes and garlands and the like, to hear the Truth in the Monastery; and they abounded in charity, kept the Commandments, and kept the weekly fast-day.

Now the Blessed One went from Sāvatthi back to Rājagaha again. As soon as the Buddha had gone, they burst asunder their new faith, and returning to the other doctrines as their refuge, reverted to their original state.

After some seven or eight months' stay, the Blessed One came back to Jetavana. Once again too did Anātha-piṇḍika come with those friends of his to the Master, make his salutation and offering of perfumes and the like, and take his seat on one side. And the friends also saluted the Blessed One and took their seats in like manner. Then did Anātha-piṇḍika tell the Blessed One how, when the Buddha had departed on his alms-pilgrimage, his friends had forsaken their refuge for the old doctrines again, and had reverted to their original state.

Opening the lotus of his mouth, as though it were a casket of jewels, scented with scents divine and filled with divers perfumes by virtue of his having ever spoken aright throughout myriad æons, the Blessed One made his sweet voice come forth, as he enquired:—"Is the report true that you, disciples, have forsaken the Three Refuges[2] for the refuge of other doctrines?"

And when they, unable to conceal the fact, had confessed, saying, "It is true, Blessed One," then said the Master, "Disciples, not between the bounds of hell[3] below and the highest heaven above, not in all the infinite worlds that stretch right and left, is there the equal, much less the superior, of a Buddha in the excellences which spring from obeying the Commandments and from other virtuous conduct."

Then he declared to them the excellences of the Three Gems as they are revealed in the sacred texts, the following amongst the number,—"Of all creatures, Brethren, whether footless &c., of these the Buddha is the chief"; "Whatsoever riches there be in this or in other worlds &c."; and "Verily the chief of the faithful &c." Thence he went on to say:—"No disciples, male or female, who seek refuge in the Three Gems that are endowed with such peerless excellences, are ever reborn into hell and the like states; but, released from all rebirth into states of suffering, they pass to the Realm of Devas and there receive great glory. Therefore, in forsaking such a refuge for that offered by other doctrines, you have gone astray."

[1] i.e. the Milky Way.

[2] i.e. the Buddha, the Truth he preached, and the Brotherhood he founded. *Infra* this triad is spoken of as the 'Three Gems.'

[3] Strictly speaking Buddhism knows no hells, only purgatories, which—though places of torment—are temporary and educational.

(And here the following sacred texts should be cited to make it clear that none who, to find release and the supreme good, have sought refuge in the Three Gems, shall be reborn into states of suffering:—

[97] Those who have refuge in the Buddha found,
Shall not pass hence to states of suffering;
Straightway, when they shall quit their human frame,
A Deva-form these faithful ones shall fill[1].

Those who have refuge in the Doctrine found
&c., &c.

Those who have refuge in the Order found
&c., &c.

They're manifold the refuges men seek,
—The mountain peak, the forest's solitude,

(*and so on down to*)

When he this refuge shall have sought and found,
Entire release is his from every pain.)[2]

But the Master did not end his teaching to them at this point; for he went on to say:—"Disciples, meditation on the thought of the Buddha, meditation on the thought of the Truth, meditation on the thought of the Brotherhood, this it is that gives Entry to and Fruition of the First, the Second, the Third, and the Fourth Paths to Bliss[3]." And when he had preached the Truth to them in these and other ways, he said, "In forsaking such a refuge as this, you have gone astray."

(And here the gift of the several Paths to those who meditate on the thought of the Buddha and so forth, should be made clear by such scriptures as the following:—"One thing there is, Brethren, which, if practised and developed, conduces to utter loathing of the world's vanities, to the cessation of passion, to the end of being, to peace, to insight, to enlightenment, to Nirvana. What is this one thing?—The meditation on the thought of the Buddha.")

When he had thus exhorted the disciples, the Blessed One said,—"So too in times past, disciples, the men who jumped to the fatuous conclusion that what was no refuge was a real refuge, fell a prey to goblins in a demon-haunted wilderness and were utterly destroyed; whilst the men who clave to the absolute and indisputable truth, prospered in the selfsame wilderness." And when he had said this, he became silent.

Then, rising up from his seat and saluting the Blessed One, the layman Anātha-piṇḍika burst into praises, and with clasped hands raised in reverence to his forehead, spoke thus:—"It is clear to us, Sir, that in these present days these disciples were led by error into forsaking the supreme refuge. But the bygone destruction of those opinionated ones in the demon-haunted wilderness, and the prospering of the men who clave to the truth, are hidden from us and known only to you. [98] May it please the Blessed One, as though causing the full moon to rise in the sky, to make this thing clear to us."

[1] The word *deva*, which I have retained in its Pali form, means an 'angel,' rather than a 'god,' in the god-less creed of the Buddhist. See hereon Rhys Davids in his 'Buddhist Suttas,' page 162.

[2] Dhammapada, v. 188—192.

[3] See note on p. 8.

Then said the Blessed One:—"It was solely to brush away the world's difficulties that by the display of the Ten Perfections[1] through myriad æons I won omniscience. Give ear and hearken, as closely as if you were filling a tube of gold with lion's marrow."

Having thus excited the Treasurer's attention, he made clear the thing that re-birth had concealed from them, as though he were releasing the full moon from the upper air, the birthplace of the snows.

Once on a time in the city of Benares in the Kāsi country there was a king named Brahmadatta. In those days the Bodhisatta was born into a merchant's family, and growing up in due course, used to journey about trading with five hundred carts, travelling now from east to west and now from west to east. There was also at Benares another young merchant, a stupid blockhead, lacking resource.

Now at the time of our story the Bodhisatta had loaded five hundred carts with costly wares of Benares and had got them all ready to start. And so had the foolish young merchant too. Thought the Bodhisatta, "If this foolish young merchant keeps me company all along, and the thousand carts travel along together, it will be too much for the road; it will be a hard matter to get wood, water, and so forth for the men, or grass for the oxen. Either he or I must go on first." So he sent for the other and laid his view before him, saying, "The two of us can't travel together; would you rather go first or last?" Thought the other, "There will be many advantages if I go on first. I shall have a road which is not yet cut up; my oxen will have the pick of the grass; my men will have the pick of the herbs for curry; the water will be undisturbed; and, lastly, I shall fix my own price for the barter of my goods." Accordingly he replied, "I will go first, my dear sir." [99]

The Bodhisatta, on the other hand, saw many advantages in going last, for he argued thus to himself:—"Those who go first will level the road where it is rough, whilst I shall travel along the road they have already travelled; their oxen will have grazed off the coarse old grass, whilst mine will pasture on the sweet young growth which will spring up in its place; my men will find a fresh growth of sweet herbs for curry where the old ones have been picked; where there is no water, the first caravan will have to dig to supply themselves, and we shall drink at the wells they dug. Haggling over prices is killing work; whereas I, following later, shall barter my wares at the prices they have already fixed." Accordingly, seeing all these advantages, he said to the other, "Then go you first, my dear sir."

[1] i.e. almsgiving, goodness, renunciation, wisdom, energy, patience, truth, resolution, loving-kindness, and equanimity. (See the *Cariyā Piṭaka*, pp. 45—7 of the Pāli text edited by Dr Morris for the Pāli Text Society); see also Jātaka No. 35 &c.

"Very well, I will," said the foolish merchant. And he yoked his carts and set out. Journeying along, he left human habitations behind him and came to the outskirts of the wilderness. (Now wildernesses are of the five following kinds:—robber wildernesses, wild-beast wildernesses, drought wildernesses, demon wildernesses, and famine wildernesses. The first is when the way is beset by robbers; the second is when the way is beset by lions and other wild beasts; the third is when there is no bathing or water to be got; the fourth is when the road is beset by demons; and the fifth is when no roots or other food are to be found. And in this fivefold category the wilderness in question was both a drought, and a demon, wilderness.) Accordingly this young merchant took great big water-jars on his carts, and filling them with water, set out to cross the sixty leagues of desert which lay before him. Now when he had reached the middle of the wilderness, the goblin who haunted it said to himself, "I will make these men throw away their stock of water, and devour them all when they are faint." So he [100] framed by his magic power a delightful carriage drawn by pure white young bulls. With a retinue of some ten or twelve goblins bearing bows and quivers, swords and shields, he rode along to meet them like a mighty lord in this carriage, with blue lotuses and white water-lilies wreathed round his head, with wet hair and wet clothes, and with muddy carriage-wheels. His attendants, too, in front and rear of him went along with their hair and clothes wet, with garlands of blue lotuses and white water-lilies on their heads, and with bunches of white lotuses in their hands, chewing the esculent stalks, and dripping with water and mire. Now the leaders of caravans have the following custom: whenever the wind blows in their teeth, they ride on in front in their carriage with their attendants round them, in order to escape the dust; but when the wind blows from behind them, then they ride in like fashion in the rear of the column. And, as on this occasion the wind was blowing against them, the young merchant was riding in front. When the goblin became aware of the merchant's approach, he drew his carriage aside from the track and greeted him kindly, asking him whither he was going. The leader of the caravan too caused his carriage to be drawn aside from the track so as to let the carts pass by, whilst he stayed by the way and thus addressed the goblin: "We are just on our way from Benares, sir. But I observe that you have lotuses and water-lilies on your heads and in your hands, and that your people are chewing the esculent stalks, and that you are all muddy and dripping with wet. Pray did it rain while you were on the road, and did you come on pools covered with lotuses and water-lilies?"

Hereon the goblin exclaimed, "What did you say? Why, yonder appears the dark-green streak of the forest, and thence onward there is nothing but water all through the forest. It is always raining there; the

pools are full; and on every side are lakes covered with lotuses and water-lilies." Then as the line of carts [101] passed by, he asked where they were bound for. "To such and such a place," was the reply. "And what wares have you got in this cart and in this?" "So and so." "And what might you have in this last cart which seems to move as if it were heavily laden?" "Oh, there's water in that." "You did well to carry water with you from the other side. But there is no need for it now, as water is abundant on ahead. So break the jars and throw the water away, that you may travel easier." And he added, "Now continue on your way, as we have stopped too long already." Then he went a little way further on, till he was out of sight, when he made his way back to the goblin-city where he dwelt.

Such was the folly of that foolish merchant that he did the goblin's bidding, and had his jars broken and the water all thrown away,—without saving so much even as would go in the palm of a man's hand. Then he ordered the carts to drive on. Not a drop of water did they find on ahead, and thirst exhausted the men. All day long till the sun went down they kept on the march; but at sunset they unyoked their carts and made a laager, tethering the oxen to the wheels. The oxen had no water to drink, and the men none to cook their rice with; and the tired-out band sank to the ground to slumber. But as soon as night fell, the goblins came out from their city, and slew every single one of those men and oxen; and when they had devoured their flesh, leaving only the bare bones, the goblins departed. Thus was the foolish young merchant the sole cause of the destruction of that whole band, whose skeletons were strewn in every conceivable direction, whilst the five hundred carts stood there with their loads untouched.

Now the Bodhisatta allowed some six weeks to pass by after the starting of the foolish young merchant, before he set out. Then he proceeded from the city with his five hundred carts, and in due course came to the outskirts of the wilderness. Here he had his water-jars filled and laid in an ample stock of water; and by beat of drum he had his men assembled in camp [102], and thus addressed them:—"Let not so much as a palmful of water be used without my sanction. There are poison trees in this wilderness; so let no man among you eat any leaf, flower, or fruit which he has not eaten before, without first asking me." With this exhortation to his men, he pushed on into the wilderness with his 500 carts. When he had reached the middle of the wilderness, the goblin made his appearance on the Bodhisatta's path as in the former case. But, as soon as he became aware of the goblin, the Bodhisatta saw through him; for he thought to himself, "There's no water here, in this 'Waterless Desert.' This person with his red eyes and aggressive bearing, casts no shadow. Very likely he has induced the foolish young merchant who

preceded me, to throw away all his water, and then, waiting till they were worn out, has eaten up the merchant with all his men. But he doesn't know my cleverness and ready wit." Then he shouted to the goblin, "Begone! We're men of business, and do not throw away what water we have got, before we see where more is to come from. But, when we do see more, we may be trusted to throw this water away and lighten our carts."

The goblin rode on a bit further till he was out of sight, and then betook himself back to his home in the demon city. But when the goblin had gone, the Bodhisatta's men said to him, "Sir, we heard from those men that yonder is the dark-green streak of the forest appearing, where they said it was always raining. They had got lotuses on their heads and water-lilies in their hands and were eating the stalks, whilst their clothes and hair were wringing wet, with water streaming off them. Let us throw away our water and get on a bit quicker with lightened carts." On hearing these words, the Bodhisatta ordered a halt and had the men all mustered. "Tell me," said he; "did any man among you ever hear before today that there was a lake or a pool in this wilderness?" "No, sir," was the answer, "why it's known as 'the Waterless Desert'."

"We have just been told by some people that it is raining just on ahead, in the belt of forest; now how far does a rain-wind carry?" [103] "A league, sir." "And has this rain-wind reached any one man here?" "No, sir." "How far off can you see the crest of a storm-cloud?" "A league, sir." "And has any one man here seen the top of even a single storm-cloud?" "No, sir." "How far off can you see a flash of lightning?" "Four or five leagues, sir." "And has any one man here seen a flash of lightning?" "No, sir." "How far off can a man hear a peal of thunder?" "Two or three leagues, sir." "And has any man here heard a peal of thunder?" "No, sir." "These are not men but goblins. They will return in the hope of devouring us when we are weak and faint after throwing away our water at their bidding. As the young merchant who went on before us was not a man of resource, most likely he has been fooled into throwing his water away and has been devoured when exhaustion ensued. We may expect to find his five hundred carts standing just as they were loaded for the start; we shall come on them today. Press on with all possible speed, without throwing away a drop of water."

Urging his men forward with these words, he proceeded on his way till he came upon the 500 carts standing just as they had been loaded and the skeletons of the men and oxen lying strewn in every direction. He had his carts unyoked and ranged in a circle so as to form a strong laager; he saw that his men and oxen had their supper early, and that the oxen were made to lie down in the middle with the men round them; and he himself with the leading men of his band stood on guard, sword in hand, through the three watches of the night, waiting for the day to dawn. On the

morrow at daybreak when he had had his oxen fed and everything needful done, he discarded his own weak carts for stronger ones, and his own common goods for the most costly of the derelict goods. Then he went on to his destination, where he bartered his stock for wares of twice or three times their value, and came back to his own city without losing a single man out of all his company.

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[104] This story ended, the Master said, "Thus it was, layman, that in times past the fatuous came to utter destruction, whilst those who clave to the truth, escaping from the demons' hands, reached their goal in safety and came back to their homes again." And when he had thus linked the two stories together, he, as the Buddha, spoke the following stanza for the purposes of this lesson on the Truth:—

Then some declared the sole, the peerless truth;
But otherwise the false logicians spake.
Let him that 's wise from this a lesson take,
And firmly grasp the sole, the peerless truth.

[105] Thus did the Blessed One teach this lesson respecting Truth. And he went on to say: "What is called walking by truth, not only bestows the three happy endowments, the six heavens of the realms of sense, and the endowments of the higher Realm of Brahma, but finally is the giver of Arahatship [106]; whilst what is called walking by untruth entails re-birth in the four states of punishment or in the lowest castes of mankind." Further, the Master went on to expound in sixteen ways the Four Truths[1], at the close of which all those five hundred disciples were established in the Fruit of the First Path[2].

Having delivered his lesson and his teaching, and having told the two stories and established the connexion linking them together, the Master concluded by identifying the Birth as follows:—"Devadatta was the foolish young merchant of those days; his followers were the followers of that merchant; the followers of the Buddha were the followers of the wise merchant, who was myself."

[1] These four cardinal truths of Buddhism are as follows:—(i) individual existence is pain; (ii) cravings cause the continuance of individual existence; (iii) with the disappearance of cravings, individual existence also would disappear; and (iv) cravings disappear by following the Noble Eightfold Path pointed out by the Buddha. (See hereon Rhys Davids' Hibbert Lecture for 1881.)

[2] The normal road to the Buddhist ideal after conversion is divided into four successive stages, called the *cattāro maggā* or 'four paths.' The first of these is that trodden by the *sotāpanno* (one 'who has entered the stream' which flows down to the ocean of Nirvana), who is assured of ultimately reaching his goal but has first to undergo seven more existences none of which can be in a state of suffering; the second path is that trodden by the *sakadāgāmī*, the disciple whose imperfections have been so far eradicated that he has only to 'return' to a human-form once more before attaining Nirvana; the third path is that of the *anagāmī*, the disciple who will 'not return' to earth, but will attain the goal from a Brahma realm; whilst the fourth and last is Arahatship, which is Nirvana. Each of these four stages is further subdivided into two sub-stages, the lower called 'the path,' and the higher 'the fruit.' (See Mahā-parinibbāna Sutta and the commentary thereon of the Sumaṅgala Vilāsinī.)

[*Note.* See Journal of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society 1847, where Gogerly has given a translation of this Jātaka, as also of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, and 38th, with a brief introduction to the Jātaka-book. See also page 108 of Hardy's *Manual of Budhism*, and Gogerly in the *Ceylon Friend* for August 1838. This Jātaka is quoted in the Milinda-pañho, p. 289 of Rhys Davids' translation in Vol. 35 of *Sacred Books of the East.* There is an Apaṇṇaka-Sutta in the Majjhima-Nikāya (No. 60), but it does not appear to be connected with this, the Apaṇṇaka-Jātaka.]

No. 2.

VAṆṆUPATHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Untiring, deep they dug.*"—This discourse was delivered by the Blessed One whilst he was dwelling at Sāvatthi.

About whom, you ask?

About a Brother who gave up persevering.

Tradition says that, whilst the Buddha was dwelling at Sāvatthi, there came to Jetavana a scion of a Sāvatthi family, who, on hearing a discourse by the Master, realised that Lusts breed suffering, and was admitted to the first stage of the Brotherhood. After five years passed in preparing for admission to full Brotherhood[1], when he had learnt two summaries and had trained himself in the methods of Insight, he obtained from the Master a theme for meditation which commended itself to him. Retiring to a forest, he passed there the rainy season; but for all his striving during the three months, he could not develope a glimmer or an inkling of Insight. So the thought came to him, "The Master said there were four types of men, and I must belong to the lowest of all; in this birth, methinks, there is neither Path nor Fruit for me. What good shall I do by living in the forest? Back to the Master I will go, and live my life beholding the glories of the Buddha's presence and listening to his sweet teachings." And back again to Jetavana he came.

Now his friends and intimates said, "Sir, it was you who obtained from the Master a theme for meditation and departed to live the solitary life of a sage. Yet here you are back again, going about enjoying fellowship. Can it be that you have won the crown of the Brother's vocation and that you will never know re-birth?" "Sirs, as I won neither Path nor Fruit, I felt myself doomed to futility, and so gave up persevering and came back." "You have done wrong, Sir, in shewing a faint heart when you had devoted yourself to the doctrine of the dauntless Master. [107] Come, let us bring you to the Buddha's notice." And they took him with them to the Master.

[1] The terms *pabbajjā* and *upasampadā*, which denote the two stages of initiation for a Brother of the Buddhist Order, and are comparable with the successive degrees of Bachelor and Master in a Faculty, suggest the successive ordinations of Deacon and Priest. But, as it is misleading to use Christian phraseology in speaking of the Buddhist philosophy, these convenient terms have been eschewed in the translation. As will be seen from the Vinaya (Mahāvagga I. 49—51), fifteen was the normal age for *pabbajjā* and twenty for *upasampadā*, the interval being that of five years mentioned in the text.

When the Master became aware of their coming, he said, "Brethren, you bring with you this Brother against his will. What has he done?"

"Sir, after devoting himself to so absolutely true a doctrine, this Brother has given up persevering in the solitary life of a sage, and is come back."

Then said the Master to him, "Is it true, as they say, that you, Brother, have given up persevering?" "It is true, Blessed One." "But how comes it that, after devoting yourself to such a doctrine, you, Brother, should be the one to show yourself not a man desiring little, contented, solitary, and determined, but a man lacking perseverance? Was it not you who were so stout-hearted in bygone days? Was it not by you single-handed, thanks to your perseverance, that in a sandy desert the men and the oxen belonging to a caravan of five hundred carts got water and were cheered? And how is it that, now, you are giving in?" These words sufficed to give heart to that Brother.

Hearing this talk, the Brethren asked the Blessed One, saying, "Sir, the present faintheartedness of this Brother is clear to us; but hidden from us is the knowledge of how, by the perseverance of this single man, the men and oxen got water in a sandy desert and were cheered. This is known only to you who are omniscient; pray tell us about it."

"Hearken, then, Brethren," said the Blessed One; and, having excited their attention, he made clear the thing that re-birth had concealed from them.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares in Kāsi the Bodhisatta was born into a trader's family. When he was grown up, he used to travel about trading with 500 carts. On one occasion he came to a sandy wilderness sixty leagues across, the sand of which was so fine that, when grasped, it slipped through the fingers of the closed fist. As soon as the sun got up, it grew as hot as a bed of charcoal-embers and nobody could walk upon it. Accordingly, those traversing it used to take fire-wood, water, oil, rice and so forth on their carts, and only travelled by night. At dawn they used to range their carts in a circle to form a laager, with an awning spread overhead, and after an early meal used to sit in the shade all the day long. When the sun went down, they had their evening meal; and, so soon as the ground became cool, they used to yoke their carts and move forward. Travelling on this desert was like voyaging over the sea; a 'desert-pilot,' as he was called, had to convoy them over by knowledge of the stars [108]. And this was the way in which our merchant was now travelling that wilderness.

When he had only some seven more miles before him, he thought to himself, "To-night will see us out of this sandy wilderness." So, after they had had their supper, he ordered the wood and water to be thrown away, and yoking his carts, set out on the road. In the front cart sat the pilot upon a couch looking up to the stars in the heavens and directing the course thereby. But so long had he been without sleep that he was tired out and fell asleep, with the result that he did not mark that the oxen had turned round and were retracing their steps. All night the oxen kept on their way, but at dawn the pilot woke up, and, observing the disposition of the stars overhead, shouted out, "Turn the carts round!

turn the carts round!" And as they turned the carts round and were forming them into line, the day broke. "Why this is where we camped yesterday," cried the people of the caravan. "All our wood and water is gone, and we are lost." So saying, they unyoked their carts and made a laager and spread the awning overhead; then each man flung himself down in despair beneath his own cart. Thought the Bodhisatta to himself, "If I give in, every single one will perish." So he ranged to and fro while it was still early and cool, until he came on a clump of kusa-grass. "This grass," thought he, "can only have grown up here thanks to the presence of water underneath." So he ordered a spade to be brought and a hole to be dug at that spot. Sixty cubits down they dug, till at that depth the spade struck on a rock, and everybody lost heart. But the Bodhisatta, feeling sure there must be water under that rock, descended into the hole and took his stand upon the rock. Stooping down, he applied his ear to it, and listened. Catching the sound of water flowing beneath, he came out and said to a serving-lad, "My boy, if *you* give in, we shall all perish. So take heart and courage. Go down into the hole with this iron sledge-hammer, and strike the rock."

Obedient to his master's bidding, [109] the lad, resolute where all others had lost heart, went down and struck the rock. The rock which had dammed the stream, split asunder and fell in. Up rose the water in the hole till it was as high as a palm-tree; and everybody drank and bathed. Then they chopped up their spare axles and yokes and other surplus gear, cooked their rice and ate it, and fed their oxen. And as soon as the sun set, they hoisted a flag by the side of the well and travelled on to their destination. There they bartered away their goods for twice and four times their value. With the proceeds they returned to their own home, where they lived out their term of life and in the end passed away to fare thereafter according to their deserts. The Bodhisatta too after a life spent in charity and other good works, passed away likewise to fare according to his deserts.

When the Supreme Buddha had delivered this discourse, he, the All-Knowing One himself, uttered this stanza:—

Untiring, deep they dug that sandy track
Till, in the trodden way, they water found.
So let the sage, in perseverance strong,
Flag not nor tire, until his heart find Peace.

[110] This discourse ended, he preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof the fainthearted Brother was established in the highest Fruit of all, which is Arahatship.

Having told these two stories, the Master established the connexion linking them both together, and identified the Birth by saying:—"This fainthearted Brother of to-day was in those days the serving-lad who, persevering, broke the rock and gave water to all the people; the Buddha's followers were the rest of the people of the caravan; and I myself was their leader."

No. 3.

SERIVĀṆIJA-JĀTAKA.

"*If in this faith.*" This lesson too was taught by the Blessed One while at Sāvatthi, also about a Brother who gave up persevering.

For, when the man was brought by the Brethren exactly as in the foregoing case, the Master said, "You, Brother, who after devoting yourself to this glorious doctrine which bestows Path and Fruit, [111] are giving up persevering, will suffer long, like the hawker of Seri who lost a golden bowl worth a hundred thousand pieces."

The Brethren asked the Blessed One to explain this to them. The Blessed One made clear a thing concealed from them by re-birth.

Once on a time in the kingdom of Seri, five aeons ago, the Bodhisatta dealt in pots and pans, and was called 'the Serivan.' In the company of another dealer in the same wares, a greedy fellow who was also known as 'the Serivan,' he came across the river Telavāha and entered the city of Andhapura. Apportioning the streets between the two of them, he set about hawking his wares round the streets of his district, and the other did the same in his district.

Now in that city there was a decayed family. Once they had been rich merchants, but by the time of our story they had lost all the sons and brothers and all their wealth. The sole survivors were a girl and her grandmother, and they got their living by working for hire. Nevertheless, they had got in their house the golden bowl out of which in the old days the great merchant, the head of the family, used to eat; but it had been thrown among the pots and pans, and having been long out of use, was grimed over with dirt, so that the two women did not know that it was gold. To the door of their house came the greedy hawker on his round, crying, "Waterpots to sell! Waterpots to sell!" And the damsel, when she knew he was there, said to her grandmother, "Oh, do buy me a trinket, grandmother."

"We're very poor, dear; what can we offer in exchange for it?"

"Why here's this bowl which is no good to us. Let us change that for it."

The old woman had the hawker brought in and seated, and gave him the bowl, saying, "Take this, sir, and be so good as to give your sister something or other in exchange."

The hawker took the bowl in his hand, turned it over, and, suspecting it was gold, scratched a line on the back of it with a needle, whereby he

knew for certain that it was real gold. Then, thinking that he would get the pot without giving anything whatever for it to the women, he cried, "What's the value of this, pray? Why it isn't worth half a farthing!" [112] And therewithal he threw the bowl on the ground, rose up from his seat, and left the house. Now, as it had been agreed between the two hawkers that the one might try the streets which the other had already been into, the Bodhisatta came into that same street and appeared at the door of the house, crying, "Waterpots to sell!" Once again the damsel made the same request of her grandmother; and the old woman replied, "My dear, the first hawker threw our bowl on the ground and flung out of the house. What have we got left to offer now?"

"Oh, but that hawker was a harsh-spoken man, grandmother dear; whilst this one looks a nice man and speaks kindly. Very likely he would take it." "Call him in then." So he came into the house, and they gave him a seat and put the bowl into his hands. Seeing that the bowl was gold, he said, "Mother, this bowl is worth a hundred thousand pieces; I haven't its value with me."

"Sir, the first hawker who came here said that it was not worth half a farthing; so he threw it to the ground and went away. It must have been the efficacy of your own goodness which has turned the bowl into gold. Take it; give us something or other for it; and go your way." At the time the Bodhisatta had 500 pieces of money and a stock worth as much more. The whole of this he gave to them, saying, "Let me retain my scales, my bag, and eight pieces of money." And with their consent he took these with him, and departed with all speed to the river-side where he gave his eight coins to the boatman and jumped into the boat. Subsequently that greedy hawker had come back to the house, and had asked them to bring out their bowl, saying he would give them something or other for it. But the old woman flew out at him with these words, "You made out that our golden bowl which is worth a hundred thousand pieces was not worth even a half-farthing. But there came an upright hawker (your master, I take it), who gave us a thousand pieces for it and took the bowl away."

Hereupon he exclaimed, "He has robbed me of a golden bowl worth a full hundred thousand pieces; he has caused me a terrible loss." And intense sorrow came upon him, so that he lost command over himself and became like one distraught. [113] His money and goods he flung away at the door of the house; he threw off his upper and under cloths; and, armed with the beam of his scales as a club, he tracked the Bodhisatta down to the river-side. Finding the latter already crossing, he shouted to the boatman to put back, but the Bodhisatta told him not to do so. As the other stood there gazing and gazing at the retreating Bodhisatta, intense sorrow seized upon him. His heart grew hot; blood gushed from his lips;

and his heart cracked like the mud at the bottom of a tank, which the sun has dried up. Through the hatred which he had contracted against the Bodhisatta, he perished then and there. (This was the first time Devadatta conceived a grudge against the Bodhisatta.) The Bodhisatta, after a life spent in charity and other good works, passed away to fare according to his deserts.

When the Supreme Buddha had ended this lesson, he, the All-Knowing One himself, uttered this stanza:—

> If in this faith you prove remiss, and fail
> To win the goal whereto its teachings lead,
> —Then, like the hawker called 'the Serivan[1],'
> Full long you'll rue the prize your folly lost.

After having thus delivered his discourse in such a way as to lead up to Arahatship, the Master expounded the Four Truths, at the close whereof the fainthearted Brother was established in that highest Fruit of all, which is Arahatship.

And, after telling the two stories, the Master made the connexion linking them both together, and identified the Birth by saying in conclusion, "In those days Devadatta was the foolish hawker; and I myself was the wise and good hawker."

No. 4.

CULLAKA-SEṬṬHI-JĀTAKA.

[114] "*With humblest start.*" This story was told by the Master about the Elder named Little Wayman, while in Jīvaka's Mango-grove[2] near Rājagaha. And here an account of Little Wayman's birth must be given. Tradition tells us that the daughter of a rich merchant's family in Rājagaha actually stooped to intimacy with a slave. Becoming alarmed lest her misconduct should get known, she said to the slave, "We can't live on here; for if my mother and father come to know of this sin of ours, they will tear us limb from limb. Let us go and live afar off." So with their belongings in their hands they stole together out by the hardly-opened door, and fled away, they cared not whither, to find a shelter beyond the ken of her family. Then they went and lived together in a certain place, with the result that she conceived. And when her full time was nearly come, she told her husband and said, "If I am taken in labour away from kith and kin, that will be a trouble to both of us. So let us go home." First he

[1] The scholium here gives the rascal's name as '*Serivā*,' not recognising that the gāthā-word '*Serivāyaṁ*' represents the 'sandhi' of *Serivo* (not *Serivā*) with *ayaṁ*, just as *dukkhāyaṁ* on p. 168 of Vol. I. of the text represents *dukkho ayaṁ*.

[2] Jīvaka, a prominent lay-follower of the Buddha, was physician to the Magadha King Seniya Bimbisāra. See, for his history, the account in the Vinaya (Mahavagga VIII. 1).

agreed to start to-day, and then he put it off till the morrow; and so he let the days slip by, till she thought to herself, "This fool is so conscious of his great offence that he dares not go. One's parents are one's best friends; so whether he goes or stays, I must go." So, when he went out, she put all her household matters in order and set off home, telling her next-door neighbour where she was going. Returning home, and not finding his wife, but discovering from the neighbours that she had started off home, he hurried after her and came up with her on the road; and then and there she was taken in labour.

"What's this, my dear?" said he.

"I have given birth to a son, my husband," said she.

Accordingly, as the very thing had now happened which was the only reason for the journey, they both agreed that it was no good going on now, and so turned back again. And as their child had been born by the way, they called him 'Wayman.'

[115] Not long after, she became with child again, and everything fell out as before. And as this second child too was born by the way, they called him 'Wayman' too, distinguishing the elder as 'Great Wayman' and the younger as 'Little Wayman.' Then, with both their children, they again went back to their own home.

Now, as they were living there, their way-child heard other boys talking of their uncles and grandfathers and grandmothers; so he asked his mother whether he hadn't got relations like the other boys. "Oh yes, my dear," said his mother; "but they don't live here. Your grandfather is a wealthy merchant in the city of Rājagaha, and you have plenty of relations there." "Why don't we go there, mother?" She told the boy the reason why they stayed away; but, as the children kept on speaking about these relations, she said to her husband, "The children are always plaguing me. Are my parents going to eat us at sight? Come, let us shew the children their grandfather's family." "Well, I don't mind taking them there; but I really could not face your parents." "All right;—so long as, some way or other, the children come to see their grandfather's family," said she.

So those two took their children and coming in due course to Rājagaha put up in a public rest-house by the city gate. Then, taking with them the two children, the woman caused their coming to be made known to her parents. The latter, on hearing the message, returned this answer, "True, it is strange to be without children unless one has renounced the world in quest of Arahatship. Still, so great is the guilt of the pair towards us that they may not stand in our sight. Here is a sum of money for them: let them take this and retire to live where they will. But the children they may send here." Then the merchant's daughter took the money so sent her, and despatched the children by the messengers. So the children grew up in their grandfather's house,—Little Wayman being of tender years, while Great Wayman used to go with his grandfather to hear the Buddha preach the Truth. And by constant hearing of the Truth from the Master's own lips, the lad's heart yearned to renounce the world for the life of a Brother.

"With your permission," said he to his grandfather, "I should like to join the Brotherhood." "What do I hear?" cried the old man. "Why, it would give me greater joy to see you join the Order than to see the whole world join. Become a Brother, if you feel able." And he took him to the Master.

"Well, merchant," said the Master, "have you brought your boy with you?" "Yes, sir; this is my grandson, who wishes to join your Brotherhood." [116] Then the Master sent for a Mendicant, and told him to admit the lad to the Order; and the Mendicant repeated the Formula of the Perishable Body[1] and

[1] Buddhism teaches the impermanence of things, and chief of the trains of thought for realising this doctrine is the meditation on the body and its 32 impurities (see Sutta Nipāta I. 11, and the 12th Jātaka *infra*). At the present day every novice in Ceylon, when invested with the yellow robe of the Order, repeats the verses which enumerate the 32 impurities.

admitted the lad as a novice. When the latter had learned by heart many words of the Buddha, and was old enough, he was admitted a full Brother. He now gave himself up to earnest thought till he won Arahatship; and as he passed his days in the enjoyment of Insight and the Paths, he thought whether he could not impart the like happiness to Little Wayman. So he went to his grandfather the merchant, and said, "Great merchant, with your consent, I will admit Little Wayman to the Order." "Pray do so, reverend sir," was the reply.

Then the Elder admitted the lad Little Wayman and established him in the Ten Commandments. But Little Wayman proved a dullard: with four months' study he failed to get by heart this single stanza:—

Lo! like a fragrant lotus at the dawn
Of day, full-blown, with virgin wealth of scent,
Behold the Buddha's glory shining forth,
As in the vaulted heaven beams the sun!

For, we are told, in the Buddhahood of Kassapa this Little Wayman, having himself attained to knowledge as a Brother, laughed to scorn a dull Brother who was learning a passage by heart. His scorn so confused his butt, that the latter could not learn or recite the passage. And now, in consequence, on joining the Brotherhood he himself proved a dullard. Each new line he learned drove the last out of his memory; and four months slipped away while he was struggling with this single stanza. Said his elder brother to him, "Wayman, you are not equal to receiving this doctrine. In four whole months you have been unable to learn a single stanza. How then can you hope to crown your vocation with supreme success? Leave the monastery." But, though thus expelled by his brother, Little Wayman was so attached to the Buddha's creed that he did not want to become a layman.

Now at that time Great Wayman was acting as steward. And Jīvaka Komārabhacca, going to his mango-grove with a large present of perfumes and flowers for the Master, had presented his offering and listened to a discourse; then, rising from his seat and bowing to the Buddha, he went up to Great Wayman and asked, "How many Brethren are there, reverend sir, with the Master?" "Just 500, sir." "Will you bring the 500 Brethren, with the Buddha at their head, to take their meal at my house to-morrow?" "Lay-disciple, one of them named Little Wayman is a dullard and makes no progress in the Faith," said the Elder; "I accept the invitation for everyone but him."

[117] Hearing this, Little Wayman thought to himself, "In accepting the invitation for all these Brethren, the Elder carefully accepts so as to exclude me. This proves that my brother's affection for me is dead. What have I to do with this Faith? I will become a layman and live in the exercise of charity and other good works of a lay character." And on the morrow early he went forth, avowedly to become a layman again.

Now at the first break of day, as he was surveying the world, the Master became aware of this; and going forth even earlier than Little Wayman, he paced to and fro by the porch on Little Wayman's road. As the latter came out of the house, he observed the Master, and with a salutation went up to him. "Whither away at this hour, Little Wayman?" said the Master.

"My brother has expelled me from the Order, sir; and I am going to wander forth."

"Little Wayman, as it was under *me* that you took the vows, why did you not, when expelled by your brother, come to me? Come, what have you to do with a layman's life? You shall stop with me." So saying, he took Little Wayman and seated him at the door of his own perfumed chamber. Then giving him a perfectly clean cloth which he had supernaturally created, the Master said, "Face towards the East, and as you handle this cloth, repeat these words—'Removal of Impurity; Removal of Impurity.'" Then at the time appointed the Master, attended by the Brotherhood, went to Jīvaka's house and sat down on the seat set for him.

Now Little Wayman, with his gaze fixed on the sun, sat handling the cloth and repeating the words, "Removal of Impurity; Removal of Impurity." And as he kept handling the piece of cloth, it grew soiled. Then he thought, "Just now this piece of cloth was quite clean; but my personality has destroyed its original state and made it dirty. Impermanent indeed are all compounded things!" And even as he realised Death and Decay, he won the Arahat's Illumination. Knowing that Little Wayman's mind had won Illumination, the Master sent forth an apparition and in this semblance of himself appeared before him, as if seated in front of him and saying, "Heed it not, Little Wayman, that this mere piece of cloth has become dirty and stained with impurity; within thee are the impurities of lust and other evil things. Remove *them*." And the apparition uttered these stanzas:—

Impurity in Lust consists, not dirt;
And Lust we term the real Impurity.
Yea, Brethren, whoso drives it from his breast,
He lives the gospel of the Purified.

[118] Impurity in Wrath consists, not dirt;
And Wrath we term the real Impurity.
Yea, Brethren, whoso drives it from his breast,
He lives the gospel of the Purified.

Delusion is Impurity, not dirt;
We term Delusion real Impurity.
Yea, Brethren, whoso drives it from his breast,
He lives the gospel of the Purified.

At the close of these stanzas Little Wayman attained to Arahatship with the four branches of knowledge[1], whereby he straightway came to have knowledge of all the sacred texts. Tradition has it that, in ages past, when he was a king and was making a solemn procession round his city, he wiped the sweat from his brow with a spotless cloth which he was wearing; and the cloth was stained. Thought he, "It is this body of mine which has destroyed the original purity and whiteness of the cloth, and dirtied it. Impermanent indeed are all composite things." Thus he grasped the idea of impermanence; and hence it came to pass that it was the removal of impurity which worked his salvation.

Meantime, Jīvaka Komārabhacca offered the Water of Donation[2]; but the Master put his hand over the vessel, saying, "Are there no Brethren, Jīvaka, in the monastery?"

Said Great Wayman, "There are no Brethren there, reverend sir." "Oh yes, there are, Jīvaka," said the Master. "Hi, there!" said Jīvaka to a servant; "just you go and see whether or not there are any Brethren in the monastery."

At that moment Little Wayman, conscious as he was that his brother was declaring there were no Brethren in the monastery, determined to shew him there were, and so filled the whole mango-grove with nothing but Brothers. Some were making robes, others dyeing, whilst others again were repeating the sacred texts:—each of a thousand Brethren he made unlike all the others. Finding this host of Brethren in the monastery, the man returned and said that the whole mango-grove was full of Brethren.

But as regards the Elder up in the monastery—

Wayman, a thousand-fold self-multiplied,
Sat on, till bidden, in that pleasant grove.

[1] These four branches were (i) understanding of the sense of the sacred books, (ii) understanding of their ethical truth, (iii) ability to justify an interpretation grammatically, logically, &c., and (iv) the power of public exposition.

[2] When a gift was made, the donor poured water over the hand of the donee. The gift that was here made by Jīvaka was the food bestowed on the Brotherhood, as the Milinda-pañho explains (p. 118) in its version of this story.

"Now go back," said the Master to the man, "and say 'The Master sends for him whose name is Little Wayman.'"

But when the man went and delivered his message, a thousand mouths answered, "I am Little Wayman! I am Little Wayman!"

Back came the man with the report, "They all say they are 'Little Wayman,' reverend sir."

"Well now go back," said the Master, "and take by the hand the first one of them who says he is Little Wayman, [119] and the others will all vanish." The man did as he was bidden, and straightway the thousand Brethren vanished from sight. The Elder came back with the man.

When the meal was over, the Master said, "Jīvaka, take Little Wayman's bowl; he will return thanks." Jīvaka did so. Then like a young lion roaring defiance, the Elder ranged the whole of the sacred texts through in his address of thanks. Lastly, the Master rose from his seat and attended by the Order returned to the monastery, and there, after the assignment of tasks by the Brotherhood, he rose from his seat and, standing in the doorway of his perfumed chamber, delivered a Buddha-discourse to the Brotherhood. Ending with a theme which he gave out for meditation, and dismissing the Brotherhood, he retired into his perfumed chamber, and lay down lion-like on his right side to rest.

At even, the orange-robed Brethren assembled together from all sides in the Hall of Truth and sang the Master's praises, even as though they were spreading a curtain of orange cloth round him as they sat.

"Brethren," it was said, "Great Wayman failed to recognise the bent of Little Wayman, and expelled him from the monastery as a dullard who could not even learn a single stanza in four whole months. But the All-Knowing Buddha by his supremacy in the Truth bestowed on him Arahatship with all its supernatural knowledge, even while a single meal was in progress. And by that knowledge he grasped the whole of the sacred texts. Oh! how great is a Buddha's power!"

Now the Blessed One, knowing full well the talk that was going on in the Hall of Truth, thought it meet to go there. So, rising from his Buddha-couch, he donned his two orange under-cloths, girded himself as with lightning, arrayed himself in his orange-coloured robe, the ample robe of a Buddha, and came forth to the Hall of Truth with the infinite grace of a Buddha, moving with the royal gait of an elephant in the plenitude of his vigour. Ascending the glorious Buddha-throne set in the midst of the resplendent hall, he seated himself upon the middle of the throne emitting those six-coloured rays which mark a Buddha,—like the newly-arisen sun, when from the peaks of the Yugandhara Mountains he illumines the depths of the ocean. Immediately the All-Knowing One came into the Hall, the Brotherhood broke off their talk and were silent. Gazing round on the company with gentle loving-kindness, the Master thought within himself, "This company is perfect! Not a man is guilty of moving hand or foot improperly; not a sound, not a cough or sneeze is to be heard! In their reverence and awe of the majesty and glory of the Buddha, not a man would dare to speak before I did, even if I sat here in silence all my life long. But it is my part to begin; and I will open the conversation." Then in his sweet divine tones he addressed the Brethren and said, [120] "What, pray, is the theme of this conclave? And what was the talk which was broken off?"

"Sir," said they, "it was no profitless theme, but your own praises that we were telling here in conclave."

And when they had told him word for word what they had been saying, the Master said, "Brethren, through me Little Wayman has just now risen to great things in the Faith; in times past it was to great things in the way of wealth that he rose,—but equally through me."

The Brethren asked the Master to explain this; and the Blessed One made clear in these words a thing which succeeding existences had hidden from them:—

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares in Kāsi, the Bodhisatta was born into the Treasurer's family, and growing up, was made Treasurer, being called Treasurer Little. A wise and clever man was he, with a keen eye for signs and omens. One day on his way to wait upon the king, he came on a dead mouse lying on the road; and, taking note of the position of the stars at that moment, he said, "Any decent young fellow with his wits about him has only to pick that mouse up, and he might start a business and keep a wife."

His words were overheard by a young man of good family but reduced circumstances, who said to himself, "That's a man who has always got a reason for what he says." And accordingly he picked up the mouse, which he sold for a farthing at a tavern for their cat.

With the farthing he got molasses and took drinking water in a water-pot. Coming on flower-gatherers returning from the forest, he gave each a tiny quantity of the molasses and ladled the water out to them. Each of them gave him a handful of flowers, with the proceeds of which, next day, he came back again to the flower grounds provided with more molasses and a pot of water. That day the flower-gatherers, before they went, gave him flowering plants with half the flowers left on them; and thus in a little while he obtained eight pennies.

Later, one rainy and windy day, the wind blew down a quantity of rotten branches and boughs and leaves in the king's pleasaunce, and the gardener did not see how to clear them away. [121] Then up came the young man with an offer to remove the lot, if the wood and leaves might be his. The gardener closed with the offer on the spot. Then this apt pupil of Treasurer Little repaired to the children's playground and in a very little while had got them by bribes of molasses to collect every stick and leaf in the place into a heap at the entrance to the pleasaunce. Just then the king's potter was on the look out for fuel to fire bowls for the palace, and coming on this heap, took the lot off his hands. The sale of his wood brought in sixteen pennies to this pupil of Treasurer Little, as well as five bowls and other vessels. Having now twenty-four pennies in all, a plan occurred to him. He went to the vicinity of the city-gate with a jar full of water and supplied 500 mowers with water to drink. Said they, "You've done us a good turn, friend. What can we do for you?" "Oh, I'll tell you when I want your aid," said he; and as he went about, he struck up an intimacy with a land-trader and a sea-trader. Said the former to him, "To-morrow there will come to town a horse-dealer with 500 horses to sell." On hearing this piece of news, he said to the mowers, "I want each of you to-day to give me a bundle of grass and not to sell your own grass till mine is sold." "Certainly," said they, and delivered the 500 bundles of grass at his house. Unable to get grass for his horses elsewhere, the dealer purchased our friend's grass for a thousand pieces.

Only a few days later his sea-trading friend brought him news of the arrival of a large ship in port; and another plan struck him. He hired for eight pence a well-appointed carriage which plied for hire by the hour, and went in great style down to the port. Having bought the ship on credit and deposited his signet-ring as security, he had a pavilion pitched hard by and said to his people as he took his seat inside, "When merchants are being shewn in, let them be passed on by three successive ushers into my presence." [122] Hearing that a ship had arrived in port, about a hundred merchants came down to buy the cargo; only to be told that they could not have it as a great merchant had already made a payment on account. So away they all went to the young man; and the footmen duly announced them by three successive ushers, as had been arranged beforehand. Each man of the hundred severally gave him a thousand pieces to buy a share in the ship and then a further thousand each to buy him out altogether. So it was with 200,000 pieces that this pupil of Treasurer Little returned to Benares.

Actuated by a desire to shew his gratitude, he went with one hundred thousand pieces to call on Treasurer Little. "How did you come by all this wealth?" asked the Treasurer. "In four short months, simply by following your advice," replied the young man; and he told him the whole story, starting with the dead mouse. Thought Lord High Treasurer Little, on hearing all this, "I must see that a young fellow of these parts does not fall into anybody else's hands." So he married him to his own grown-up daughter and settled all the family estates on the young man. And at the Treasurer's death, he became Treasurer in that city. And the Bodhisatta passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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[123] His lesson ended, the Supreme Buddha, the All-Knowing One himself, repeated this stanza:—

With humblest start and trifling capital
A shrewd and able man will rise to wealth,
E'en as his breath can nurse a tiny flame.

Also the Blessed One said, "It is through me, Brethren, that Little Wayman has just now risen to great things in the Faith, as in times past to great things in the way of wealth." His lesson thus finished, the Master made the connexion between the two stories he had told and identified the Birth in these concluding words, "Little Wayman was in those days the pupil of Treasurer Little, and I myself Lord High Treasurer Little."

[*Note.* The 'Introductory Story' occurs in Chapter VI. of Capt. T. Rogers' *Buddhaghosha's Parables*, but the 'Story of the Past' there given is quite different. See Mrs Bode's 'Women Leaders of the Buddhist Reformation' in the J. R. A. S. 1893, p. 556. See also *Dhammapada*, p. 181, and compare Chapter XXXV. of the *Divyāvadāna*, edited by Cowell and Neil, 1886. The whole Jātaka, in an abbreviated form, forms the story of 'The Mouse Merchant' at pages 33, 34 of the first volume of Tawney's translation of the *Kathā Sarit Sāgara*. See also *Kalilah and Dimnah*, Chapter XVIII. (Knatchbull, page 358).]

No. 5.

TAṆḌULANĀLI-JĀTAKA.

"*Dost ask how much a peck of rice is worth?*"—This was told by the Master, whilst at Jetavana, about the Elder Udāyi, called the Dullard.

At that time the reverend Dabba, the Mallian, was manciple to the Brotherhood[1]. When in the early morning Dabba was allotting the checks for rice, sometimes it was choice rice and sometimes it was an inferior quality which fell to the share of the Elder Udāyi. On days when he received the inferior quality, he used to make a commotion in the check-room, by demanding, "Is Dabba the only one who knows how to give out checks? Don't we know?" One day when he was making a commotion, they handed him the check-basket, saying, "Here! you give the checks out yourself to-day!" Thenceforth, it was Udāyi who gave out the checks to the Brotherhood. But, in his distribution, he could not tell the best from the inferior rice; nor did he know what seniority[2] was entitled to the best rice and what to the inferior. So too, when he was making out the roster, he had not an idea of the seniority of the Brethren thereon. Consequently, when the Brethren took up their places, he made a mark on the ground or on the wall to shew that one detachment stood here, and another there. Next day there were fewer Brethren of one grade and more of another in the check-room; where there were fewer, the mark was too low down; where the number was greater, it was too high up. But Udāyi, quite ignorant of detachments, gave out the checks simply according to his old marks.

Hence, the Brethren said to him, "Friend Udāyi, the mark is too high up or too low down; the best rice is for those of such and such seniority, and the inferior quality for such and such others." But he put them back with the argument, "If this mark is where it is, what are you standing here for? Why am I to trust you? It's my mark I trust."

Then, the boys and novices [124] thrust him from the check-room, crying, "Friend Udāyi the Dullard, when you give out the checks, the Brethren are docked of what they ought to get; you're not fit to give them out; get you gone from here." Hereupon, a great uproar arose in the check-room.

Hearing the noise, the Master asked the Elder Ānanda, saying, "Ānanda, there is a great uproar in the check-room. What is the noise about?"

The Elder explained it all to the Buddha. "Ānanda," said he, "this is not the only time when Udāyi by his stupidity has robbed others of their profit; he did just the same thing in bygone times too."

The Elder asked the Blessed One for an explanation, and the Blessed One made clear what had been concealed by re-birth.

Once on a time Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares in Kāsi. In those days our Bodhisatta was his valuer. He used to value horses, elephants, and the like; and jewels, gold, and the like; and he used to pay over to the owners of the goods the proper price, as he fixed it.

[1] See *Vinaya*, Vol. III. p. 158.

[2] Compare *Vinaya*, Vol. II. p. 167, and commentary thereon (*Sāmanta-pāsādikā*) for the right of seniors, according to the roster, to be served first. The manciple was to call out the roster.

But the king was greedy and his greed suggested to him this thought: "This valuer with his style of valuing will soon exhaust all the riches in my house; I must get another valuer." Opening his window and looking out into his courtyard, he espied walking across a stupid, greedy hind in whom he saw a likely candidate for the post. So the king had the man sent for, and asked him whether he could do the work. "Oh yes," said the man; and so, to safeguard the royal treasure, this stupid fellow was appointed valuer. After this the fool, in valuing elephants and horses and the like, used to fix a price dictated by his own fancy, neglecting their true worth; but, as he was valuer, the price was what he said and no other.

At that time there arrived from the north country[1] a horse-dealer with 500 horses. The king sent for his new valuer and bade him value the horses. And the price he set on the whole 500 horses was just one measure of rice, which he ordered to be paid over to the dealer, directing the horses to be led off to the stable [125]. Away went the horse-dealer to the old valuer, to whom he told what had happened, and asked what was to be done. "Give him a bribe," said the ex-valuer, "and put this point to him: 'Knowing as we do that our horses are worth just a single measure of rice, we are curious to learn from you what the precise value of a measure of rice is; could you state its value in the king's presence?' If he says he can, then take him before the king; and I too will be there."

Readily following the Bodhisatta's advice, the horse-dealer bribed the man and put the question to him. The other, having expressed his ability to value a measure of rice, was promptly taken to the palace, whither also went the Bodhisatta and many other ministers. With due obeisance the horse-dealer said, "Sire, I do not dispute it that the price of 500 horses is a single measure of rice; but I would ask your majesty to question your valuer as to the value of that measure of rice." Ignorant of what had passed, the king said to the fellow, "Valuer, what are 500 horses worth?" "A measure of rice, sire," was the reply. "Very good, my friend; if 500 horses then are worth one measure of rice, what is that measure of rice worth?" "It is worth all Benares and its suburbs," was the fool's reply.

(Thus we learn that, having first valued the horses at a measure of hill-paddy to please the king, he was bribed by the horse-dealer to estimate that measure of rice at the worth of all Benares and its suburbs. And that though the walls of Benares were twelve leagues round by themselves, while the city and suburbs together were three hundred leagues round!

[1] In the Ceylon R. A. S. J. 1884, p. 127, it is argued from the indefinite use of *uttarā-patha* for all countries north of Benares that the date of writing must be before the 3rd century B.C., when Buddhistic embassies were sent to Mysore and North Canara and when the Dakshiṇāpatha was familiar.

Yet the fool priced all this vast city and its suburbs at a single measure of rice!)

[126] Hereupon the ministers clapped their hands and laughed merrily. "We used to think," they said in scorn, "that the earth and the realm were beyond price; but now we learn that the kingdom of Benares together with its king is only worth a single measure of rice! What talents the valuer has! How has he retained his post so long? But truly the valuer suits our king admirably."

Then the Bodhisatta repeated this stanza[1]:

Dost ask how much a peck of rice is worth?
—Why, all Benares, both within and out.
Yet, strange to tell, five hundred horses too
Are worth precisely this same peck of rice!

Thus put to open shame, the king sent the fool packing, and gave the Bodhisatta the office again. And when his life closed, the Bodhisatta passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended and the two stories told, the Master made the connexion linking both together, and identified the Birth by saying in conclusion,—"Udāyi the Dullard was the stupid rustic valuer of those days, and I myself the wise valuer."

No. 6.

DEVADHAMMA-JĀTAKA.

"*Those only 'godlike' call.*"—This story was told by the Blessed One while at Jetavana, about a wealthy Brother.

Tradition tells us that, on the death of his wife, a squire of Sāvatthi joined the Brotherhood. When he was joining, he caused to be built for himself a chamber to live in, a room for the fire, and a store-room; and not till he had stocked his store-room with ghee, rice, and the like, did he finally join. Even after he had become a brother, he used to send for his servants and make them cook him what he liked to eat. He was richly provided with the requisites[2],—having an entire change of clothing for night and another for day; and he dwelt aloof on the outskirts of the monastery.

[1] The text of this stanza does not occur in Fausböll's Pali text, but is given by Léon Feer at page 520 of the *Journal Asiatique* for 1876 and is embodied in the 'Corrections and Additions' of Fausböll. That the stanza originally formed part of the Sinhalese recension is shewn by the quotation of the opening words as the 'catchword' at the commencement of the Jātaka. See also Dickson in Ceylon J. R. A. S. 1884, p. 185.

[2] I.e. an alms-bowl, three cloths, a girdle, a razor, a needle and a water-strainer.

One day when he had taken out his cloths and bedding and had spread them out to dry in his chamber, a number of Brethren from the country, who were on a pilgrimage from monastery to monastery[1], came in their journeying to his cell and found all these belongings.

"Whose are these?" they asked. "Mine, sirs," he replied. "What, sir?" they cried; "this upper-cloth and that as well; this under-cloth as well as that; and that bedding too,—is it all yours?" "Yes, nobody's but mine." "Sir," said they, "the Blessed One has only sanctioned three cloths; and yet, though the Buddha, to whose doctrine you have devoted yourself, is so simple in his wants, you forsooth have amassed all this stock of requisites. Come! we must take you before the Lord of Wisdom." And, so saying, they went off with him to the Master.

Becoming aware of their presence, the Master said, [127] "Wherefore is it, Brethren, that you have brought the Brother against his will?" "Sir, this Brother is well-off and has quite a stock of requisites." "Is it true, Brother, as they say, that you are so well-off?" "Yes, Blessed One." "But why, Brother, have you amassed these belongings? Do not I extol the virtues of wanting little, contentment, and so forth, solitude, and determined resolve?"

Angered by the Master's words, he cried,—"Then I'll go about like this!" And, flinging off his outer clothing, he stood in their midst clad only in his waist-cloth.

Then, as a moral support to him, the Master said, "Was it not you, Brother, who in bygone days were a seeker after the shamefacedness that fears to sin, and even when you were a water-demon lived for twelve years seeking after that shamefacedness? How then comes it that, after vowing to follow the weighty doctrine of the Buddha, you have flung off your outer robes and stand here devoid of shame?"

At the Master's word, his sense of shame was restored; he donned his robes again, and, saluting the Master, seated himself at the side.

The Brethren having asked the Blessed One to explain to them the matter he had mentioned, the Blessed One made clear what had been concealed from them by re-birth.

Once on a time Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares in Kāsi. The Bodhisatta, having come to birth in those days as the king's son by the queen, was duly named Prince Mahiṃsāsa. By the time he could run about, a second son was born to the king, and the name they gave this child was Prince Moon; but by the time he could run about, the Bodhisatta's mother died. Then the king took another queen, who was his joy and delight; and their love was crowned with the birth of yet another prince, whom they named Prince Sun. In his joy at the birth of the boy, the king promised to grant her any boon she might ask on the child's behalf. But the queen treasured up the promise to be fulfilled at her own good time hereafter. Later, when her son had grown up, she said to the king, "Sire, when my boy was born, you granted me a boon to ask for him. Let him be king."

[1] I take this to be the meaning of *senāsana-cārikā*, in contradistinction to the ordinary *cārikā* in which the destination was uncertain and in which alms were received from the laity.

"Nay," said the king; "two sons have I, radiant as flaming fires; I cannot give the kingdom to your son." But when he saw that, undaunted by this refusal, the queen kept plaguing him time after time, to grant her request, [128] the king, fearing lest the woman should plot evil against his sons, sent for them and said, "My children, when Prince Sun was born, I granted a boon; and now his mother wants the kingdom for him. I have no wish to give him the kingdom; but women are naturally wicked, and she will be plotting evil against you. You had better retire to the forest, to return at my death to rule in the city which belongs by right to our house." So saying, with tears and lamentations, the king kissed his two sons on the head and sent them forth.

As the princes were leaving the palace after their adieux to their father, who should see them but Prince Sun himself, who was playing in the courtyard? And no sooner did he learn what was the matter than he made up his mind to go with his brothers. So he too went off in their company.

The three came to the region of the Himalayas; and here the Bodhisatta, who had turned aside from the road and was sitting at the foot of a tree, said to Prince Sun, "Run down to the pool yonder, Sun dear; drink and bathe there; and then bring us too some water back in a lotus-leaf."

(Now that pool had been delivered over to a certain water-sprite by Vessavaṇa[1], who said to him, "With the exception of such as know what is truly god-like, all that go down into this pool are yours to devour. Over those that do not enter the waters, you have no power granted to you." And thenceforth the water-sprite used to ask all who went down into the pool what was truly godlike, devouring everyone who did not know.)

Now it was into this pool that Prince Sun went down, quite unsuspiciously, with the result that he was seized by the water-sprite, who said to him, "Do you know what is truly godlike?" "O yes," said he; "the sun and moon." "*You* don't know," said the monster, and hauling the prince down into the depths of the water, imprisoned him there in his own abode. Finding that his brother was a long time gone, the Bodhisatta sent Prince Moon. He too was seized by the water-sprite and asked whether he knew what was truly godlike. "Oh yes, I know," said he; "the four quarters of heaven are." "*You* don't know," said the water-sprite as he hauled this second victim off to the same prison-house.

Finding that this second brother too tarried long, the Bodhisatta felt sure that something had happened to them. So away he went after them and tracked their footsteps down into the water. [129] Realising at once

[1] This is another name for Kuvera, the Hindū Plutus, half-brother of Rāvaṇa, the demon-king of Ceylon in the Rāmāyaṇa. As appears from Jātaka No. 74, Vessavaṇa had rule over Tree-sprites as well as Water-sprites, holding his office from Sakka.

that the pool must be the domain of a water-sprite, he girded on his sword, and took his bow in his hand, and waited. Now when the demon found that the Bodhisatta had no intention of entering the water, he assumed the shape of a forester, and in this guise addressed the Bodhisatta thus: "You're tired with your journey, mate; why don't you go in and have a bathe and a drink, and deck yourself with lotuses? You would travel on comfortably afterwards." Recognising him at once for a demon, the Bodhisatta said, "It is you who have seized my brothers." "Yes, it was," was the reply. "Why?" "Because all who go down into this pool belong to me." "What, all?" "Not those who know what is truly godlike; all save these are mine." "And do you want to know the godlike?" "I do." "If this be so, I will tell you what is truly godlike." "Do so, and I will listen."

"I should like to begin," said the Bodhisatta, "but I am travel-stained with my journey." Then the water-sprite bathed the Bodhisatta, and gave him food to eat and water to drink, decked him with flowers, sprinkled him with scents, and laid out a couch for him in the midst of a gorgeous pavilion. Seating himself on this couch, and making the water-sprite sit at his feet, the Bodhisatta said, "Listen then and you shall hear what the truly godlike is." And he repeated this stanza:—

Those only 'godlike' call who shrink from sin,
The white-souled tranquil votaries of Good.

[132] And when the demon heard this, he was pleased, and said to the Bodhisatta, "Man of wisdom, I am pleased with you, and give you up one of your brothers. Which shall I bring?" "The youngest." "Man of wisdom, though you know so well what the truly godlike is, you don't act on your knowledge." "How so?" "Why, you take the younger in preference to the elder, without regard to his seniority." "Demon, I not only know but practise the godlike. It was on this boy's account that we sought refuge in the forest; it was for him that his mother asked the kingdom from our father, and our father, refusing to fulfil her demand, consented to our flight to the refuge of the forest. With us came this boy, nor ever thought of turning back again. Not a soul would believe me if I were to give out that he had been devoured by a demon in the forest; and it is the fear of odium that impels me to demand *him* at your hands."

"Excellent! excellent! O man of wisdom," cried the demon in approval; "you not only know but practise the godlike." [133] And in token of his pleasure and approval he brought forth the *two* brothers and gave them both to the Bodhisatta.

Then said the latter to the water-sprite, "Friend, it is in consequence of your own evil deeds in times past that you have now been born a demon subsisting on the flesh and blood of other living creatures; and in this present birth too you are continuing to do evil. This evil conduct

will for ever bar you from escaping re-birth in hell and the other evil states. Wherefore, from this time forth renounce evil and live virtuously."

Having worked the demon's conversion, the Bodhisatta continued to dwell at that spot under his protection, until one day he read in the stars that his father was dead. Then taking the water-sprite with him, he returned to Benares and took possession of the kingdom, making Prince Moon his viceroy and Prince Sun his generalissimo. For the water-sprite he made a home in a pleasant spot and took measures to ensure his being provided with the choicest garlands, flowers, and food. He himself ruled in righteousness until he passed away to fare according to his deeds.

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths, at the close whereof that Brother won the Fruit of the First Path. And the All-knowing Buddha, having told the two stories, made the connexion linking the two together, and identified the Birth, by saying, "The well-to-do Brother was the water-demon of those days; Ānanda was Prince Sun, Sāriputta Prince Moon, and I myself the eldest brother, Prince Mahiṃsāsa."

[*Note.* See Fausböll's *Dhammapada*, p. 302, and *Ten Jātakas*, p. 88.]

No. 7.

KAṬṬHAHĀRI-JĀTAKA.

"*Your son am I.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the story of Vāsabha-Khattiyā, which will be found in the Twelfth Book in the Bhaddasāla-jātaka[1]. Tradition tells us that she was the daughter of Mahānāma Sakka by a slave-girl named Nāgamuṇḍā, and that she afterwards became the consort of the king of Kosala. She conceived a son by the king; but the king, coming to know of her servile origin, degraded her from her rank, and also degraded her son Viḍūḍabha. Mother and son never came outside the palace.

Hearing of this, the Master at early dawn came to the palace attended by five hundred Brethren [134], and, sitting down on the seat prepared for him, said, "Sire, where is Vāsabha-Khattiyā?"

Then the king told him what had happened.

"Sire, whose daughter is Vāsabha-Khattiyā?" "Mahānāma's daughter, sir." "When she came away, to whom did she come as wife?" "To me, sir." "Sire, she is a king's daughter; to a king she is wed; and to a king she bore her

[1] No. 465.

son. Wherefore is that son not in authority over the realm which owns his father's sway? In bygone days, a monarch who had a son by a casual[1] faggot-gatherer gave that son his sovereignty."

The king asked the Blessed One to explain this. The Blessed One made clear what had been concealed from him by re-birth.

Once on a time in Benares Brahmadatta the king, having gone in great state to his pleasaunce, was roaming about looking for fruits and flowers when he came on a woman who was merrily singing away as she picked up sticks in the grove. Falling in love at first sight, the king became intimate with her, and the Bodhisatta was conceived then and there. Feeling as heavy within as though weighed down with the bolt of Indra, the woman knew that she would become a mother, and told the king so. He gave her the signet-ring from his finger and dismissed her with these words :—"If it be a girl, spend this ring on her nurture ; but if it be a boy, bring ring and child to me."

When the woman's time was come, she bore the Bodhisatta. And when he could run about and was playing in the playground, a cry would arise, "No-father has hit me!" Hearing this, the Bodhisatta ran away to his mother and asked who his father was.

"You are the son of the King of Benares, my boy." "What proof of this is there, mother?" "My son, the king on leaving me gave me this signet-ring and said, 'If it be a girl, spend this ring on her nurture ; but if it be a boy, bring ring and child to me.'" "Why then don't you take me to my father, mother?"

[135] Seeing that the boy's mind was made up, she took him to the gate of the palace, and bade their coming be announced to the king. Being summoned in, she entered and bowing before his majesty said, "This is your son, sire."

The king knew well enough that this was the truth, but shame before all his court made him reply, "He is no son of mine." "But here is your signet-ring, sire ; you will recognise that." "Nor is this my signet-ring." Then said the woman, "Sire, I have now no witness to prove my words, except to appeal to truth. Wherefore, if you be the father of my child, I pray that he may stay in mid-air ; but if not, may he fall to earth and be killed." So saying, she seized the Bodhisatta by the foot and threw him up into the air.

[1] The word *muhuttikāya* means, literally, "momentary," or perhaps may be translated "with whom he consorted but a little while." Professor Künte (Ceylon R. A. S. Journal, 1884, p. 128) sees in the word a reference to the Muhūrta (mohotura) form of marriage, which "obtains among the Mahrathas other than the Brahmanas," and which he compares with the familiar Gāndharva form, i.e. (legal) union by mutual consent, on the spur of the moment, without any preliminary formalities.

Seated cross-legged in mid-air, the Bodhisatta in sweet tones repeated this stanza to his father, declaring the truth :—

Your son am I, great monarch; rear me, Sire!
The king rears others, but much more his child.

Hearing the Bodhisatta thus teach the truth to him from mid-air, the king stretched out his hands and cried, "Come to me, my boy! None, none but me shall rear and nurture you!" A thousand hands were stretched out to receive the Bodhisatta; [136] but it was into the arms of the king and of no other that he descended, seating himself in the king's lap. The king made him viceroy, and made his mother queen-consort. At the death of the king his father, he came to the throne by the title of King Katṭhavāhana—the faggot-bearer—, and after ruling his realm righteously, passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson to the king of Kosala ended, and his two stories told, the Master made the connexion linking them both together, and identified the Birth by saying:—"Mahāmāyā was the mother of those days, King Suddhodana was the father, and I myself King Katṭhavāhana."

[*Note.* Cf. *Dhammapada*, p. 218, *Jātaka* No. 465, and Rogers' *Buddhaghosha's Parables*, p. 146. See also an endeavour, in the Ceylon R.A.S. Journal, 1884, to trace this Jātaka back to the story of Dushyanta and Çakuntalā in the *Mahābhārata* and to Kālidāsa's drama of the Lost Ring.]

No. 8.

GĀMANI-JĀTAKA.

"*Their heart's desire.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about a Brother who gave up persevering. In this Jātaka both the Introductory Story and the Story of the Past will be given in the Eleventh Book in connexion with the Saṃvara-jātaka[1];—the incidents are the same both for that Jātaka and for this, but the stanzas are different.

Abiding stedfast in the counsels of the Bodhisatta, Prince Gāmani, finding himself—though the youngest of a hundred brothers—surrounded by those hundred brothers as a retinue and seated beneath the white canopy of kingship,

[1] No. 462.

contemplated his glory and thought—"All this glory I owe to my teacher." And, in his joy, he burst into this heartfelt utterance:—

> Their heart's desire[1] they reap, who hurry not;
> Know, Gāmani, ripe excellence is thine.

[137] Seven or eight days after he had become king, all his brothers departed to their own homes. King Gāmani, after ruling his kingdom in righteousness, passed away to fare according to his deserts. The Bodhisatta also passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths, at the close whereof the faint-hearted Brother won Arahatship. Having told the two stories, the Master shewed the connexion linking them both together and identified the Birth.

No. 9.

MAKHĀDEVA-JĀTAKA.

"*Lo! these grey hairs.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the Great Renunciation, which has already been related in the Nidāna-Kathā[2].

On this occasion the Brethren sat praising the Renunciation of the Lord of Wisdom. Entering the Hall of Truth and seating himself on the Buddha-seat, the Master thus addressed the Brethren:—"What is your theme, Brethren, as you sit here in conclave?"

"It is naught else, sir, than the praise of your own Renunciation." "Brethren," rejoined the Master, "not only in these latter days has the Tathāgata[3] made a Renunciation; in bygone days too he similarly renounced the world."

The Brethren asked the Blessed One for an explanation of this. The Blessed One made clear what had been concealed from them by re-birth.

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[1] As to the alternative of the gloss ("phalāsā ti āsāphalam," i.e. "'the desire of the fruit' means 'the fruit of the desire'") Professor Künte (Ceylon R. A. S. J. 1884) says—"the inversion requires a knowledge of metaphysical grammar such as was not cultivated in India before the 6th century A.D....The gloss was written about the Brahminical and Jain revival."

[2] See p. 61 et seqq. of Vol. I. of Fausböll's text for this account of how Prince Siddhattha, the future Buddha, renounced the world for the Truth.

[3] The meaning of this frequently recurring title of the Buddha is far from clear, and the obscurity is deepened by the elaborate gloss of Buddhaghosa at pp. 59—68 of the *Sumangala-vilāsinī*, where eight different interpretations are given. Perhaps the word may mean 'He who has trod the path which the earlier Buddhas trod'; but there is much to be said for the view put forward on p. 82 of Vol. XIII. of the *Sacred Books of the East*, that the meaning is 'He who has arrived there,' i.e. at emancipation.

Once on a time in Mithilā in the realm of Videha there was a king named Makhādeva, who was righteous and ruled righteously. For successive periods of eighty-four thousand years he had respectively amused himself as prince, ruled as viceroy, and reigned as king. All these long years had he lived, when one day he said to his barber,—"Tell me, friend barber, when you see any grey hairs in my head." So one day, years and years after, [138] the barber did find among the raven locks of the king a single grey hair, and he told the king so. "Pull it out, my friend," said the king; "and lay it in my palm." The barber accordingly plucked the hair out with his golden tongs, and laid it in the king's hand. The king had at that time still eighty-four thousand years more to live; but nevertheless at the sight of that one grey hair he was filled with deep emotion. He seemed to see the King of Death standing over him, or to be cooped within a blazing hut of leaves. "Foolish Makhādeva!" he cried; "grey hairs have come upon you before you have been able to rid yourself of depravities." And as he thought and thought about the appearance of his grey hair, he grew aflame within; the sweat rolled down from his body; whilst his raiment oppressed him and seemed intolerable. "This very day," thought he, "will I renounce the world for the Brother's life."

To his barber he gave the grant of a village, which yielded a hundred thousand pieces of money. He sent for his eldest son and said to him, "My son, grey hairs are come upon me, and I am become old. I have had my fill of human joys, and fain would taste the joys divine; the time for my renunciation has come. Take the sovereignty upon yourself; as for me, I will take up my abode in the pleasaunce called Makhādeva's Mango-grove, and there tread the ascetic's path."

As he was thus bent on leading the Brother's life, his ministers drew near and said, "What is the reason, sire, why you adopt the Brother's life?"

Taking the grey hair in his hand, the king repeated this stanza to his ministers:—

Lo, these grey hairs that on my head appear
Are Death's own messengers that come to rob
My life. 'Tis time I turned from worldly things,
And in the hermit's path sought saving peace.

[139] And after these words, he renounced his sovereignty that self-same day and became a recluse. Dwelling in that very Mango-grove of Makhādeva, he there during eighty-four thousand years fostered the Four Perfect States within himself, and, dying with insight full and unbroken, was reborn in the Realm of Brahma. Passing thence, he became a king again in Mithilā, under the name of Nimi, and after uniting his scattered family, once more became a hermit in that same

Mango-grove, winning the Four Perfect States and passing thence once more to the Realm of Brahma.

After repeating his statement that he had similarly renounced the world in bygone days, the Master at the end of his lesson preached the Four Truths. Some entered the First Path, some the Second, and some the Third. Having told the two stories, the Master shewed the connexion between them and identified the Birth, by saying:—"In those days Ānanda was the barber, Rāhula the son, and I myself King Makhādeva."

[*Note.* See [illegible] Sutta No. 83 of which is entitled the Makhādeva Sutta. [illegible] Feer (J. As. 1876, p. 516) the Bigandet MS. calls this the Devadūta-jātaka. Bigandet in his *Life or Legend of Gaudama* (p. 408) gives a version of this Jātaka, in which the king is named Minggadewa, and in which the doings of King Nemi (=Nimi above) are given in great detail. See Upham's *Mahāvansi*, vol. I. p. 14, and the 'Nemy' Jātaka referred to by him as the 544th Jātaka. See also *Cariyā-Piṭaka*, p. 76, and Plate XLVIII. (2) of the *Stūpa of Bharhut*, where the name is carved Magha-deva, a spelling which is retained in modern Burmese manuscripts of the Majjhima Sutta from which this Jātaka was manifestly compiled.]

No. 10.

SUKHAVIHĀRI-JĀTAKA.

[140] "*The man who guards not.*"—This story was told by the Master while in the Anūpiya Mango-grove near the town of Anūpiya, about the Elder Bhaddiya (the Happy), who joined the Brotherhood in the company of the six young nobles with whom was Upāli[1]. Of these the Elders Bhaddiya, Kimbila, Bhagu, and Upāli attained to Arahatship; the Elder Ānanda entered the First Path; the Elder Anuruddha gained all-seeing vision; and Devadatta obtained the power of ecstatic self-abstraction. The story of the six young nobles, up to the events at Anūpiya, will be related in the Khaṇḍahāla-jātaka[2].

The venerable Bhaddiya, who used in the days of his royalty to guard himself as though he were appointed his own tutelary deity, bethought him of the state of fear in which he then lived when he was being guarded by numerous guards and when he used to toss about even on his royal couch in his private apartments high up in the palace; and with this he compared the absence of fear in which, now that he was an Arahat, he roamed hither and thither in forests and desert places. And at the thought he burst into this heartfelt utterance—"Oh, happiness! Oh, happiness!"

[1] Cf. Oldenberg's *Vinaya*, Vol. II. pp. 180—4 (translated at p. 232 of Vol. XX. of the *Sacred Books of the East*), for an account of the conversion of the six Sākyan princes and the barber Upāli.

[2] No. 534 in Westergaard's list; not yet edited by Fausböll.

This the Brethren reported to the Blessed One, saying, "The venerable Bhaddiya is declaring the bliss he has won."

"Brethren," said the Blessed One, "this is not the first time that Bhaddiya's life has been happy; his life was no less happy in bygone days."

The Brethren asked the Blessed One to explain this. The Blessed One made clear what had been concealed from them by re-birth.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a wealthy northern brahmin. Realising the evil of lusts and the blessings that flow from renouncing the world, he abjured lusts, and retiring to the Himalayas there became a hermit and won the eight Endowments. His following waxed great, amounting to five hundred ascetics. Once when the rains set in, he quitted the Himalayas and travelling along on an alms-pilgrimage with his attendant ascetics through village and town came at last to Benares, where he took up his abode in the royal pleasaunce as the pensioner of the king's bounty. After dwelling here for the four rainy months, he came to the king to take his leave. But the king said to him, "You are old, reverend sir. Wherefore should you go back to the Himalayas? Send your pupils back thither [141] and stop here yourself."

The Bodhisatta entrusted his five hundred ascetics to the care of his oldest disciple, saying, "Go you with these to the Himalayas; I will stop on here."

Now that oldest disciple had once been a king, but had given up a mighty kingdom to become a Brother; by the due performance of the rites appertaining to concentrated thought he had mastered the eight Endowments. As he dwelt with the ascetics in the Himalayas, one day a longing came upon him to see the master, and he said to his fellows, "Live on contentedly here; I will come back as soon as I have paid my respects to the master." So away he went to the master, paid his respects to him, and greeted him lovingly. Then he lay down by the side of his master on a mat which he spread there.

At this point appeared the king, who had come to the pleasaunce to see the ascetic; and with a salutation he took his seat on one side. But though he was aware of the king's presence, that oldest disciple forbore to rise, but still lay there, crying with passionate earnestness, "Oh, happiness! Oh, happiness!"

Displeased that the ascetic, though he had seen him, had not risen, the king said to the Bodhisatta, "Reverend sir, this ascetic must have had his fill to eat, seeing that he continues to lie there so happily, exclaiming with such earnestness."

"Sire," said the Bodhisatta, "of old this ascetic was a king as you are. He is thinking how in the old days when he was a layman and

lived in regal pomp with many a man-at-arms to guard him, he never knew such happiness as now is his. It is the happiness of the Brother's life, and the happiness that Insight brings, which move him to this heartfelt utterance." And the Bodhisatta further repeated this stanza to teach the king the Truth:—

> The man who guards not, nor is guarded, sire,
> Lives happy, freed from slavery to lusts.

[142] Appeased by the lesson thus taught him, the king made his salutation and returned to his palace. The disciple also took his leave of his master and returned to the Himalayas. But the Bodhisatta continued to dwell on there, and, dying with Insight full and unbroken, was re-born in the Realm of Brahma.

His lesson ended, and the two stories told, the Master shewed the connexion linking them both together, and identified the Birth by saying,—"The Elder Bhaddiya was the disciple of those days, and I myself the master of the company of ascetics."

[*Note.* For the Introductory Story compare *Cullavagga*, VII. 1. 5—.]

No. 11.

LAKKHAṆA-JĀTAKA.

"*The upright man.*"—This story was told by the Master in the Bamboo-grove near Rājagaha about Devadatta. The story of Devadatta[1] will be related, up to the date of the Abhimāra-employment, in the Khaṇḍahāla-jātaka[2]; up to the date of his dismissal from the office of Treasurer, in the Cullahaṃsa-jātaka[3]; and, up to the date of his being swallowed up by the earth, in the Sixteenth Book in the Samudda-vāṇija-jātaka[4].

For, on the occasion now in question, Devadatta, through failing to carry the Five Points which he had pressed for, had made a schism in the Brotherhood and had gone off with five hundred Brethren to dwell at Gayā-sīsa. Now, these Brethren came to a riper knowledge; and the Master, knowing this, called the

[1] See *Cullavagga*, VII. 1— et seqq. The "Five Points" of Devadatta are there given (VII. 3. 14) as follows:—"The Brethren shall live all their life long in the forest, subsist solely on doles collected out of doors, dress solely in rags picked out of dust-heaps, dwell under trees and never under a roof, never eat fish or flesh." These five points were all more rigid in their asceticism than the Buddha's rule, and were formulated by Devadatta in order to outbid his cousin and master.

[2] Cf. p. 32, note 2.

[3] No. 533.

[4] No. 466.

two chief disciples[1] and said, "Sāriputta, your five hundred pupils who were perverted by Devadatta's teaching and went off with him, have now come to a riper knowledge. Go thither with a number of Brethren, preach the Truth to them, enlighten these wanderers respecting the Paths and the Fruits, and bring them back with you."

They went thither, preached the Truth, enlightened them respecting the Paths and the Fruits, and next day [143] at dawn came back again with those Brethren to the Bamboo-grove. And whilst Sāriputta was standing there after saluting the Blessed One on his return, the Brethren spoke thus to him in praise of the Elder Sāriputta, "Sir, very bright was the glory of our elder brother, the Captain of the Truth, as he returned with a following of five hundred Brethren; whereas Devadatta has lost all his following."

"This is not the only time, Brethren, when glory has been Sāriputta's on his return with a following of his kinsfolk; like glory was his too in bygone days. So too this is not the only time when Devadatta has lost his following; he lost it also in bygone days."

The Brethren asked the Blessed One to explain this to them. The Blessed One made clear what had been concealed by re-birth.

Once on a time in the city of Rājagaha in the kingdom of Magadha there ruled a certain king of Magadha, in whose days the Bodhisatta came to life as a stag. Growing up, he dwelt in the forest as the leader of a herd of a thousand deer. He had two young ones named Luckie and Blackie. When he grew old, he handed his charge over to his two sons, placing five hundred deer under the care of each of them. And so now these two young stags were in charge of the herd.

Towards harvest-time in Magadha, when the crops stand thick in the fields, it is dangerous for the deer in the forests round. Anxious to kill the creatures that devour their crops, the peasants dig pitfalls, fix stakes, set stone-traps, and plant snares and other gins; so that many deer are slain.

Accordingly, when the Bodhisatta marked that it was crop-time, he sent for his two sons and said to them, "My children, it is now the time when crops stand thick in the fields, and many deer meet their death at this season. We who are old will make shift to stay in one spot; but you will retire each with your herd to the mountainous tracts in the forest and come back when the crops have been carried." "Very good," said his two sons, and departed with their herds, as their father bade.

Now the men who live along the route, know quite well the times at which deer take to the hills and return thence. And [144] lying in wait in hiding-places here and there along the route, they shoot and kill numbers of them. The dullard Blackie, ignorant of the times to travel and the

[1] The two chief disciples, of whom only one is named in the text, were Sāriputta (surnamed 'the Captain of the Faith') and Moggallāna, two Brahmin friends, originally followers of a wandering ascetic, whose conversion to Buddhism is related in the *Mahāvagga*, I. 23—. Unlike this Jātaka, the *Vinaya* account (*Cullavagga*, VII. 4) of the re-conversion of the backsliders gives a share of the credit to Moggallāna.

times to halt, kept his deer on the march early and late, both at dawn and in the gloaming, approaching the very confines of the villages. And the peasants, in ambush or in the open, destroyed numbers of his herd. Having thus by his crass folly worked the destruction of all these, it was with a very few survivors that he reached the forest.

Luckie on the other hand, being wise and astute and full of resource, never so much as approached the confines of a village. He did not travel by day, or even in the dawn or gloaming. Only in the dead of night did he move; and the result was that he reached the forest without losing a single head of his deer.

Four months they stayed in the forest, not leaving the hills till the crops were carried. On the homeward way Blackie by repeating his former folly lost the rest of his herd and returned solitary and alone; whereas Luckie had not lost one of his herd, but had brought back the whole five hundred deer, when he appeared before his parents. As he saw his two sons returning, the Bodhisatta framed this stanza in concert with the herd of deer:—

> The upright kindly man hath his reward.
> Mark Luckie leading back his troop of kin,
> While here comes Blackie shorn of all his herd.

[145] Such was the Bodhisatta's welcome to his son; and after living to a good old age, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

At the close of his lesson, when the Master had repeated that Sāriputta's glory and Devadatta's loss had both had a parallel in bygone days, he shewed the connexion linking the two stories together and identified the Birth, by saying, "Devadatta was the Blackie of those days; his followers were Blackie's following; Sāriputta was the Luckie of those days, and his following the Buddha's followers; Rāhula's mother was the mother of those days; and I myself was the father."

[*Note.* See *Dhammapada*, p. 146, for the above verse and for a parallel to the Introductory Story of this Jātaka.]

No. 12.

NIGRODHAMIGA-JĀTAKA.

"*Keep only with the Banyan Deer.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the mother of the Elder named Prince Kassapa. The daughter, we learn, of a wealthy merchant of Rājagaha was deeply rooted in goodness and scorned all temporal things; she had reached her final existence, and within her breast, like a lamp in a pitcher, glowed her sure hope of winning

Arahatship. As soon as she reached knowledge of herself, she took no joy in a worldly life but yearned to renounce the world. With this aim, she said to her mother and father, "My dear parents, my heart takes no joy in a worldly life; fain would I embrace the saving doctrine of the Buddha. Suffer me to take the vows."

"What, my dear? Ours is a very wealthy family, and you are our only daughter. You cannot take the vows."

Having failed to win her parents' consent, though she asked them again and again, she thought to herself, "Be it so then; when I am married into another family, I will gain my husband's consent and take the vows." And when, being grown up, she entered another family, she proved a devoted wife and lived a life of goodness and virtue[1] in her new home. Now it came to pass that she conceived, though she knew it not.

There was a festival proclaimed in that city, [146] and everybody kept holiday, the city being decked like a city of the gods. But she, even at the height of the festival, neither anointed herself nor put on any finery, going about in her every-day attire. So her husband said to her, "My dear wife, everybody is holiday-making; but you do not put on your bravery."

"My lord and master," she replied, "the body is filled with two-and-thirty component parts. Wherefore should it be adorned? This bodily frame is not of angelic or archangelic mould; it is not made of gold, jewels, or yellow sandal-wood; it takes not its birth from the womb of lotus-flowers, white or red or blue; it is not filled with any immortal balsam. Nay, it is bred of corruption, and born of mortal parents; the qualities that mark it are the wearing and wasting away, the decay and destruction of the merely transient; it is fated to swell a graveyard, and is devoted to lusts; it is the source of sorrow, and the occasion of lamentation; it is the abode of all diseases, and the repository of the workings of Karma. Foul within,—it is always excreting. Yea, as all the world can see, its end is death, passing to the charnel-house, there to be the dwelling-place of worms[2] [147]. What should I achieve, my bridegroom, by tricking out this body? Would not its adornment be like decorating the outside of a close-stool?"

"My dear wife," rejoined the young merchant, "if you regard this body as so sinful, why don't you become a Sister?"

"If I am accepted, my husband, I will take the vows this very day." "Very good," said he, "I will get you admitted to the Order." And after he had shewn lavish bounty and hospitality to the Order, he escorted her with a large following to the nunnery and had her admitted a Sister,—but of the following of Devadatta. Great was her joy at the fulfilment of her desire to become a Sister.

As her time drew near, the Sisters, noticing the change in her person, the swelling in her hands and feet and her increased size, said, "Lady, you seem about to become a mother; what does it mean?"

"I cannot tell, ladies; I only know I have led a virtuous life."

So the Sisters brought her before Devadatta, saying, "Lord, this young gentlewoman, who was admitted a Sister with the reluctant consent of her husband, has now proved to be with child; but whether this dates from before her admission to the Order or not, we cannot say. What are we to do now?"

Not being a Buddha, and not having any charity, love or pity, Devadatta thought thus:—"It will be a damaging report to get abroad that one of my Sisters is with child, and that I condone the offence. My course is clear;—I must expel this woman from the Order." Without any enquiry, starting forward as if to thrust aside a mass of stone, he said, "Away, and expel this woman!"

Receiving this answer, they arose and with reverent salutation withdrew to their own nunnery. But the girl said to those Sisters, "Ladies, Devadatta the Elder is not the Buddha. My vows were taken not under Devadatta, but under

[1] Or, perhaps, "was beautiful."

[2] A long string of repulsive stanzas as to the anatomy of the body is here omitted.

the Buddha, the Foremost of the world. Rob me not of the vocation I won so hardly; but take me before the Master at Jetavana." So they set out with her for Jetavana, and journeying over the forty-five leagues thither from Rājagaha, came in due course to their destination, where with reverent salutation to the Master, they laid the matter before him.

Thought the Master, "Albeit the child was conceived while she was still of the laity, yet it will give the heretics an occasion to say that the ascetic Gotama [148] has taken a Sister expelled by Devadatta. Therefore, to cut short such talk, this case must be heard in the presence of the king and his court." So on the morrow he sent for Pasenadi king of Kosala, the elder and the younger Anātha-piṇḍika, the lady Visākhā the great lay-disciple, and other well-known personages; and in the evening when the four classes of the faithful were all assembled—Brothers, Sisters, and lay-disciples, both male and female—he said to the Elder Upāli, "Go, and clear up this matter of the young Sister in the presence of the four classes of my disciples."

"It shall be done, reverend sir," said the Elder, and forth to the assembly he went; and there, seating himself in his place, he called up Visākhā the lay-disciple in sight of the king, and placed the conduct of the enquiry in her hands, saying, "First ascertain the precise day of the precise month on which this girl joined the Order, Visākhā; and thence compute whether she conceived before or since that date." Accordingly the lady had a curtain put up as a screen, behind which she retired with the girl. Spectatis manibus, pedibus, umbilico, ipso ventre puellæ, the lady found, on comparing the days and months, that the conception had taken place before the girl had become a Sister. This she reported to the Elder, who proclaimed the Sister innocent before all the assembly. And she, now that her innocence was established, reverently saluted the Order and the Master, and with the Sisters returned to her own nunnery.

When her time was come, she bore the son strong in spirit, for whom she had prayed at the feet of the Buddha Padumuttara ages ago. One day, when the king was passing by the nunnery, he heard the cry of an infant and asked his courtiers what it meant. They, knowing the facts, told his majesty that the cry came from the child to which the young Sister had given birth. "Sirs," said the king, "the care of children is a clog on Sisters in their religious life; let us take charge of him." So the infant was handed over by the king's command to the ladies of his family, and brought up as a prince. When the day came for him to be named, he was called Kassapa, but was known as Prince Kassapa because he was brought up like a prince.

At the age of seven he was admitted a novice under the Master, and a full Brother when he was old enough. As time went on, he waxed famous among the expounders of the Truth. So the Master gave him precedence, saying, "Brethren, the first in eloquence among my disciples is Prince Kassapa." Afterwards, by virtue of the Vammīka Sutta[1], he won Arahatship. So too his mother, the Sister, grew to clear vision and won the Supreme Fruit. Prince Kassapa the Elder shone in the faith of the Buddha [149] even as the full-moon in the mid-heaven. Now one day in the afternoon when the Tathāgata on return from his alms-round had addressed the Brethren, he passed into his perfumed chamber. At the close of his address the Brethren spent the daytime either in their night-quarters or in their day-quarters till it was evening, when they assembled in the hall of Truth and spoke as follows:—"Brethren, Devadatta, because he was not a Buddha and because he had no charity, love or pity, was nigh being the ruin of the Elder Prince Kassapa and his reverend mother. But the All-enlightened Buddha, being the Lord of Truth and being perfect in charity, love and pity, has proved their salvation." And as they sat there telling the praises of the Buddha, he entered the hall with all the grace of a Buddha, and asked, as he took his seat, what they were talking of as they sat together.

"Of your own virtues, sir," said they, and told him all.

[1] The 23rd Sutta of the *Majjhima-Nikāya*.

"This is not the first time, Brethren," said he, "that the Tathāgata has proved the salvation and refuge of these two: he was the same to them in the past also."

Then, on the Brethren asking him to explain this to them, he revealed what re-birth had hidden from them.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a deer. At his birth he was golden of hue; his eyes were like round jewels; the sheen of his horns was as of silver; his mouth was red as a bunch of scarlet cloth; his four hoofs were as though lacquered; his tail was like the yak's; and he was as big as a young foal. Attended by five hundred deer, he dwelt in the forest under the name of King Banyan Deer. And hard by him dwelt another deer also with an attendant herd of five hundred deer, who was named Branch Deer, and was as golden of hue as the Bodhisatta.

In those days the king of Benares was passionately fond of hunting, and always had meat at every meal. Every day he mustered the whole of his subjects, townsfolk and countryfolk alike, to the detriment of their business, and went hunting. Thought his people, "This king of ours stops all our work. Suppose we were [150] to sow food and supply water for the deer in his own pleasaunce, and, having driven in a number of deer, to bar them in and deliver them over to the king!" So they sowed in the pleasaunce grass for the deer to eat and supplied water for them to drink, and opened the gate wide. Then they called out the townsfolk and set out into the forest armed with sticks and all manner of weapons to find the deer. They surrounded about a league of forest in order to catch the deer within their circle, and in so doing surrounded the haunt of the Banyan and Branch deer. As soon as they perceived the deer, they proceeded to beat the trees, bushes and ground with their sticks till they drove the herds out of their lairs; then they rattled their swords and spears and bows with so great a din that they drove all the deer into the pleasaunce, and shut the gate. Then they went to the king and said, "Sire, you put a stop to our work by always going a-hunting; so we have driven deer enough from the forest to fill your pleasaunce. Henceforth feed on *them*."

Hereupon the king betook himself to the pleasaunce, and in looking over the herd saw among them two golden deer, to whom he granted immunity. Sometimes he would go of his own accord and shoot a deer to bring home; sometimes his cook would go and shoot one. At first sight of the bow, the deer would dash off trembling for their lives, but after receiving two or three wounds they grew weary and faint and were slain. The herd of deer told this to the Bodhisatta, who sent for Branch and said, "Friend, the deer are being destroyed in great numbers; and, though they

cannot escape death, at least let them not be needlessly wounded. Let the deer go to the block[1] by turns, one day one from my herd, and next day one from yours,—the deer on whom the lot falls to go to the place of execution and lie down with its head on the block. In this wise the deer will escape wounding." The other agreed; and thenceforth the deer whose turn it was, used to go [151] and lie down with its neck ready on the block. The cook used to go and carry off only the victim which awaited him.

Now one day the lot fell on a pregnant doe of the herd of Branch, and she went to Branch and said, "Lord, I am with young. When I have brought forth my little one, there will be two of us to take our turn. Order me to be passed over this turn." "No, I cannot make your turn another's," said he; "you must bear the consequences of your own fortune. Begone!" Finding no favour with him, the doe went on to the Bodhisatta and told him her story. And he answered, "Very well; you go away, and I will see that the turn passes over you." And therewithal he went himself to the place of execution and lay down with his head on the block. Cried the cook on seeing him, "Why here's the king of the deer who was granted immunity! What does this mean?" And off he ran to tell the king. The moment he heard of it, the king mounted his chariot and arrived with a large following. "My friend the king of the deer," he said on beholding the Bodhisatta, "did I not promise you your life? How comes it that you are lying here?"

"Sire, there came to me a doe big with young, who prayed me to let her turn fall on another; and, as I could not pass the doom of one on to another, I, laying down my life for her and taking her doom on myself, have laid me down here. Think not that there is anything behind this, your majesty."

"My lord the golden king of the deer," said the king, "never yet saw I, even among men, one so abounding in charity, love and pity as you. Therefore am I pleased with you. Arise! I spare the lives both of you and of her."

"Though two be spared, what shall the rest do, O king of men?" "I spare their lives too, my lord." "Sire, only the deer in your pleasaunce will thus have gained immunity; what shall all the rest do?" "Their lives too I spare, my lord." "Sire, deer will thus be safe; but what will the rest of four-footed creatures do?" [152]. "I spare their lives too, my lord." "Sire, four-footed creatures will thus be safe; but what will the flocks of birds do?" "They too shall be spared, my lord." "Sire, birds will thus be safe; but what will the fishes do, who live in the water?" "I spare their lives also, my lord."

After thus interceding with the king for the lives of all creatures, the

[1] For dhammagaṇḍikā see *Jāt.* II. 124; III. 41.

Great Being arose, established the king in the Five Commandments, saying, "Walk in righteousness, great king. Walk in righteousness and justice towards parents, children, townsmen, and countryfolk, so that when this earthly body is dissolved, you may enter the bliss of heaven." Thus, with the grace and charm that marks a Buddha, did he teach the Truth to the king. A few days he tarried in the pleasaunce for the king's instruction, and then with his attendant herd he passed into the forest again.

And that doe brought forth a fawn fair as the opening bud of the lotus, who used to play about with the Branch deer. Seeing this his mother said to him, "My child, don't go about with him, only go about with the herd of the Banyan deer." And by way of exhortation, she repeated this stanza:—

Keep only with the Banyan deer, and shun
The Branch deer's herd; more welcome far
Is death, my child, in Banyan's company,
Than e'en the amplest term of life with Branch.

Thenceforth, the deer, now in the enjoyment of immunity, used to eat men's crops, and the men, remembering the immunity granted to them, did not dare to hit the deer or drive them away. So they assembled in the king's courtyard and laid the matter before the king. Said he, "When the Banyan deer won my favour, [153] I promised him a boon. I will forego my kingdom rather than my promise. Begone! Not a man in my kingdom may harm the deer."

But when this came to the ears of the Banyan deer, he called his herd together and said, "Henceforth you shall not eat the crops of others." And having thus forbidden them, he sent a message to the men, saying, "From this day forward, let no husbandman fence his field, but merely indicate it with leaves tied up round it." And so, we hear, began a plan of tying up leaves to indicate the fields; and never was a deer known to trespass on a field so marked. For thus they had been instructed by the Bodhisatta.

Thus did the Bodhisatta exhort the deer of his herd, and thus did he act all his life long, and at the close of a long life passed away with them to fare according to his deserts. The king too abode by the Bodhisatta's teachings, and after a life spent in good works passed away to fare according to his deserts.

At the close of this lesson, when the Master had repeated that, as now, so in bygone days also he had been the salvation of the pair, he preached the Four Truths. He then shewed the connexion, linking together the two stories he had told, and identified the Birth by saying,—"Devadatta was the Branch Deer of

those days, and his followers were that deer's herd; the nun was the doe, and Prince Kassapa was her offspring; Ānanda was the king; and I myself was King Banyan Deer."

[*Note.* This Jātaka is referred to in *Milindapañho* (page 289 of Rhys Davids' translation), and is figured in Plates XXV. (1) and XLIII. (2) of Cunningham's *Stūpa of Bharhut* See also Julien's *Huen Thsang*, II. 361. For the stanza and the Introductory Story see *Dhammapada*, pp. 327—330.]

No. 13.

KAṆḌINA-JĀTAKA.

"*Cursed be the dart of love.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the temptation caused to Brethren by the wives of their mundane life. This will be related in the Indriya-jātaka[1] in the Eighth Book. Said the Blessed One to the Brother, "Brother, it was because of this very woman that in bygone days you met your death and were roasted over glowing embers." The Brethren asked the Blessed One to explain this. The Blessed One made clear what had been concealed from them by re-birth.

[154] (Henceforth we shall omit the words respecting the Brethren's request for an explanation and the making clear what had been concealed by re-birth; and we shall only say "told this story of the past." When only this is said, all the rest is to be supplied and repeated as above,—the request, the simile of setting free the moon from the clouds, and the making clear what had been concealed by re-birth.)

Once on a time in the kingdom of Magadha the king was reigning in Rājagaha, and when the crops were grown the deer were exposed to great perils, so that they retired to the forest. Now a certain mountain-stag of the forest, having become attached to a doe who came from near a village, was moved by his love for her to accompany her when the deer returned home from the forest. Said she, "You, sir, are but a simple stag of the forest, and the neighbourhood of villages is beset with peril and danger. So don't come down with us." But he because of his great love for her would not stay, but came with her.

[1] No. 423.

When they knew that it was the time for the deer to come down from the hills, the Magadha folk posted themselves in ambush by the road; and a hunter was lying in wait just by the road along which the pair were travelling. Scenting a man, the young doe suspected that a hunter was in ambush, and let the stag go on first, following herself at some distance. With a single arrow the hunter laid the stag low, and the doe seeing him struck was off like the wind. Then that hunter came forth from his hiding-place and skinned the stag and lighting a fire cooked the sweet flesh over the embers. Having eaten and drunk, he took off home the remainder of the bleeding carcass on his carrying-pole to regale his children.

Now in those days the Bodhisatta was a fairy dwelling in that very grove of trees, and he marked what had come to pass. "'Twas not father or mother, but passion alone that destroyed this foolish deer [155]. The dawn of passion is bliss, but its end is sorrow and suffering,—the painful loss of hands, and the misery of the five forms of bonds and blows. To cause another's death is accounted infamy in this world; infamous too is the land which owns a woman's sway and rule; and infamous are the men who yield themselves to women's dominion." And therewithal, while the other fairies of the wood applauded and offered perfumes and flowers and the like in homage, the Bodhisatta wove the three infamies into a single stanza, and made the wood re-echo with his sweet tones as he taught the truth in these lines:—

Cursed be the dart of love that works men pain!
Cursed be the land where women rule supreme!
And cursed the fool that bows to woman's sway!

Thus in a single stanza were the three infamies comprised by the Bodhisatta, and the woods re-echoed as he taught the Truth with all the mastery and grace of a Buddha [156].

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof the love-sick Brother was established in the Fruit of the First Path. Having told the two stories, the Master shewed the connexion linking the two together, and identified the Birth.

(Henceforward, we shall omit the words 'Having told the two stories,' and simply say 'shewed the connexion...;' the words omitted are to be supplied as before.)

"In those days," said the Master, "the love-sick Brother was the mountain-stag; his mundane wife was the young doe, and I was myself the fairy who preached the Truth shewing the sin of passion."

[*Note.* See page 330 of Benfey's *Pañca-Tantra.*]

No. 14.

VĀTAMIGA-JĀTAKA.

"*There's nothing worse.*" This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the Elder Tissa, called Direct-alms the Less. Tradition says that, while the Master was dwelling at the Bamboo-grove near Rājagaha, the scion of a wealthy house, Prince Tissa by name, coming one day to the Bamboo-grove and there hearing a discourse from the Master, wished to join the Brotherhood, but, being refused because his parents would not give their consent, obtained their consent by following Raṭṭha-pāla's[1] example and refusing food for seven days, and finally took the vows with the Master.

About a fortnight after admitting this young man, the Master repaired from the Bamboo-grove to Jetavana, where the young nobleman undertook the Thirteen Obligations[2] and passed his time in going his round for alms from house to house, omitting none. Under the name of the Elder Tissa Direct-alms the Less, he became as bright and shining a light in Buddhism as the moon in the vault of heaven.

A festival having been proclaimed at this time at Rājagaha, the Elder's mother and father laid in a silver casket the trinkets he used to wear as a layman, and took it to heart, bewailing thus,—"At other festivals our son used to wear this or that bravery as he kept the festival; and he, our only son, has been taken away by the sage Gotama to the town of Sāvatthi. Where is our son sitting now or standing?" Now a slave-girl who came to the house, noticed the lady of the house weeping, and asked her why she was weeping; and the lady told her all.

"What, madam, was your son fond of?" "Of such and such a thing," replied the lady. "Well, if you will give me authority in this house, I'll fetch your son back." "Very good," said the lady in assent, and gave the girl her expenses and despatched her with a large following, saying, "Go, and manage to fetch my son back."

So away the girl rode in a palanquin to Sāvatthi, where she took up her residence in the street which the Elder used to frequent for alms. [157] Surrounding herself with servants of her own, and never allowing the Elder to see his father's people about, she watched the moment when the Elder entered the street and at once bestowed on him an alms of victual and drink. And when she had bound him in the bonds of the craving of taste, she got him eventually to seat himself in the house, till she knew that her gifts of food as alms had put him in her power. Then she feigned sickness and lay down in an inner chamber.

In the due course of his round for alms at the proper time, the Elder came to the door of her house; and her people took the Elder's bowl and made him sit down in the house.

When he had seated himself, he said, "Where is the lay-sister?" "She's ill, sir; she would be glad to see you."

Bound as he was by the bonds of the craving of taste, he broke his vow and obligation, and went to where the woman was lying.

[1] See *Raṭṭhapāla-sutta* in the *Majjhima-Nikāya* (No. 83), translated in the Ceylon R. A. S. Journal, 1847. See also *Vinaya*, Vol. III. pages 13 and 148.

[2] These are meritorious ascetic practices for quelling the passions, of which the third is an undertaking to eat no food except alms received direct from the giver in the Brother's alms-bowl. Hence "ticket-food" (Jātaka No. 5) was inadmissible.

Then she told him the reason of her coming, and so wrought on him that, all because of his being bound by the bonds of the craving of taste, she made him forsake the Brotherhood; when he was in her power, she put him in the palanquin and came back with a large following to Rājagaha again.

All this was noised abroad. Sitting in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren discussed the matter, saying, "Sirs, it is reported that a slave-girl has bound in the bonds of the craving of taste, and has carried off, the Elder Tissa the Less, called Direct-alms." Entering the Hall the Master sat down on his jewelled seat, and said, "What, Brethren, is the subject of discussion in this conclave?" They told him the incident.

"Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that, in bondage to the craving of taste, he has fallen into her power; in bygone days too he fell into her power in like manner." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares he had a gardener named Sañjaya. Now there came into the king's pleasaunce a Wind-antelope, which fled away at the sight of Sañjaya, but the latter let it go without terrifying the timid creature. After several visits the antelope used to roam about in the pleasaunce. Now the gardener was in the habit of gathering flowers and fruits and taking them day by day to the king. Said the king to him one day, "Have you noticed anything strange, friend gardener, in the pleasaunce?" "Only, sir, that a Wind-antelope has come about the grounds." "Could you catch it, do you think?" "Oh, yes; if I had a little honey, I'd bring it right into your majesty's palace."

The king ordered the honey to be given to the man and he went off with it to the pleasaunce, where he first anointed with the honey the grass at the spots frequented by the antelope, [158] and then hid himself. When the antelope came and tasted the honied grass it was so snared by the lust of taste that it would go nowhere else but only to the pleasaunce. Marking the success of his snare, the gardener began gradually to show himself. The appearance of the man made the antelope take to flight for the first day or two, but growing familiar with the sight of him, it gathered confidence and gradually came to eat grass from the man's hand. He, noting that the creature's confidence had been won, first strewed the path as thick as a carpet with broken boughs; then tying a gourd full of honey on his shoulder and sticking a bunch of grass in his waist-cloth, he kept dropping wisps of the honied grass in front of the antelope till at last he got it right inside the palace. No sooner was the antelope inside than they shut the door. At sight of men the antelope, in fear and trembling for its life, dashed to and fro about the hall; and the king coming down from his chamber above, and seeing the trembling creature, said, "So timid is the Wind-antelope that for a whole week it will not revisit a spot where it has so much as seen a man; and if it has once been frightened anywhere, it never goes back there again all its life long. Yet,

ensnared by the lust of taste, this wild thing from the jungle has actually come to a place like this. Truly, my friends, there is nothing viler in the world than this lust of taste." And he put his teaching into this stanza :—

There's nothing worse, men say, than taste to snare,
At home or with one's friends. Lo! taste it was
That unto Sañjaya deliver'd up
The jungle-haunting antelope so wild.

And with these words he let the antelope go back to its forest again.

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[159] When the Master had ended his lesson, and had repeated what he had said as to that Brother's having fallen into that woman's power in bygone days as well as in the present time, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth, by saying, "In those days this slave-girl was Sañjaya, Direct-alms the Less was the wind-antelope, and I myself was the King of Benares."

No. 15.

KHARĀDIYA-JĀTAKA.

"*For when a deer.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about an unruly Brother. Tradition says that this Brother was unruly and would not heed admonition. Accordingly, the Master asked him, saying, "Is it true, as they say, that you are unruly and will not heed admonition?"

"It is true, Blessed One," was the reply.

"So too in bygone days," said the Master, "you were unruly and would not heed the admonition of the wise and good,—with the result that you were caught in a gin and met your death." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was in Benares the Bodhisatta was born a deer and dwelt in the forest at the head of a herd of deer. His sister brought her son to him, saying, "Brother, this is your nephew; teach him deer's ruses." And thus she placed her son under the Bodhisatta's care. Said the latter to his nephew, "Come at such and such a time and I will give you a lesson." But the nephew made no appearance at the time appointed. And, as on that day, so on seven days did he skip his lesson and fail to learn the ruses of deer; and at last, as he was roaming about, he was caught in a gin. His mother came and said to the Bodhisatta, "Brother, was not your nephew taught deer's ruses?"

"Take no thought for the unteachable rascal," said the Bodhisatta; [160] "your son failed to learn the ruses of deer." And so saying, having lost all desire to advise the scapegrace even in his deadly peril, he repeated this stanza:—

For when a deer has twice four hoofs to run
And branching antlers armed with countless tines,
And when by seven tricks he's saved himself,
I teach him then, Kharādiyā, no more.

But the hunter killed the self-willed deer that was caught in the snare, and departed with its flesh.

When the Master had ended this lesson in support of what he had said as to the unruliness of the Brother in bygone days as well as in the present, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth, by saying "In those days this unruly Brother was the nephew-deer, Uppala-vaṇṇā[1] was the sister, and I myself the deer who gave the admonition."

[*Note.* In the *gāthā* I have translated not the meaningless *kālāhi* of Fausböll's text, nor the easy variant *kālehi*, which is substituted in the gloss, but *kalāhi*, the more difficult reading which occurs in some Sinhalese MSS, and which is read by Fausböll in the analogous story No. 16. This reading is also given by Dickson in J. R. A. S. Ceylon, 1884, p. 188, from the Jātaka Pela Sanne. If *kālehi* be read, the translation becomes, "I do not try to teach one who has played truant seven times." In the J. R. A. S. Ceylon, 1884, p. 125, Künte says, "I have little doubt that *kalāhi* is the original form of the popular sing-song, and *kālehi* a mistake for it, and that on this mistake the grammarian compiler has built up his silly little story about the deer who would not go to school."]

No. 16.

TIPALLATTHA-MIGA-JĀTAKA.

"*In all three postures.*"—This story was told by the Master while dwelling in the Badarika Monastery in Kosambī, about the Elder Rāhula whose heart was set on observing the rules of the Brotherhood.

Once when the Master was dwelling in the Aggāḷava Temple hard by the town of Āḷavī, many female lay-disciples and Sisters used to flock thither to hear the Truth preached. The preaching was in the daytime, but as time

[1] See the interesting Life of this *therī* in Mrs Bode's 'Women Leaders of the Buddhist Reformation' (J. R. A. S. 1893, pp. 540—552), where it is explained that Uppala-vaṇṇā "came by that name because she had a skin like the colour in the heart of the dark-blue lotus."

wore on, the women did not attend, and there were only Brethren and men disciples present. Then the preaching took place in the evening; and at the close the Elder Brethren retired each to his own chamber. But the younger ones with the lay-disciples lay down to rest in the Service-hall. When they fell asleep, loud was the snoring and snorting and gnashing of teeth as they lay. [161] After a short slumber some got up, and reported to the Blessed One the impropriety which they had witnessed. Said he, "If a Brother sleeps in the company of Novices, it is a Pācittiya offence (requiring confession and absolution)." And after delivering this precept he went away to Kosambī.

Thereon the Brethren said to the Reverend Rāhula, "Sir, the Blessed One has laid down this precept, and now you will please find quarters of your own." Now, before this, the Brethren, out of respect for the father and because of the anxious desire of the son to observe the rules of the Brotherhood, had welcomed the youth as if the place were his;—they had fitted up a little bed for him, and had given him a cloth to make a pillow with. But on the day of our story they would not even give him house-room, so fearful were they of transgressing. The excellent Rāhula went neither to the Buddha as being his father, nor to Sāriputta, Captain of the Faith, as being his preceptor, nor to the Great Moggallāna as being his teacher, nor to the Elder Ānanda as being his uncle; but betook himself to the Buddha's jakes and took up his abode there as though in a heavenly mansion. Now in a Buddha's jakes the door is always closely shut: the levelled floor is of perfumed earth; flowers and garlands are festooned round the walls; and all night long a lamp burns there. But it was not this splendour which prompted Rāhula to take up his residence here. Nay, it was simply because the Brethren had told him to find quarters for himself, and because he reverenced instruction and yearned to observe the rules of the Order. Indeed, from time to time the Brethren, to test him, when they saw him coming from quite a distance, used to throw down a hand-broom or a little dust-sweepings, and then ask who had thrown it down, after Rāhula had come in. "Well, Rāhula came that way," would be the remark, but never did the future Elder say he knew nothing about it. On the contrary, he used to remove the litter and humbly ask pardon of the Brother, nor go away till he was assured that he was pardoned;—so anxious was he to observe the rules. And it was solely this anxiety which made him take up his dwelling in the jakes.

Now, though day had not yet dawned, the Master halted at the door of the jakes and coughed 'Ahem.' 'Ahem,' responded the Reverend Rāhula. "Who is there?" said the Buddha. "It is I, Rāhula," was the reply; and out came the young man and bowed low. "Why have you been sleeping here, Rāhula?" "Because I had nowhere to go to. Up till now, sir, the Brethren have been very kind to me; but such is their present fear of erring [162] that they won't give me shelter any more. Consequently, I took up my abode here, because I thought it a spot where I should not come into contact with anybody else."

Then thought the Master to himself, "If they treat even Rāhula like this, what will they not do to other youths whom they admit to the Order?" And his heart was moved within him for the Truth. So, at an early hour he had the Brethren assembled, and questioned the Captain of the Faith thus, "I suppose you at all events, Sāriputta, know where Rāhula is now quartered?'

"No, sir, I do not."

"Sāriputta, Rāhula was living this day in the jakes. Sāriputta, if you treat Rāhula like this, what will not be your treatment of other youths whom you admit to the Order? Such treatment will not retain those who join us. In future, keep your Novices in your own quarters for a day or two, and only on the third day let them lodge out, taking care to acquaint yourself with their lodging." With this rider, the Master laid down the precept.

Gathering together in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren spoke of the goodness of Rāhula. "See, sirs, how anxious was Rāhula to observe the rules. When told to find his own lodging, he did not say, 'I am the son of the Buddha; what have *you* to do with quarters? *You* turn out!' No; not a single Brother did he oust, but quartered himself in the jakes."

As they were talking thus, the Master came to the Hall and took his seat on his throne of state, saying, "What is the subject of your talk, Brethren?"

"Sir," was the reply, "we were talking of the anxiety of Rāhula to keep the rules, nothing else."

Then said the Master, "This anxiety Rāhula has shewn not only now, but also in the past, when he had been born an animal." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time a certain king of Magadha was reigning in Rājagaha; and in those days the Bodhisatta, having been born a stag, was living in the forest at the head of a herd of deer. Now his sister brought her son to him, saying, "Brother, teach your nephew here the ruses of deer." "Certainly," said the Bodhisatta; "go away now, my boy, and come back at such and such a time to be taught." Punctually at the time his uncle mentioned, the young stag was there and received instruction in the ruses of deer.

One day as he was ranging the woods he was caught in a snare and uttered the plaintive cry of a captive. Away fled the herd and told the mother of her son's capture. She came to her brother and asked him whether his nephew had been taught the ruses of deer. "Fear not; [163] your son is not at fault," said the Bodhisatta. "He has learnt thoroughly deer's ruses, and will come back straightway to your great rejoicing." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:—

In all three postures—on his back or sides—
Your son is versed; he's trained to use eight hoofs[1],
And save at midnight never slakes his thirst;
As he lies couched on earth, he lifeless seems,
And only with his under-nostril breathes.
Six tricks[2] my nephew knows to cheat his foes.

[164] Thus did the Bodhisatta console his sister by shewing her how thoroughly her son had mastered the ruses of deer. Meantime the young stag on being caught in the snare did not struggle, but lay down at full length[3] on his side, with his legs stretched out taut and rigid. He pawed up the ground round his hoofs so as to shower the grass and earth about; relieved nature; let his head fall; lolled out his tongue; beslavered his body all over; swelled himself out by drawing in the wind; turned up his eyes; breathed only with the lower nostril, holding his breath with the upper one; and made himself generally so rigid and so stiff as to look like a corpse. Even the blue-bottles swarmed round him; and here and there crows settled.

[1] This the commentator explains as having two hoofs on each foot, referring to the *cloven* hoof of the deer.

[2] I.e. the three mentioned in line 1, and the three mentioned in lines 2, 3, and 5, respectively.

[3] See *infra* p. 62, l. 10.

The hunter came up and smacked the stag on the belly with his hand, remarking, "He must have been caught early this morning; he's going bad already." So saying, the man loosed the stag from his bonds, saying to himself, "I'll cut him up here where he lies, and take the flesh home with me." But as the man guilelessly set to work to gather sticks and leaves (to make a fire with), the young stag rose to his feet, shook himself, stretched out his neck, and, like a little cloud scudding before a mighty wind, sped swiftly back to his mother.

After repeating what he had said as to Rāhula's having shewn no less anxiety in time past to keep rules than in the present, the Master made the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Rāhula was the young stag of those days, Uppala-vaṇṇā his mother, and I the stag his uncle."

[*Note.* According to Feer (J. As. 1876, p. 516) this Jātaka is also called *Sikkhākāmā* in the Bigandet MS. The substance of the Introductory Story occurs in the *Vinaya*, Vol. IV. page 16.]

No. 17.

MĀLUTA-JĀTAKA.

"*In light or dark.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about two Brethren who had joined the Brotherhood in their old age. Tradition says [165] that they were living in a forest-dwelling in the Kosala country, and that one was named the Elder Dark and the other the Elder Light. Now one day Light said to Dark, "Sir, at what time does what is called cold appear?" "It appears in the dark half of the month." And one day Dark said to Light, "Sir, at what time does what is called cold appear?" "It appears in the light half of the month."

As the pair of them together could not solve the question, they went to the Master and with due salutation asked, saying, "Sir, at what time does what is called cold appear?"

After the Master had heard what they had to say, he said, "Brethren, in bygone days also, I answered for you this same question; but your previous existences have become confused in your minds[1]." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

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[1] The compound *bhavasaṁkhepagatattā* occurs here and in the next Jātaka, and also Vol. I. p. 463 and Vol. II. p. 137. The meaning of the word appears to be that by re-birth events in previous existences have become jumbled up together so that no distinct memory remains. A Buddha has the power of remembering the whole of his past existences.

Once on a time at the foot of a certain mountain there were living together in one and the same cave two friends, a lion and a tiger. The Bodhisatta too was living at the foot of the same hill, as a hermit.

Now one day a dispute arose between the two friends about the cold. The tiger said it was cold in the dark half of the month, whilst the lion maintained that it was cold in the light half. As the two of them together could not settle the question, they put it to the Bodhisatta. He repeated this stanza:—

In light or dark half, whensoe'er the wind
Doth blow, 'tis cold. For cold is caused by wind.
And, therefore, I decide you both are right.

Thus did the Bodhisatta make peace between those friends.

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[166] When the Master had ended his lesson in support of what he had said as to his having answered the same question in bygone days, he preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof both of the Elders won the Fruit of the First Path. The Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth, by saying, "Dark was the tiger of those days, Light the lion, and I myself the ascetic who answered the question."

No. 18.

MATAKABHATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*If folk but knew.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about Feasts for the Dead. For at this time the folk were putting to death goats, sheep, and other animals, and offering them up as what is called a Feast for the Dead, for the sake of their departed kinsmen. Finding them thus engaged, the Brethren asked the Master, saying, "Just now, sir, the folk are taking the lives of many living creatures and offering them up as what is called a Feast for the Dead. Can it be, sir, that there is any good in this?"

"No, Brethren," replied the Master; "not even when life is taken with the object of providing a Feast for the Dead, does any good arise therefrom. In bygone days the wise, preaching the Truth from mid-air, and shewing the evil consequences of the practice, made the whole continent renounce it. But now, when their previous existences have become confused in their minds, the practice has sprung up afresh." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, a brahmin, who was versed in the Three Vedas and world-famed as a teacher, being minded to offer a Feast for the Dead, had a goat fetched and said to his

pupils, "My sons, take this goat down to the river and bathe it; then hang a garland round its neck, give it a pottle of grain to eat, groom it a bit, and bring it back."

"Very good," said they, and down to the river they took the goat, where they bathed and groomed the creature and set it on the bank. The goat, becoming conscious of the deeds of its past lives, was overjoyed at the thought that on this very day it would be freed from all its misery, and laughed aloud like the smashing of a pot. Then at the thought that the brahmin by slaying it would bear the misery which it had borne, the goat felt a great compassion for the brahmin, and wept with a loud voice. "Friend goat," said the young brahmins [167], "your voice has been loud both in laughter and in weeping; what made you laugh and what made you weep?"

"Ask me your question before your master."

So with the goat they came to their master and told him of the matter. After hearing their story, the master asked the goat why it laughed and why it wept. Hereupon the animal, recalling its past deeds by its power of remembering its former existences, spoke thus to the brahmin:—"In times past, brahmin, I, like you, was a brahmin versed in the mystic texts of the Vedas, and I, to offer a Feast for the Dead, killed a goat for my offering. All through killing that single goat, I have had my head cut off five hundred times all but one. This is my five hundredth and last birth; and I laughed aloud when I thought that this very day I should be freed from my misery. On the other hand, I wept when I thought how, whilst I, who for killing a goat had been doomed to lose my head five hundred times, was to-day being freed from my misery, you, as a penalty for killing me, would be doomed to lose your head, like me, five hundred times. Thus it was out of compassion for you that I wept." "Fear not, goat," said the brahmin; "I will not kill you." "What is this you say, brahmin?" said the goat. "Whether you kill me or not, I cannot escape death to-day." "Fear not, goat; I will go about with you to guard you." "Weak is your protection, brahmin, and strong is the force of my evil-doing."

Setting the goat at liberty, the brahmin said to his disciples, "Let us not allow anyone to kill this goat;" and, accompanied by the young men, he followed the animal closely about. The moment the goat was set free, it reached out its neck to browse on the leaves of a bush growing near the top of a rock. And that very instant a thunderbolt struck the rock, rending off a mass which hit the goat on the outstretched neck and tore off its head. And people came crowding round.

[168] In those days the Bodhisatta had been born a Tree-Fairy in that selfsame spot. By his supernatural powers he now seated himself cross-legged in mid-air while all the crowd looked on. Thinking to himself, 'If

these creatures only knew the fruit of evil-doing, perhaps they would desist from killing,' in his sweet voice he taught them the Truth in this stanza:—

> If folk but knew the penalty would be
> Birth unto sorrow, living things would cease
> From taking life. Stern is the slayer's doom.

Thus did the Great Being preach the Truth, scaring his hearers with the fear of hell; and the people, hearing him, were so terrified at the fear of hell that they left off taking life. And the Bodhisatta after establishing the multitude in the Commandments by preaching the Truth to them, passed away to fare according to his deserts. The people, too, remained steadfast in the teaching of the Bodhisatta and spent their lives in charity and other good works, so that in the end they thronged the City of the Devas.

His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "In those days I was the Tree-fairy."

No. 19.

ĀYĀCITABHATTA-JĀTAKA.

[169] "*Take thought of life hereafter.*" This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the offering of a sacrifice under vow to gods. Tradition says that in those days folk when going a journey on business, used to slay living creatures and offer them as a sacrifice to gods, and set out on their way, after making this vow,—"If we come safely back with a profit, we will give you another sacrifice." And when they did come safely back with a profit, the idea that this was all due to gods made them slay a number of living creatures and offer them up as a sacrifice to obtain a release from their vow.

When the Brethren became aware of this, they asked the Blessed One, saying, "Can there be any good in this, sir?"

The Blessed One told this story of the past.

Once on a time in the Kāsi country the squire of a certain little village had promised a sacrifice to the Fairy of a banyan-tree which stood at the entrance to the village. Afterwards when he returned, he slew a number

of creatures and betook himself to the tree to get released from his vow. But the Tree-Fairy, standing in the fork of its tree, repeated this stanza:—

Take thought of life hereafter when you seek
'Release'; for this release is bondage strict.
Not thus the wise and good release themselves;
For this, the fool's release, in bondage ends.

Thenceforth, men refrained from such taking of life, and by walking in righteousness thronged thereafter the city of the Devas.

His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth, by saying, "I was the Tree-fairy of those days."

[*Note.* Feer mentions a second title, *Pāṇavadha-Jātaka* (J. As. 1876, p. 516).]

No. 20.

NAḶAPĀNA-JĀTAKA.

[170] "*I found the footprints.*" This story was told by the Master whilst journeying on an alms-pilgrimage through Kosala, when he had come to the village of Naḷaka-pāna (Cane-drink) and was dwelling at Ketaka-vana near the Pool of Naḷaka-pāna, about cane-sticks. In those days the Brethren, after bathing in the Pool of Naḷaka-pāna, made the novices get them cane-sticks for needle-cases[1], but, finding them hollow throughout, went to the Master and said, "Sir, we had cane-sticks got in order to provide needle-cases; and from top to bottom they are quite hollow. Now how can that be?"

"Brethren," said the Master, "such was my ordinance in times gone by." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

In past times, we are told, there was a thick forest on this spot. And in the lake here dwelt a water-ogre who used to devour everyone who went down into the water. In those days the Bodhisatta had come to life as the king of the monkeys, and was as big as the fawn of a red deer; he lived in that forest at the head of a troop of no less than eighty thousand monkeys

[1] In the *Vinaya*, (*Cullav.* v. 11), the Buddha is made to allow "the use of a needle-case made of bamboo."

whom he shielded from harm. Thus did he counsel his subjects:—"My friends, in this forest there are trees that are poisonous and lakes that are haunted by ogres. Mind to ask me first before you either eat any fruit which you have not eaten before, or drink of any water where you have not drunk before." "Certainly," said they readily.

One day they came to a spot they had never visited before. As they were searching for water to drink after their day's wanderings, they came on this lake. But they did not drink; on the contrary they sat down watching for the coming of the Bodhisatta.

When he came up, he said, "Well, my friends, why don't you drink?"

"We waited for you to come."

"Quite right, my friends," said the Bodhisatta. Then he made a circuit of the lake, and scrutinized the footprints round, with the result that he found that all the footsteps led down into the water and none came up again. "Without doubt," thought he to himself, "this is the haunt of an ogre." So he said to his followers, "You are quite right, my friends, in not drinking of this water; for the lake is haunted by an ogre."

When the water-ogre realised that they were not entering his domain, [171] he assumed the shape of a horrible monster with a blue belly, a white face, and bright-red hands and feet; in this shape he came out from the water, and said, "Why are you seated here? Go down into the lake and drink." But the Bodhisatta said to him, "Are not you the ogre of this water?" "Yes, I am," was the answer. "Do you take as your prey all those who go down into this water?" "Yes, I do; from small birds upwards, I never let anything go which comes down into my water. I will eat the lot of you too." "But we shall not let you eat us." "Just drink the water." "Yes, we will drink the water, and yet not fall into your power." "How do you propose to drink the water, then?" "Ah, you think we shall have to go down into the water to drink; whereas we shall not enter the water at all, but the whole eighty thousand of us will take a cane each and drink therewith from your lake as easily as we could through the hollow stalk of a lotus. And so you will not be able to eat us." And he repeated the latter half of the following stanza (the first half being added by the Master when, as Buddha, he recalled the incident):—

I found the footprints all lead down, none back.
With canes we'll drink; you shall not take my life.

So saying, the Bodhisatta had a cane brought to him. Then, calling to mind the Ten Perfections displayed by him, he recited them in a solemn asseveration[1], and blew down the cane. [172] Straightway the cane became

[1] Literally "made a truth-act." If this is done with intention, a miracle instantly follows. Cf. No. 35 &c.

hollow throughout, without a single knot being left in all its length. In this fashion he had another and another brought and blew down them. (But if this were so, he could never have finished; and accordingly the foregoing sentence must not be understood in this—literal—sense.) Next the Bodhisatta made the tour of the lake, and commanded, saying, "Let all canes growing here become hollow throughout." Now, thanks to the great virtues of the saving goodness of Bodhisattas, their commands are always fulfilled. And thenceforth every single cane that grew round that lake became hollow throughout.

(In this *Kappa*, or Era, there are four miracles which endure through the whole Era. What are the four? Well, they are—first, the sign of the hare in the moon[1], which will last through the whole Era; secondly, the spot where the fire was put out as told in the Vaṭṭaka Jātaka[2], which shall remain untouched by fire throughout the Era; thirdly, on the site of Ghaṭīkāra's house[3] no rain shall ever fall while this Era lasts; and lastly, the canes that grow round this lake shall be hollow throughout during the whole of the Era. Such are the four Era-miracles, as they are called.)

After giving this command, the Bodhisatta seated himself with a cane in his hands. All the other eighty thousand monkeys too seated themselves round the lake, each with a cane in his hands. And at the same moment when the Bodhisatta sucked the water up through his cane, they all drank too in the same manner, as they sat on the bank. This was the way they drank, and not one of them could the water-ogre get; so he went off in a rage to his own habitation. The Bodhisatta, too, with his following went back into the forest.

When the Master had ended his lesson and had repeated what he had said as to the hollowness of the canes being the result of a former ordinance of his own, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the water-ogre of those days; my disciples were the eighty thousand monkeys; and I was the monkey-king, so fertile in resource."

[1] See Jātaka No. 316, and Tawney's *Kathā-Sarit-Sāgara*, Vol. II. p. 66, where a number of passages bearing on this symbol are referred to, and Benfey's *Pañca-Tantra*, I. 349. See also *Cariyā-Piṭaka*, p. 82.

[2] No. 35.

[3] See the (unpublished) Ghaṭīkāra Sutta (No. 81 of the Majjhima Nikāya), *Dhammapada*, p. 349, and *Milinda-pañha*, p. 222.

No. 21.

KURUṄGA-JĀTAKA.

[173] "*The antelope knows well.*"—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove about Devadatta. For once when the Brethren were gathered together in the Hall of Truth, they sat talking reproachfully of Devadatta, saying, "Sirs, with a view to destroy the Buddha Devadatta hired bowmen, hurled down a rock, and let loose the elephant Dhana-pālaka; in every way he goes about to slay the Lord of Wisdom[1]." Entering and seating himself on the seat prepared for him, the Master asked, saying, "Sirs, what is the theme you are discussing here in conclave?" "Sir," was the reply, "we were discussing the wickedness of Devadatta, saying that he was always going about to slay you." Said the Master, "It is not only in these present days, Brethren, that Devadatta goes about seeking to slay me; he went about with the like intent in bygone days also,—but was unable to slay me." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as an antelope, and used to live on fruits in his haunts in the forest.

At one period he was subsisting on the fruit of a sepaṇṇi-tree. And there was a village hunter, whose method was to build a platform in trees at the foot of which he found the track of deer, and to watch aloft for their coming to eat the fruits of the trees. When the deer came, he brought them down with a javelin, and sold the flesh for a living. This hunter one day marked the tracks of the Bodhisatta at the foot of the tree, and made himself a platform up in the boughs. Having breakfasted early, he went with his javelin into the forest and seated himself on his platform. The Bodhisatta, too, came abroad early to eat the fruit of that tree; but he was not in too great a hurry to approach it. "For," thought he to himself, "sometimes these platform-building hunters build themselves platforms in the boughs. Can it be that this can have happened here?" And he halted some way off to reconnoitre. Finding that the Bodhisatta did not approach, the hunter, still seated aloft on his platform, [174] threw fruit down in front of the antelope. Said the latter to himself, "Here's the fruit coming to meet me; I wonder if there is a hunter up there." So he looked, and looked, till he caught sight of the hunter in the tree; but, feigning not to have seen the man, he shouted, "My worthy tree, hitherto you have been in the habit of letting your fruit fall straight to

[1] See *Vinaya, Cullavagga*, VII. 3, for details of Devadatta's attempt to kill Gotama. In the *Vinaya*, the elephant is named Nālāgiri.

the ground like a pendant creeper; but to-day you have ceased to act like a tree. And therefore, as you have ceased to behave as becomes a tree, I too must change, and look for food beneath another tree." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:—

> The antelope knows well the fruit you drop.
> I like it not; some other tree I'll seek[1].

Then the hunter from his platform hurled his javelin at the Bodhisatta, crying, "Begone! I've missed you this time." Wheeling round, the Bodhisatta halted and said, "You may have missed *me*, my good man; but depend upon it, you have not missed the reward of your conduct, namely, the eight Large and the sixteen Lesser hells and all the five forms of bonds and torture." With these words the antelope bounded off on its way; and the hunter, too, climbed down and went his way.

When the Master had ended this discourse and had repeated what he had said about Devadatta's going about to slay him in bygone days also, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth, by saying, "Devadatta was the platform-hunter of those days, and I myself the antelope."

No. 22.

KUKKURA-JĀTAKA.

[175] "*The dogs that in the royal palace grow.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about acting for the good of kinsfolk, as will be related in the Twelfth Book in the Bhaddasāla-jātaka[2]. It was to drive home that lesson that he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the result of a past act of the Bodhisatta was that he came to life as a dog, and dwelt in a great cemetery at the head of several hundred dogs.

Now one day, the king set out for his pleasaunce in his chariot of state drawn by milk-white horses, and after amusing himself all the day in the grounds came back to the city after sunset. The carriage-harness

[1] See *Dhammapada*, pp. 147, 331.
[2] No. 465.

they left in the courtyard, still hitched on to the chariot. In the night it rained and the harness got wet. Moreover, the king's dogs came down from the upper chambers and gnawed the leather work and straps. Next day they told the king, saying, "Sire, dogs have got in through the mouth of the sewer and have gnawed the leather work and straps of your majesty's carriage." Enraged at the dogs, the king said, "Kill every dog you see." Then began a great slaughter of dogs; and the creatures, finding that they were being slain whenever they were seen, repaired to the cemetery to the Bodhisatta. "What is the meaning," asked he, "of your assembling in such numbers?" They said, "The king is so enraged at the report that the leather work and straps of his carriage have been gnawed by dogs within the royal precincts, that he has ordered all dogs to be killed. Dogs are being destroyed wholesale, and great peril has arisen."

Thought the Bodhisatta to himself, "No dogs from without can get into a place so closely watched; it must be the thoroughbred dogs inside the palace who have done it. At present nothing happens to the real culprits, while the guiltless are being put to death. What if I were to discover the culprits to the king and so save the lives of my kith and kin?" He comforted his kinsfolk by saying, "Have no fear; I will save you. [176] Only wait here till I see the king."

Then, guided by the thoughts of love, and calling to mind the Ten Perfections, he made his way alone and unattended into the city, commanding thus, "Let no hand be lifted to throw stick or stone at me." Accordingly, when he made his appearance, not a man grew angry at the sight of him.

The king meantime, after ordering the dogs' destruction, had taken his seat in the hall of justice. And straight to him ran the Bodhisatta, leaping under the king's throne. The king's servants tried to get him out; but his majesty stopped them. Taking heart a little, the Bodhisatta came forth from under the throne, and bowing to the king, said, "Is it you who are having the dogs destroyed?" "Yes, it is I." "What is their offence, king of men?" "They have been gnawing the straps and the leather covering my carriage." "Do you know the dogs who actually did the mischief?" "No, I do not." "But, your majesty, if you do not know for certain the real culprits, it is not right to order the destruction of every dog that is seen." "It was because dogs had gnawed the leather of my carriage that I ordered them all to be killed." "Do your people kill all dogs without exception; or are there some dogs who are spared?" "Some are spared,—the thorough-bred dogs of my own palace." "Sire, just now you were saying that you had ordered the universal slaughter of all dogs wherever found, because dogs had gnawed the leather of your carriage; whereas, now, you say that the thoroughbred dogs of your own palace escape death. Therefore you are following

the four Evil Courses of partiality, dislike, ignorance and fear. Such courses are wrong, and not kinglike. For kings in trying cases should be as unbiassed as the beam of a balance. But in this instance, since the royal dogs go scot-free, whilst poor dogs are killed, this is not the impartial doom of all dogs alike, but only the slaughter of poor dogs." And moreover, the Great Being, lifting up his sweet voice, said, "Sire, it is not justice that you are performing," and he taught the Truth to the king in this stanza:—[177]

> The dogs that in the royal palace grow,
> The well-bred dogs, so strong and fair of form,—
> Not these, but only we, are doomed to die.
> Here's no impartial sentence meted out
> To all alike; 'tis slaughter of the poor.

After listening to the Bodhisatta's words, the king said, "Do you in your wisdom know who it actually was that gnawed the leather of my carriage?" "Yes, sire." "Who was it?" "The thorough-bred dogs that live in your own palace." "How can it be shewn that it was they who gnawed the leather?" "I will prove it to you." "Do so, sage." "Then send for your dogs, and have a little butter-milk and kusa-grass brought in." The king did so.

Then said the Great Being, "Let this grass be mashed up in the butter-milk, and make the dogs drink it."

The king did so;—with the result that each several dog, as he drank, vomited. And they all brought up bits of leather! "Why it is like a judgment of a Perfect Buddha himself," cried the king overjoyed, and he did homage to the Bodhisatta by offering him the royal umbrella. But the Bodhisatta taught the Truth in the ten stanzas on righteousness in the Te-sakuṇa Jātaka[1], beginning with the words:—

> Walk righteously, great king of princely race.

Then having established the king in the Five Commandments, and having exhorted his majesty to be steadfast, the Bodhisatta handed back to the king the white umbrella of kingship.

At the close of the Great Being's words, [178] the king commanded that the lives of all creatures should be safe from harm. He ordered that all dogs from the Bodhisatta downwards, should have a constant supply of food such as he himself ate; and, abiding by the teachings of the Bodhisatta, he spent his life long in charity and other good deeds, so that when he died he was re-born in the Deva Heaven. The 'Dog's Teaching' endured for ten thousand years. The Bodhisatta also lived to a ripe old age, and then passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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[1] No. 521.

When the Master had ended this lesson, and had said, "Not only now, Brethren, does the Buddha do what profits his kindred; in former times also he did the like,"—he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the king of those days, the Buddha's followers were the others, and I myself was the dog."

No. 23.

BHOJĀJĀNĪYA-JĀTAKA.

"*Though prostrate now.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about a Brother who gave up persevering. For it was then that the Master addressed that Brother and said, "Brethren, in bygone days the wise and good persevered even amid hostile surroundings, and, even when they were wounded, still did not give in." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a thoroughbred Sindh horse and was made the king's destrier, surrounded by all pomp and state. He was fed on exquisite three-year old rice, which was always served up to him in a golden dish worth a hundred thousand pieces of money; and the ground of his stall was perfumed with the four odours. Round his stall were hung crimson curtains, while overhead was a canopy studded with stars of gold. On the walls were festooned wreaths and garlands of fragrant flowers; and a lamp fed with scented oil was always burning there.

Now all the kings round coveted the kingdom of Benares. Once seven kings encompassed Benares, and sent a missive to the king, saying, "Either yield up your kingdom to us or give battle." Assembling his ministers, the king of Benares laid the matter before them, and asked them what he was to do. Said they, "You ought not to go out to do battle in person, sire, in the first instance. [179] Despatch such and such a knight out first to fight them; and later on, if he fails, we will decide what to do."

Then the king sent for that knight and said to him, "Can you fight the seven kings, my dear knight?" Said he, "Give me but your noble destrier, and then I could fight not seven kings only, but all the kings in India." "My dear knight, take my destrier or any other horse you please, and do battle." "Very good, my sovereign lord," said the knight; and with a bow he passed down from the upper chambers of the palace. Then he had the noble destrier led out and sheathed in mail, arming himself too cap-à-pie,

and girding on his sword. Mounted on his noble steed he passed out of the city-gate, and with a lightning charge broke down the first camp, taking one king alive and bringing him back a prisoner to the soldiers' custody. Returning to the field, he broke down the second and the third camps, and so on until he captured alive five kings. The sixth camp he had just broken down, and had captured the sixth king, when his destrier received a wound, which streamed with blood and caused the noble animal sharp pain. Perceiving that the horse was wounded, the knight made it lie down at the king's gate, loosened its mail, and set about arming another horse. As the Bodhisatta lay at full length on his side, he opened his eyes, and gathered what the knight was doing. "My rider," thought he to himself, "is arming another horse. That other horse will never be able to break down the seventh camp and capture the seventh king; he will lose all that I have accomplished. This peerless knight will be slain; and the king, too, will fall into the hands of the foe. I alone, and no other horse, can break down that seventh camp and capture the seventh king." So, as he lay there, he called to the knight, and said, "Sir knight, there is no horse but I who can break down the seventh camp and capture the seventh king. I will not throw away what I have already done; only have me set upon my feet and clad again in my armour." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:— [180]

> Though prostrate now, and pierced with darts, I lie,
> Yet still no hack can match the destrier.
> So harness none but me, O charioteer.

The knight had the Bodhisatta set upon his feet, bound up his wound, and armed him again in proof. Mounted on the destrier, he broke down the seventh camp, and brought back alive the seventh king, whom he handed over to the custody of the soldiers. They led the Bodhisatta too up to the king's gate, and the king came out to look upon him. Then said the Great Being to the king, "Great king, slay not these seven kings; bind them by an oath, and let them go. Let the knight enjoy all the honour due to us both, for it is not right that a warrior who has presented you with seven captive kings should be brought low. And as for yourself, exercise charity, keep the Commandments, and rule your kingdom in righteousness and justice." When the Bodhisatta had thus exhorted the king, they took off his mail; but when they were taking it off piecemeal, he passed away.

The king had the body burned with all respect, and bestowed great honour on the knight, and sent the seven kings to their homes after exacting from each an oath never to war against him any more. And he ruled his kingdom in righteousness and justice, passing away when his life closed to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

Then the Master said, "Thus, Brethren, in bygone days the wise and good persevered even amid hostile surroundings, and, even when wounded so grievously, still did not give in. Whereas you who have devoted yourself to so saving a doctrine,--how comes it that you give up persevering?" After which, he preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof the faint-hearted Brother won Arahatship. His lesson ended, the Master [181] shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the king of those days, Sāriputta the knight, and I myself the thorough-bred Sindh horse."

No. 24.

ĀJAÑÑA-JĀTAKA.

"*No matter when or where.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about another Brother who gave up persevering. But, in this case, he addressed that Brother and said, "Brethren, in bygone days the wise and good still persevered even when wounded." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there were seven kings who encompassed the city, just as in the foregoing story.

So a warrior who fought from a chariot harnessed two Sindh horses (a pair of brothers), and, sallying from the city, broke down six camps and captured six kings. Just at this juncture the elder horse was wounded. On drove the charioteer till he reached the king's gate, where he took the elder brother out of the chariot, and, after unfastening the horse's mail as he lay upon one side, set to work to arm another horse. Realising the warrior's intent, the Bodhisatta had the same thoughts pass through his head as in the foregoing story, and sending for the charioteer, repeated this stanza, as he lay:—

No matter when or where, in weal or woe,
The thorough-bred fights on; the hack gives in.

The charioteer had the Bodhisatta set on his feet and harnessed. Then he broke down the seventh camp and took prisoner the seventh king, with whom he drove away [182] to the king's gate, and there took out the noble horse. As he lay upon one side, the Bodhisatta gave the same counsels to the king as in the foregoing story, and then expired. The king had the body burned with all respect, lavished honours on the charioteer, and

after ruling his kingdom in righteousness passed away to fare thereafter according to his deeds.

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths (at the close whereof that Brother won Arahatship); and identified the Birth by saying, "The Elder Ānanda was the king, and the Perfect Buddha was the horse of those days."

No. 25.

TITTHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Change thou the spot.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about an ex-goldsmith, who had become a Brother and was co-resident with the Captain of the Faith (Sāriputta).

Now, it is only a Buddha who has knowledge of the hearts and can read the thoughts of men; and therefore through lack of this power, the Captain of the Faith had so little knowledge of the heart and thoughts of his co-resident, as to prescribe impurity as the theme for meditation. This was no good to that Brother. The reason why it was no good to him was that, according to tradition, he had invariably been born, throughout five hundred successive births, as a goldsmith; and, consequently, the cumulative effect of seeing absolutely pure gold for so long a time had made the theme of impurity useless. He spent four months without being able to get so much as the first inkling of the idea. Finding himself unable to confer Arahatship on his co-resident, the Captain of the Faith thought to himself, "This must certainly be one whom none but a Buddha can convert; I will take him to the Buddha." So at early dawn he came with the Brother to the Master.

"What can it be, Sāriputta," said the Master, "that has brought you here with this Brother?" "Sir, I gave him a theme for meditation, and after four months he has not attained to so much as the first inkling of the idea; so I brought him to you, thinking that here was one whom none but a Buddha can convert." "What meditation, Sāriputta, did you prescribe for him?" "The meditation on impurity, Blessed One." "Sāriputta, it is not yours to have knowledge of the hearts and to read the thoughts of men. Depart now alone, and in the evening come back to fetch your co-resident."

After thus dismissing the Elder, the Master had that Brother clad in a nice under-cloth and a robe, kept him constantly at his side when he went into town for alms, and saw that he received choice food of all kinds. Returning to the Monastery once more, surrounded by the Brethren, the Master retired during the daytime [183] to his perfumed chamber, and at evening, as he walked about the Monastery with that Brother by his side, he made a pond appear and in it a great clump of lotuses out of which grew a great lotus-flower. "Sit here, Brother," he said, "and gaze at this flower." And, leaving the Brother seated thus, he retired to his perfumed chamber.

That Brother gazed and gazed at that flower. The Blessed One made it decay. As the Brother looked at it, the flower in its decay faded; the petals

fell off, beginning at the rim, till in a little while all were gone; then the stamens fell away, and only the pericarp was left. As he looked, that Brother thought within himself, "Even now, this lotus-flower was lovely and fair; yet its colour is departed, its petals and stamens have fallen away, and only the pericarp is left standing. Decay has come upon this beautiful lotus; what may not befall my body? Transitory are all compounded things!" And with the thought he won Insight.

Knowing that the Brother's mind had risen to Insight, the Master, seated as he was in his perfumed chamber, emitted a radiant semblance of himself, and uttered this stanza:—

Pluck out self-love, as with the hand you pluck
The autumn water-lily. Set your heart
On naught but this, the perfect Path of Peace,
And that Extinction which the Buddha taught.

At the close of this stanza, that Brother won Arahatship. At the thought that he would never be born again, never be troubled with existence in any shape hereafter, he burst into a heartfelt utterance beginning with these stanzas:—

He who has lived his life, whose thought is ripe;
He who, from all defilements purged and free,
Wears his last body; he whose life is pure,
Whose subject senses own him sovereign lord;—
He, like the moon that wins her way at last
From Rāhu's jaws[1], has won supreme release.

The foulness which enveloped me, which wrought
Delusion's utter darkness, I dispelled;
—As, tricked with thousand rays, the beaming sun
Illumines heaven with a flood of light.

After this and renewed utterances of joy, he went to the Blessed One and saluted him. The Elder, too, came, and after due salutation to the Master, went away with his co-resident.

When news of all this spread among the Brethren, [184] they gathered together in the Hall of Truth and there sat praising the virtues of the Lord of Wisdom, and saying, "Sirs, through not knowing the hearts and thoughts of men, the Elder Sāriputta was ignorant of his co-resident's disposition. But the Master knew, and in a single day bestowed on him Arahatship together with perfected scholarship. Oh, how great are the marvellous powers of a Buddha!"

Entering and taking the seat set ready for him, the Master asked, saying, "What is the theme of your discourse here in conclave, Brethren?"

"Naught else, Blessed One, than this,—that you alone had knowledge of the heart, and could read the thoughts, of the co-resident of the Captain of the Faith."

"This is no marvel, Brethren; that I, as Buddha, should now know that Brother's disposition. Even in bygone days I knew it equally well." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares. In those days the Bodhisatta used to be the king's director in things temporal and spiritual.

[1] Rāhu was a kind of Titan who was thought to cause eclipses by temporarily swallowing the sun and moon.

At this time folk had washed another horse, a sorry beast, at the bathing-place of the king's state-charger. And when the groom was for leading the state-charger down into the same water, the animal was so affronted that he would not go in. So the groom went off to the king and said, "Please your Majesty, your state-charger won't take his bath."

Then the king sent the Bodhisatta, saying, "Do you go, sage, and find out why the animal will not go into the water when they lead him down." "Very good, sire," said the Bodhisatta, and went his way to the waterside. Here he examined the horse; and, finding it was not ailing in any way, he tried to divine what the reason could be. At last he came to the conclusion that some other horse must have been washed at that place, and that the charger had taken such umbrage thereat that he would not go into the water. So he asked the grooms what animal they had washed first in the water. "Another horse, my lord,—an ordinary animal." "Ah, it's his self-love that has been offended so deeply that he will not go into the water," said the Bodhisatta to himself; "the thing to do is to wash him elsewhere." So he said to the groom, "A man will tire, my friend, of even the daintiest fare, if he has it always. And that's how it is with this horse. He has been washed here times without number. Take him to other waters [185], and there bathe and water him." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:—

> Change thou the spot, and let the charger drink
> Now here, now there, with constant change of scene.
> For even milk-rice cloys a man at last.

After listening to his words, they led the horse off elsewhere, and there watered and bathed him all-right. And while they were washing the animal down after watering him, the Bodhisatta went back to the king. "Well," said the king; "has my horse taken his drink and bath, my friend?" "He has, sire." "Why would he not do so at first?" "For the following reason," said the Bodhisatta, and told the king the whole story. "What a clever fellow he is," said the king; "he can read the mind even of an animal like this." And he gave great honour to the Bodhisatta, and when his life closed passed away to fare according to his deserts. The Bodhisatta also passed away to fare likewise according to his deserts.

When the Master had ended his lesson and had repeated what he had said as to his knowledge, in the past as well as the present, of that Brother's disposition, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "This Brother was the state-charger of those days; Ānanda was the king; and I myself the wise minister."

No. 26.

MAHILĀMUKHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Through hearing first.*"—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta, who, having secured the adherence of Prince Ajāta-sattu, had attained both gain and honour. Prince Ajāta-sattu had a Monastery built for Devadatta at Gayā-sīsa, and every day brought to him [186] five hundred kettles of perfumed three-year-old rice flavoured with all the choicest flavourings. All this gain and honour brought Devadatta a great following, with whom Devadatta lived on, without ever stirring out of his Monastery.

At that time there were living in Rājagaha two friends, of whom one had taken the vows under the Master, whilst the other had taken them under Devadatta. And these continued to see one another, either casually or by visiting the Monasteries. Now one day the disciple of Devadatta said to the other, "Sir, why do you daily go round for alms with the sweat streaming off you? Devadatta sits quietly at Gayā-sīsa and feeds on the best of fare, flavoured with all the choicest flavourings. There's no way like his. Why breed misery for yourself? Why should it not be a good thing for you to come the first thing in the morning to the Monastery at Gayā-sīsa and there drink our rice-gruel with a relish after it, try our eighteen kinds of solid victual, and enjoy our excellent soft food, flavoured with all the choicest flavourings?"

Being pressed time after time to accept the invitation, the other began to want to go, and thenceforth used to go to Gayā-sīsa and there eat and eat, not forgetting however to return to the Bamboo-grove at the proper hour. Nevertheless he could not keep it secret always; and in a little while it came out that he used to hie off to Gayā-sīsa and there regale himself with the food provided for Devadatta. Accordingly, his friends asked him, saying, "Is it true, as they say, that you regale yourself on the food provided for Devadatta?" "Who said that?" said he. "So-and-so said it." "It is true, sirs, that I go to Gayā-sīsa and eat there. But it is not Devadatta who gives me food; others do that." "Sir, Devadatta is the foe of the Buddhas; in his wickedness, he has secured the adherence of Ajāta-sattu and by unrighteousness got gain and honour for himself. Yet you who have taken the vows according to this faith which leads to salvation, eat the food which Devadatta gets by unrighteousness. Come; let us bring you before the Master." And, taking with them the Brother, they went to the Hall of Truth.

When the Master became aware of their presence, he said, "Brethren, are you bringing this Brother here against his will?" "Yes, sir; this Brother, after taking the vows under you, eats the food which Devadatta gets by unrighteousness." "Is it true, as they say, that you eat the food which Devadatta gets by unrighteousness?" "It was not Devadatta, sir, that gave it me, but others." "Raise no quibbles here, Brother," said the Master. "Devadatta is a man of bad conduct and bad principle. Oh, how could you, who have taken the vows here, eat Devadatta's food, whilst adhering to my doctrine? But you have always been prone to being led away, and have followed in turn every one you meet." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became his minister. In those days the king had a state-elephant [187], named Damsel-face, who was virtuous and good, and never hurt anybody.

Now one day some burglars came close up to the elephant's stall by night and sat down to discuss their plans in these words:—"This is the way to tunnel into a house; this is the way to break in through the walls; before carrying off the plunder, the tunnel or breach in the walls ought to be made as clear and open as a road or a ford. In lifting the goods, you shouldn't stick at murder; for thus there will be none able to resist. A burglar should get rid of all goodness and virtue, and be quite pitiless, a man of cruelty and violence." After having schooled one another in these counsels, the burglars took themselves off. The next day too they came, and many other days besides, and held like converse together, till the elephant came to the conclusion that they came expressly to instruct him, and that he must turn pitiless, cruel, and violent. And such indeed he became. No sooner did his mahout appear in the early morning than the elephant took the man in his trunk and dashed him to death on the ground. And in the same way he treated a second, and a third, and every person in turn who came near him.

The news was brought to the king that Damsel-face had gone mad and was killing everybody that he caught sight of. So the king sent the Bodhisatta, saying, "Go, sage, and find out what has perverted him."

Away went the Bodhisatta, and soon satisfied himself that the elephant showed no signs of bodily ailment. As he thought over the possible causes of the change, he came to the conclusion that the elephant must have heard persons talking near him, and have imagined that they were giving him a lesson, and that this was what had perverted the animal. Accordingly, he asked the elephant-keepers whether any persons had been talking together recently near the stall by night. "Yes, my lord," was the answer; "some burglars came and talked." Then the Bodhisatta went and told the king, saying, "There is nothing wrong, sire, with the elephant bodily; he has been perverted by overhearing some burglars talk." "Well, what is to be done now?" "Order good men, sages and brahmins, to sit in his stall and to talk of goodness." "Do so, my friend," said the king. Then the Bodhisatta set good men, sages and brahmins, in the stall [188], and bade them talk of goodness. And they, taking their seats hard by the elephant, spoke as follows, "Neither maltreat nor kill. The good should be long-suffering, loving, and merciful." Hearing this the elephant thought they must mean this as a lesson for him, and resolved thenceforth to become good. And good he became.

"Well, my friend," said the king to the Bodhisatta; "is he good now?" "Yes, your majesty," said the Bodhisatta; "thanks to wise and

good men the elephant who was so perverted has become himself again." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:—

Through hearing first the burglars' wicked talk
Damsel-face ranged abroad to wound and kill;
Through hearing, later, wise men's lofty words
The noble elephant turned good once more.

Said the king, "He can read the mind even of an animal!" And he conferred great honour on the Bodhisatta. After living to a good old age, he, with the Bodhisatta, passed away to fare according to his deserts.

Said the Master,—"In the past, too, you followed everyone you met, Brother; hearing burglars talk, you followed what they said; and hearing the wise and good talk, you followed what they said." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth, by saying, "The traitorous Brother was the Damsel-face of those days, Ānanda the king, and I myself the minister."

No. 27.

ABHIṆHA-JĀTAKA.

"*No morsel can he eat.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a lay-disciple and an aged Elder. [189]

Tradition says that there were in Sāvatthi two friends, of whom one joined the Brotherhood but used to go every day to the other's house, where his friend used to give him an alms of food and make a meal himself, and then accompany him back to the Monastery, where he sat talking all the livelong day till the sun went down, when he went back to town. And his friend the Brother used to escort him on his homeward way, going as far as the city-gates before turning back.

The intimacy of these two became known among the Brethren, who were sitting one day in the Hall of Truth, talking about the intimacy which existed between the pair, when the Master, entering the Hall, asked what was the subject of their talk; and the Brethren told him.

"Not only now, Brethren, are these two intimate with one another," said the Master; "they were intimate in bygone days as well." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became his minister. In those days there was a dog which used to go to the stall of the elephant of state, and eat the gobbets of rice which fell where the elephant fed. Haunting the place for the food's sake,

the dog grew very friendly with the elephant, and at last would never eat except with him. And neither could get on without the other. The dog used to disport himself by swinging backwards and forwards on the elephant's trunk. Now one day a villager bought the dog of the mahout and took the dog home with him. Thenceforward the elephant, missing the dog, refused either to eat or drink or take his bath; and the king was told of it. His majesty despatched the Bodhisatta to find out why the elephant behaved like this. Proceeding to the elephant-house, the Bodhisatta, seeing how sad the elephant was, said to himself, "He has got no bodily ailment; he must have formed an ardent friendship, and is sorrowing at the loss of his friend." So he asked whether the elephant had become friends with anyone.

"Yes, my lord," was the answer; "there's a very warm friendship between him and a dog." "Where is that dog now?" "A man took it off." "Do you happen to know where that man lives?" "No, my lord." The Bodhisatta went to the king and said, "There is nothing the matter with the elephant, sire; but he was very friendly with a dog, [190] and it is missing his friend which has made him refuse to eat, I imagine." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:—

No morsel can he eat, no rice or grass;
And in the bath he takes no pleasure now.
Methinks, the dog had so familiar grown,
That elephant and dog were closest friends.

"Well," said the king on hearing this; "what is to be done now, sage?" "Let proclamation be made by beat of drum, your majesty, to the effect that a man is reported to have carried off a dog of which the elephant of state was fond, and that the man in whose house that dog shall be found, shall pay such and such a penalty." The king acted on this advice; and the man, when he came to hear of it, promptly let the dog loose. Away ran the dog at once, and made his way to the elephant. The elephant took the dog up in his trunk, and placed it on his head, and wept and cried, and, again setting the dog on the ground, saw the dog eat first and then took his own food.

"Even the minds of animals are known to him," said the king, and he loaded the Bodhisatta with honours.

Thus the Master ended his lesson to shew that the two were intimate in bygone days as well as at that date. This done, he unfolded the Four Truths. (This unfolding of the Four Truths forms part of all the other Jātakas; but we shall only mention it where it is expressly mentioned that it was blessed unto fruit.) Then he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "The lay-disciple was the dog of those days, the aged Elder was the elephant, and I myself the wise minister." [191]

No. 28.

NANDIVISĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"*Speak only words of kindness.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the bitter words spoken by the Six[1]. For, in those days the Six, when they disagreed with respectable Brethren, used to taunt, revile and jeer them, and load them with the ten kinds of abuse. This the Brethren reported to the Blessed One, who sent for the Six and asked whether this charge was true. On their admitting its truth, he rebuked them, saying, "Brethren, hard words gall even animals: in bygone days an animal made a man who had used harsh language to him lose a thousand pieces." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time at Takkasilā in the land of Gandhāra there was a king reigning there, and the Bodhisatta came to life as a bull. When he was quite a tiny calf, he was presented by his owners to a brahmin who came in—they being known to give away presents of oxen to such-like holy men. The brahmin called it Nandi-Visāla (Great-Joy), and treated it like his own child, feeding the young creature on rice-gruel and rice. When the Bodhisatta grew up, he thought thus to himself, "I have been brought up by this brahmin with great pains, and all India cannot show the bull which can draw what I can. How if I were to repay the brahmin the cost of my nurture by making proof of my strength?" Accordingly, one day he said to the brahmin, "Go, brahmin, to some merchant rich in herds, and wager him a thousand pieces that your bull can draw a hundred loaded carts."

The brahmin went his way to a merchant and got into a discussion with him as to whose oxen in the town were the strong. "Oh, so-and-so's, or so-and-so's," said the merchant. "But," added he, "there are no oxen in the town which can compare with mine for real strength." Said the brahmin, "I have a bull who can pull a hundred loaded carts." "Where's such a bull to be found?" laughed the merchant. "I've got him at home," said the brahmin. "Make it a wager." "Certainly," said the brahmin, and staked [192] a thousand pieces. Then he loaded a hundred carts with sand, gravel, and stones, and leashed the lot together, one behind the other, by cords from the axle-tree of the one in front to the trace-bar of its successor. This done, he bathed Nandi-Visāla, gave him a measure of perfumed rice to eat, hung a garland round his neck, and harnessed him all

[1] The 'Six' were notorious Brethren who are always mentioned as defying the rules of the Order.

alone to the leading cart. The brahmin in person took his seat upon the pole, and flourished his goad in the air, shouting, "Now then, you rascal! pull them along, you rascal!"

"I'm not the rascal he calls me," thought the Bodhisatta to himself; and so he planted his four feet like so many posts, and budged not an inch.

Straightway, the merchant made the brahmin pay over the thousand pieces. His money gone, the brahmin took his bull out of the cart and went home, where he lay down on his bed in an agony of grief. When Nandi-Visāla strolled in and found the brahmin a prey to such grief, he went up to him and enquired if the brahmin were taking a nap. "How should I be taking a nap, when I have had a thousand pieces won of me?" "Brahmin, all the time I have lived in your house, have I ever broken a pot, or squeezed up against anybody, or made messes about?" "Never, my child." "Then, why did you call me a rascal? It's you who are to blame, not I. Go and bet him two thousand this time. Only remember not to miscall me rascal again." When he heard this, the brahmin went off to the merchant, and laid a wager of two thousand. Just as before, he leashed the hundred carts to one another and harnessed Nandi-Visāla, very spruce and fine, to the leading cart. If you ask how he harnessed him, well, he did it in this way:—first, he fastened the cross-yoke on to the pole; then he put the bull in on one side, and made the other fast by fastening a smooth piece of wood from the cross-yoke on to the axletree, so that the yoke was taut and could not skew round either way. Thus a single bull could draw a cart made to be drawn by two. So now seated on the pole, the brahmin stroked Nandi-Visāla on the back, and called on him in this style, "Now then, my fine fellow! pull them along, my fine fellow!" With a single pull the Bodhisatta tugged along the whole string of the hundred carts [193] till the hindermost stood where the foremost had started. The merchant, rich in herds, paid up the two thousand pieces he had lost to the brahmin. Other folks, too, gave large sums to the Bodhisatta, and the whole passed into the hands of the brahmin. Thus did he gain greatly by reason of the Bodhisatta.

Thus laying down, by way of rebuke to the Six, the rule that hard words please no one, the Master, as Buddha, uttered this stanza:—

Speak only words of kindness, never words
Unkind. For him who spoke him fair, he moved
A heavy load, and brought him wealth, for love.

When he had thus ended his lesson as to speaking only words of kindness, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the brahmin of those days, and I myself Nandi-Visāla."

[*Note.* The substance of this story occurs in the *Vinaya*, Vol. IV. page 5.]

No. 29.

KAṆHA-JĀTAKA.

"*With heavy loads.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the Double Miracle, which, together with the Descent from Heaven, will be related in the Thirteenth Book, in the Sarabhamiga-jātaka[1].

After he had performed the Double Miracle and had made a stay in Heaven, the All-knowing Buddha descended at the city of Saṁkassa on the day of the Great Pavāraṇā[2] Festival, and thence passed with a large following to Jetavana. Gathering together in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren sat praising the virtues of the Master, saying, "Sirs, peerless is the Buddha; none may bear the yoke borne by the Buddha. The Six teachers, though they protested so often that they, and they only, would perform miracles, yet not a single miracle did they work. O! how peerless is the Master!"

Entering the Hall and asking the theme which the Brethren were discussing in conclave [194], the Master was informed that their theme was no other than his own virtues. "Brethren," said the Master, "who shall now bear the yoke borne by me? Even in bygone days, when I came to life as an animal, I was unmatched." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a bull. And while he was still a young calf, his owners, who had been lodging with an old woman, made him over to her in settlement of their reckoning. She reared him like her own child, feeding him on rice-gruel and rice and on other good cheer. The name he became known by was "Granny's Blackie." Growing up, he used to range about with the other cattle of the village, and was as black as jet. The village urchins used to catch hold of his horns and ears and dewlaps, and have a ride; or they would hold on to his tail in play, and mount on his back.

One day he thought to himself, "My mother is very poor; she has painfully reared me, as if I were her own child. What if I were to earn some money to ease her hard lot?" Thenceforth he was always looking out for a job. Now, one day a young merchant at the head of a caravan came with five hundred waggons to a ford the bottom of which was so rough that his oxen could not pull the waggons through. And even when he took out the five hundred pairs of oxen and yoked the lot together to form one team, they could not get a single cart by itself across the river. Close

[1] No. 483.

[2] The festival at the end of the rainy season (*Mahāvagga* IV. 1).

by that ford the Bodhisatta was about with the other cattle of the village. And the young merchant, being a judge of cattle, ran his eye over the herd to see whether among them there was a thorough-bred bull who could pull the waggons across. When his eye fell on the Bodhisatta, he felt sure *he* would do; and, to find out the Bodhisatta's owner, he said to the herdsmen, "Who owns this animal? If I could yoke him on and get my waggons across, I would pay for his services." Said they, "Take him and harness him, then; he has got no master hereabouts."

But when the young merchant slipped a cord [195] through the Bodhisatta's nose and tried to lead him off, the bull would not budge. For, we are told, the Bodhisatta would not go till his pay was fixed. Understanding his meaning, the merchant said, "Master, if you will pull these five hundred waggons across, I will pay you two coins per cart, or a thousand coins in all."

It now required no force to get the Bodhisatta to come. Away he went, and the men harnessed him to the carts. The first he dragged over with a single pull, and landed it high and dry; and in like manner he dealt with the whole string of waggons.

The young merchant tied round the Bodhisatta's neck a bundle containing five hundred coins, or at the rate of only *one* for each cart. Thought the Bodhisatta to himself, "This fellow is not paying me according to contract! I won't let him move on!" So he stood across the path of the foremost waggon and blocked the way. And try as they would, they could not get him out of the way. "I suppose he knows I've paid him short," thought the merchant; and he wrapped up a thousand coins in a bundle, which he tied round the Bodhisatta's neck, saying, "Here's your pay for pulling the waggons across." And away went the Bodhisatta with the thousand pieces of money to his "mother."

"What's that round the neck of Granny's Blackie?" cried the children of the village, running up to him. But the Bodhisatta made at them from afar and made them scamper off, so that he reached his "mother" all right. Not but what he appeared fagged out, with his eyes bloodshot, from dragging all those five hundred waggons over the river. The pious woman, finding a thousand pieces of money round his neck, cried out, "Where did you get this, my child?" Learning from the herdsmen what had happened, she exclaimed, "Have I any wish to live on your earnings, my child? Why did you go through all this fatigue?" So saying, she washed the Bodhisatta with warm water and rubbed him all over with oil; she gave him drink and regaled him with due victuals. And when her life closed, she passed away, with the Bodhisatta, to fare according to her deserts.

When he had ended this lesson to shew that the Buddha was unmatched in the past as then, he shewed the connexion by uttering, as Buddha, this stanza:—

[196] With heavy loads to carry, with bad roads,
They harness 'Blackie'; *he* soon draws the load.

After his lesson to shew that only 'Blackie' could draw the load, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "Uppala-Vaṇṇā was the old woman of those days, and I myself 'Granny's Blackie.'"

No. 30.

MUṆIKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Then envy not poor Muṇika.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about being seduced by a plump young woman, as will be related in the Thirteenth Book in the Culla-Nārada-Kassapa-jātaka[1].

Then the Master asked that Brother, saying, "Is it true, Brother, as they say, that you are passion-tost?" "It is true, sir," was the reply. "Brother," said the Master, "she is your bane; even in bygone days, you met your end and were made into a relish for the company on her marriage-day." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as an ox, named Big Red, on the squire's estate in a certain hamlet. And he had a younger brother who was known as Little Red. There were only these two brothers to do all the draught-work of the family. Also, the squire had an only daughter, whose hand was asked in marriage for his son by a gentleman of the town. And the parents of the girl, with a view to furnishing dainty fare [197] for the wedding guests, began to fatten up a pig named Muṇika.

Observing this, Little Red said to his brother, "All the loads that have to be drawn for this household are drawn by you and me, my brother; but all they give us for our pains is sorry grass and straw to eat. Yet here is the pig being victualled on rice! What can be the reason why he should be treated to such fare?"

[1] No. 477.

Said his brother, "My dear Little Red, envy him not; for the pig eats the food of death. It is but to furnish a relish for the guests at their daughter's wedding, that the family are feeding up the pig. Wait but a little time and the guests will be coming. Then will you see that pig lugged out of his quarters by the legs, killed, and in process of conversion into curry." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:—

Then envy not poor Muṇika; 'tis death
He eats. Contented munch your frugal chaff,
—The pledge and guarantee of length of days.

Not long afterwards the guests did arrive; and Muṇika was killed and cooked into all manner of dishes. Said the Bodhisatta to Little Red, "Did you see Muṇika, dear brother?" "I have indeed seen, brother, the outcome of Muṇika's feasting. Better a hundred, nay a thousand, times than such food is ours, though it be but grass, straw, and chaff;—for our fare harms us not, and is a pledge that our lives will not be cut short."

When he had ended his lesson to the effect that the Brother had thus in bygone days been brought to his doom by that young woman and had been made into a relish for the company [198], he preached the Truths, at the close whereof the passion-tost Brother reached the First Path of Salvation. Also the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The passion-tost Brother was the pig Muṇika of those days, the young woman is the same in both cases, Ānanda was Little Red, and I myself Big Red."

[*Note.* See hereon Benfey's *Pañca-Tantra*, page 228, where the migrations of this popular story are traced. See also Jātakas Nos. 286 and 477.]

No. 31.

KULĀVAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Let all the forest's nestlings.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a brother who drank water without straining it[1].

Tradition says that two young Brothers who were friends went from Sāvatthi into the country, and took up their abode in a pleasant spot. After staying here as long as they wanted, they departed and set out for Jetavana in order to see the Perfect Buddha.

[1] As to the rules for filtering water, see *Vinaya Cullavagga* v. 13.

One of them carried a strainer; the other had none; so both of them used the same strainer before drinking. One day they fell out. The owner of the strainer did not lend it to his companion, but strained and drank alone by himself.

As the other was not allowed the strainer, and as he could not endure his thirst, he drank water without straining it. In due course both reached Jetavana and with respectful salutation to the Master took their seats. After friendly words of greeting, he asked whence they had come.

"Sir," said they, "we have been living in a hamlet in the Kosala country, whence we have come in order to see you." "I trust you have arrived as good friends as you started?" Said the brother without a strainer, "Sir, he fell out with me on the road and would not lend me his strainer." Said the other, "Sir, he didn't strain his water, but—wittingly—drank it down with all the living things it contained." "Is this report true, Brother, that you wittingly drank off water with all the living things it contained?" "Yes, sir, I did drink unstrained water," was the reply. "Brother, the wise and good of bygone days, when flying in rout along the deep in the days of their sovereignty over the City of the Devas, thought scorn to slay living-creatures in order to secure power for themselves. Rather, they turned their chariot back, sacrificing great glory in order to save the lives of the young of the Garuḷas[1]." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

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[199] Once on a time there was a king of Magadha reigning at Rājagaha in the land of Magadha. And just as he who is now Sakka came to life in his preceding birth in the hamlet of Macala in the land of Magadha, even so was it in the selfsame hamlet that the Bodhisatta came to life in those days as a young noble. When the day for his naming came, he was named 'Prince Magha,' but when he grew up, it was as 'Magha the young Brahmin' that he was known. His parents took a wife for him from a family of equal rank with their own; and he, with a family of sons and daughters growing up round him, excelled in charity, and kept the Five Commandments.

In that village there were just thirty families, and one day the men were standing in the middle of the village transacting the affairs of the village. The Bodhisatta had kicked aside the dust from where he was standing, and was standing there in comfort, when up came another and took his stand there. Then the Bodhisatta made himself another comfortable standing-place,—only to have it taken from him like the first. Again and again the Bodhisatta began afresh until he had made comfortable standing-places for every man there. Another time he put up a pavilion,—which later on he pulled down, building a hall with benches and a jar of water inside. Another time these thirty men were led by the Bodhisatta to

[1] Garuḷas were winged creatures of a supernatural order, the inveterate foes of the Nāgas, whose domain was the water. Cf. (*e.g.*) Jātaka No. 154.

become like-minded with himself; he established them in the Five Commandments, and thenceforth used to go about with them doing good works. And they too doing good works, always in the Bodhisatta's company, used to get up early and sally forth, with razors and axes and clubs in their hands. With their clubs they used to roll out of the way all stones that lay on the four highways and other roads of the village; the trees that would strike against the axles of chariots, they cut down; rough places they made smooth; causeways they built, dug water-tanks, and built a hall; they shewed charity and kept the Commandments. In this wise did the body of the villagers generally abide by the Bodhisatta's teachings and keep the Commandments.

Thought the village headman to himself, "When these men used to get drunk and commit murders and so forth, I used to make a lot of money out of them not only on the price of their drinks but also by the fines and dues they paid. But now here's this young brahmin Magha bent on making them keep the Commandments; he is putting a stop to murders and other crime." [200] And in his rage he cried, "I'll make them keep the Five Commandments!" And he repaired to the king, saying, "Sire, there is a band of robbers going about sacking villages and committing other villanies." When the king heard this, he bade the headman go and bring the men before him. And away went the man and hauled up as prisoners before the king every one of those thirty men, representing them to be the rascals. Without enquiry into their doings, the king commanded offhand that they should be trampled to death by the elephant. Forthwith they made them lie down in the king's courtyard and sent for the elephant. The Bodhisatta exhorted them, saying, "Bear in mind the Commandments; love the slanderer, the king and the elephant as yourselves." And they did so.

Then the elephant was brought in to trample them to death. Yet lead him as they might, he would not approach them, but fled away trumpeting loudly. Elephant after elephant was brought up;—but they all fled away like the first. Thinking that the men must have some drug about their persons, the king ordered them to be searched. Search was made accordingly, but nothing was found;—and so they told the king. "Then they must be muttering some spell," said the king; "ask them whether they have got a spell to mutter."

The question being put to them, the Bodhisatta said they *had* got a spell. And this the king's people told his majesty. So the king had them all summoned to his presence and said, "Tell me your spell."

The Bodhisatta made answer, "Sire, we have no other spell than this, that not a man among the whole thirty of us destroys life, or takes what is not given, or misconducts himself, or lies; we drink no strong drink; we abound in lovingkindness; we shew charity; we level the roads,

dig tanks, and build a public hall;—this is our spell, our safeguard, and our strength."

Well-pleased with them, the king gave them all the wealth in the slanderer's house and made him their slave; and he gave them the elephant and the village to boot.

Thenceforward, doing good works to their hearts' content, they sent for a carpenter and caused him to put up a large hall at the meeting of the four highways; but [201] as they had lost all desire for womankind, they would not let any woman share in the good work.

Now in those days there were four women in the Bodhisatta's house, whose names were Goodness, Thoughtful, Joy, and Highborn. Of these Goodness, finding herself alone with the carpenter, gave him a douceur, saying,—"Brother, contrive to make me the principal person in connexion with this hall."

"Very good," said he. And before doing any other work on the building, he had some pinnacle-wood dried, which he fashioned and bored and made into a finished pinnacle. This he wrapped up in a cloth and laid aside. When the hall was finished, and it was time to put on the pinnacle, he exclaimed, "Alas, my masters, there's one thing we have not made." "What's that?" "Why, we ought to have a pinnacle." "All right, let one be got." "But it can't be made out of green wood; we ought to have a pinnacle which had been cut some time ago, and fashioned, and bored, and laid by." "Well, what is to be done now?" "Why, have a look round to see if anybody has got such a thing in his house as a ready-made pinnacle for sale." As they looked round accordingly, they found one in the house of Goodness, but could not buy it of her for any money. "If you will make me a partner in the good work," said she, "I will give it you for nothing."

"No," was the reply, "we do not let women have a share in the good work."

Then said the carpenter to them, "My masters, what is this you say? Save the Realm of Brahma, there is no place from which women are excluded. Take the pinnacle, and our work will be complete."

Consenting, they took the pinnacle and completed their hall. They had benches put up, and jars of water set inside, providing also a constant supply of boiled rice. Round the hall they built a wall with a gate, strewing the space inside the wall with sand and planting a row of fan-palms outside. Thoughtful too caused a pleasaunce to be laid out at this spot, and not a flowering or fruit-bearing tree could be named which did not grow there. Joy, too, caused a water-tank to be dug in the same place, covered over with the five kinds of lotuses, beautiful to behold. Highborn did nothing at all.

The Bodhisatta fulfilled these seven injunctions,—to cherish one's mother, to cherish one's father, to honour one's elders, to speak truth, [202] to avoid harsh speech, to eschew slander, and to shun niggardliness:—

Whoso supports his parents, honours age,
Is gentle, friendly-spoken, slandering not,
Unchurlish, truthful, lord—not slave—of wrath,
—Him e'en the Thirty Three[1] shall hail as Good.

Such was the praiseworthy state to which he grew, and at his life's close he passed away to be reborn in the Realm of the Thirty-three as Sakka, king of Devas; and there too were his friends reborn.

In those days there were Asuras dwelling in the Realm of the Thirty-three. Said Sakka, King of Devas, "What good to us is a kingdom which others share?" So he made the Asuras drink the liquor of the Devas, and when they were drunken, he had them hurled by the feet on to the steeps of Mount Sineru. They tumbled right down to 'The Asura Realm,' as it is called,—a region on the lowest level of Mount Sineru, equal in extent to the Realm of the Thirty-three. Here grows a tree, resembling the Coral Tree of the Devas, which lasts for an aeon and is called the Pied Trumpet-flower. The blossoms of this tree shewed them at once that this was not the Realm of Devas, for there the Coral Tree blooms. So they cried, "Old Sakka has made us drunk and cast us into the great deep, seizing on our heavenly city." "Come," they shouted, "let us win back our own realm from him by force of arms." And up the sides of Sineru they climbed, like ants up a pillar.

Hearing the alarm given that the Asuras were up, Sakka went out into the great deep to give them battle, but being worsted in the fight turned and fled away along crest after crest of the southern deep in his 'Chariot of Victory,' which was a hundred and fifty leagues long.

Now as his chariot sped along the deep, it came to the Forest of the Silk-Cotton Trees. Along the track of the chariot these mighty trees were mowed down like so many palms, and fell into the deep. And as the young of the Garuḷas hurtled through the deep, loud were their shrieks. Said Sakka to Mātali, his charioteer, "Mātali, my friend, what manner of noise is this? [203] How heartrending it sounds." "Sire, it is the united cry of the young Garuḷas in the agony of their fear, as their forest is uprooted by the rush of your chariot." Said the Great Being, "Let them not be troubled because of me, friend Mātali. Let us not, for

[1] One of the *devalokas*, or angelic realms, of Buddhist cosmogony, was the *Tāvatiṁsa-bhavanaṁ*, or 'Realm of the Thirty-three,' so called because its denizens were subject to thirty-three Devas headed by Sakka, the Indra of the pre-buddhist faith. Every world-system, it may here be added, had a Sakka of its own, as is indicated *infra*.

empire's sake, so act as to destroy life. Rather will I, for their sake, give my life as a sacrifice to the Asuras. Turn the car back." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:—

Let all the forest's nestlings, Mātali,
Escape our all-devouring chariot.
I offer up, a willing sacrifice,
My life to yonder Asuras; these poor birds
Shall not, through me, from out their nests be torn.

At the word, Mātali, the charioteer, turned the chariot round, and made for the Realm of Devas by another route. But the moment the Asuras saw him begin to turn his chariot round, they cried out that the Sakkas of other worlds were surely coming up; "it must be his reinforcements which make him turn his chariot back again." Trembling for their lives, they all ran away and never stopped till they came to the Asura Realm. And Sakka entering heaven, stood in the midst of his city, girt round by an angelic host of his own and of Brahmā's angels. And at that moment through the riven earth there rose up the 'Palace of Victory,' some thousand leagues high,—so-called because it arose in the hour of victory. Then, to prevent the Asuras from coming back again, Sakka had guards set in five places,—concerning which it has been said:—

[204] Impregnable both cities stand! between,
In fivefold guard, watch Nāgas, Garuḷas,
Kumbhaṇḍas, Goblins, and the Four Great Kings!

But when Sakka was enjoying as king of Devas the glory of heaven, safely warded by his sentinels at these five posts, Goodness died and was reborn as a handmaiden of Sakka once more. And the effect of her gift of the pinnacle was that there arose for her a mansion—named 'Goodness'—studded with heavenly jewels, five hundred leagues high, where, under a white heavenly canopy of royal state, sat Sakka, king of Devas, ruling men and Devas.

Thoughtful, too, died, and was once more born as a handmaiden of Sakka; and the effect of her action in respect of the pleasaunce was such that there arose a pleasaunce called 'Thoughtful's Creeper-Grove.' Joy, too, died and was reborn once more as one of Sakka's handmaidens; and the fruit of her tank was that there arose a tank called 'Joy' after her. But Highborn, [205] having performed no act of merit, was reborn as a crane in a grotto in the forest.

"There's no sign of Highborn," said Sakka to himself; "I wonder where she has been reborn." And as he considered the matter, he discovered her whereabouts. So he paid her a visit, and bringing her back with him to heaven shewed her the delightful city of the Devas, the Hall of Goodness, Thoughtful's Creeper-Grove, and the Tank called Joy. "These three," said Sakka, "have been reborn as my handmaidens by reason of

the good works they did; but you, having done no good work, have been reborn in the brute creation. Henceforth keep the Commandments." And having exhorted her thus, and confirmed her in the Five Commandments, he took her back and let her go free. And thenceforth she did keep the Commandments.

A short time afterwards, being curious to know whether she really was able to keep the Commandments, Sakka went and lay down before her in the shape of a fish. Thinking the fish was dead, the crane seized it by the head. The fish wagged its tail. "Why, I do believe it's alive," said the crane, and let the fish go. "Very good, very good," said Sakka; "you will be able to keep the Commandments." And so saying he went away.

Dying as a crane, Highborn was reborn into the family of a potter in Benares. Wondering where she had got to, and at last discovering her whereabouts, Sakka, disguised as an old man, filled a cart with cucumbers of solid gold and sat in the middle of the village, crying, "Buy my cucumbers! buy my cucumbers!" Folk came to him and asked for them. "I only part with them to such as keep the Commandments," said he, "do you keep them?" "We don't know what you mean by your 'Commandments'; sell us the cucumbers." "No; I don't want money for my cucumbers. I give them away,—but only to those that keep the Commandments." "Who is this wag?" said the folk as they turned away. Hearing of this, Highborn thought to herself that the cucumbers must have been brought for her, and accordingly went and asked for some. "Do you keep the Commandments, madam?" said he. "Yes, I do," was the reply. "It was for you alone that I brought these here," said he, and leaving cucumbers, cart and all at her door he departed.

Continuing all her life long to keep the Commandments, Highborn after her death was reborn the daughter of the Asura king Vepacittiya, and for her goodness was rewarded with the gift of great beauty. When she grew up, her father mustered the Asuras together to give his daughter her pick of them for a husband. [206] And Sakka, who had searched and found out her whereabouts, donned the shape of an Asura, and came down, saying to himself, "If Highborn chooses a husband really after her own heart, I shall be he."

Highborn was arrayed and brought forth to the place of assembly, where she was bidden to select a husband after her own heart. Looking round and observing Sakka, she was moved by her love for him in a bygone existence to choose him for her husband. Sakka carried her off to the city of the devas and made her the chief of twenty-five millions of dancing-girls. And when his term of life ended, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master rebuked that Brother in these words, "Thus, Brethren, the wise and good of bygone days when they were rulers of the Devas, forbore, even at the sacrifice of their own lives, to be guilty of slaughter. And can you, who have devoted yourself to so saving a creed, drink unstrained water with all the living creatures it contains?" And he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth, by saying, "Ānanda was then Mātali the charioteer, and I Sakka."

[*Note.* Compare the commentary on *Dhammapada*, pp. 184 *et seqq.*; and Culla-vagga v. 13 in vol. II. of Oldenberg's Vinaya (translated at page 100 of vol. XX. of the *Sacred Books of the East*) for the incidents of the Introductory Story. For the incident of Sakka and the Asuras in the Story of the Past, see *Jātaka-mālā*, No. 11 (J. R. A. S. 1893, page 315).]

No. 32.

NACCA-JĀTAKA.

"*A pleasing note.*" This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother with many belongings. The incident is just the same as in the Devadhamma-jātaka *supra*[1].

"Is this report true, Brother," said the Master, "that you have many belongings?" "Yes, sir." "Why have you come to own so many belongings?" Without listening beyond this point, the Brother tore off the whole of his raiment, and stood stark naked before the Master, crying, "I'll go about like this!" "Oh, fie!" exclaimed every one. The man ran away, and reverted to the lower state of a layman. Gathering together in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren talked of his impropriety in behaving in that manner right before the Master. In came the Master and asked what was the theme of discussion in the conclave. "Sir," was the answer, "we were discussing the impropriety of that Brother, and saying that in your presence and right before all the four classes of your followers[2] he had so far lost all sense of shame as to stand there stark naked as a village-urchin, and that, finding himself loathed by everyone, he relapsed to the lower state and lost the faith."

Said the Master, "Brethren, this is not the only loss his shamelessness has caused him; for in bygone days he lost a jewel of a wife just as now he has lost the jewel of the faith." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

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[207] Once on a time, in the first cycle of the world's history, the quadrupeds chose the Lion as their king, the fishes the monster-fish Ānanda, and the birds the Golden Mallard[3]. Now the King Golden

[1] No. 6.

[2] *i.e.* Brethren, Sisters, lay-brothers, and lay-sisters.

[3] Cf. No. 270.

Mallard had a lovely young daughter, and her royal father granted her any boon she might ask. The boon she asked for was to be allowed to choose a husband for herself; and the king in fulfilment of his promise mustered all the birds together in the country of the Himalayas. All manner of birds came, swans and peacocks and all other birds; and they flocked together on a great plateau of bare rock. Then the king sent for his daughter and bade her go and choose a husband after her own heart. As she reviewed the crowd of birds, her eye lighted on the peacock with his neck of jewelled sheen and tail of varied hue; and she chose him, saying, "Let this be my husband." Then the assembly of the birds went up to the peacock and said, "Friend peacock, this princess, in choosing her husband from among all these birds, has fixed her choice on you."

Carried away by his extreme joy, the peacock exclaimed, "Until this day you have never seen how active I am;" and in defiance of all decency he spread his wings and began to dance;—and in dancing he exposed himself.

Filled with shame, King Golden Mallard said, "This fellow has neither modesty within his heart nor decency in his outward behaviour; I certainly will not give my daughter to one so shameless." And there in the midst of all that assembly of the birds, he repeated this stanza:—

> A pleasing note is yours, a lovely back,
> A neck in hue like lapis lazuli;
> A fathom's length your outstretched feathers reach.
> Withal, your dancing loses you my child.

Right in the face of the whole gathering King Royal Mallard gave his daughter to a young mallard, a nephew of his. Covered with shame at the loss of the mallard princess, [208] the peacock rose straight up from the place and fled away. And King Golden Mallard too went back to his dwelling-place.

"Thus, Brethren," said the Master, "this is not the only time his breach of modesty has caused him loss; just as it has now caused him to lose the jewel of the faith, so in bygone days it lost him a jewel of a wife." When he had ended this lesson, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The Brother with the many belongings was the peacock of those days, and I myself the Royal Mallard."

[*Note.* See Plate XXVII. (11) of the *Stūpa of Bharhut* (where a fragment of a carving of this story is figured), Benfey's *Pañca-Tantra* I. p. 280, and Hahn's *Sagewiss. Studien*, p. 69. Cf. also Herodotus, VI. 129.]

No. 33.

SAMMODAMĀNA-JĀTAKA.

"*While concord reigns.*" This story was told by the Master while dwelling in the Banyan-grove near Kapilavatthu, about a squabble over a porter's head-pad, as will be related in the Kuṇāla-jātaka[1].

On this occasion, however, the Master spoke thus to his kinsfolk:—"My lords, strife among kinsfolk is unseemly. Yes, in bygone times, animals, who had defeated their enemies when they lived in concord, came to utter destruction when they fell out." And at the request of his royal kinsfolk, he told this story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a quail, and lived in the forest at the head of many thousands of quails. In those days a fowler who caught quails came to that place; and he used to imitate the note of a quail till he saw that the birds had been drawn together, when he flung his net over them, and whipped the sides of the net together, so as to get them all huddled up in a heap. Then he crammed them into his basket, and going home sold his prey for a living.

Now one day the Bodhisatta said to those quails, "This fowler is making havoc among our kinsfolk. I have a device whereby he will be unable to catch us. Henceforth, the very moment he throws the net over you, let each one put his head through a mesh and then all of you together must fly away with the net to such place as you please, and there let it down on a thorn-brake; this done, we will all escape from our several meshes." "Very good," said they all in ready agreement.

On the morrow, when the net was cast over them, they did just as the Bodhisatta had told them:—they lifted up the net, [209] and let it down on a thorn-brake, escaping themselves from underneath. While the fowler was still disentangling his net, evening came on; and he went away empty-handed. On the morrow and following days the quails played the same trick. So that it became the regular thing for the fowler to be engaged till sunset disentangling his net, and then to betake himself home empty-handed. Accordingly his wife grew angry and said, "Day by day you return empty-handed; I suppose you've got a second establishment to keep up elsewhere."

[1] No. 536.

"No, my dear," said the fowler; "I've no second establishment to keep up. The fact is those quails have come to work together now. The moment my net is over them, off they fly with it and escape, leaving it on a thorn-brake. Still, they won't live in unity always. Don't you bother yourself; as soon as they start bickering among themselves, I shall bag the lot, and that will bring a smile to your face to see." And so saying, he repeated this stanza to his wife:—

While concord reigns, the birds bear off the net.
When quarrels rise, they'll fall a prey to me.

Not long after this, one of the quails, in alighting on their feeding-ground, trod by accident on another's head. "Who trod on my head?" angrily cried this latter. "I did; but I didn't mean to. Don't be angry," said the first quail. But notwithstanding this answer, the other remained as angry as before. Continuing to answer one another, they began to bandy taunts, saying, "I suppose it is you single-handed who lift up the net." As they wrangled thus with one another, the Bodhisatta thought to himself, "There's no safety with one who is quarrelsome. The time has come when they will no longer lift up the net, and thereby they will come to great destruction. The fowler will get his opportunity. I can stay here no longer." And thereupon he with his following went elsewhere.

Sure enough the fowler [210] came back again a few days later, and first collecting them together by imitating the note of a quail, flung his net over them. Then said one quail, "They say when you were at work lifting the net, the hair of your head fell off. Now's your time; lift away." The other rejoined, "When you were lifting the net, they say both your wings moulted. Now's your time; lift away."

But whilst they were each inviting the other to lift the net, the fowler himself lifted the net for them and crammed them in a heap into his basket and bore them off home, so that his wife's face was wreathed with smiles.

"Thus, sire," said the Master, "such a thing as a quarrel among kinsfolk is unseemly; quarrelling leads only to destruction." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth, by saying, "Devadatta was the foolish quail of those days, and I myself the wise and good quail."

[*Note.* See for the migrations of this story Benfey's *Pañca-Tantra* I. 304, and Fausböll in *R.A.S. Journal*, 1870. See also Julien's *Avadānas*, Vol. I. page 155.]

No. 34.

MACCHA-JĀTAKA.

"*'Tis not the cold.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about being seduced by the wife of one's mundane life before joining the Brotherhood. Said the Master on this occasion, "Is it true, as I hear, Brother, that you are passion-tost?"

"Yes, Blessed One."

"Because of whom?"

"My former wife, sir, is sweet to touch; I cannot give her up!" Then said the Master, "Brother, this woman is hurtful to you. It was through her that in bygone times too you were meeting your end, when you were saved by me." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became his family-priest.

In those days some fishermen had cast their net into the river. And a great big fish came along amorously toying with his wife. She, scenting the net as she swam ahead of him, made a circuit round it and escaped. But her amorous spouse, blinded by passion, sailed right into the meshes of the net. As soon as the fishermen felt him in their net, they hauled it in and took the fish out; they did not kill him at once, but flung him alive on the sands. [211] "We'll cook him in the embers for our meal," said they; and accordingly they set to work to light a fire and whittle a spit to roast him on. The fish lamented, saying to himself, "It's not the torture of the embers or the anguish of the spit or any other pain that grieves me; but only the distressing thought that my wife should be unhappy in the belief that I have gone off with another." And he repeated this stanza:

'Tis not the cold, the heat, or wounding net;
'Tis but the fear my darling wife should think
Another's love has lured her spouse away.

Just then the priest came to the riverside with his attendant slaves to bathe. Now he understood the language of all animals. Therefore, when he heard the fish's lamentation, he thought to himself, "This fish is lamenting the lament of passion. If he should die in this unhealthy state of mind, he cannot escape rebirth in hell. I will save him." So he went to the fishermen and said, "My men, don't you supply us with a fish every day for our curry?" "What do you say, sir?" said the fishermen; "pray take away with you any fish you may take a fancy to." "We don't need any but this one; only give us this one." "He's yours, sir."

Taking the fish in his two hands, the Bodhisatta seated himself on the bank and said, "Friend fish, if I had not seen you to-day, you would have met your death. Cease for the future to be the slave of passion." And with this exhortation he threw the fish into the water, and went into the city.

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[212] His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths, at the close whereof the passion-tost Brother won the First Path. Also, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The former wife was the female fish of those days, the passion-tost Brother was the male fish, and I myself the family-priest."

[*Note.* Compare Jātakas Nos. 216 and 297.]

No. 35.

VAṬṬAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*With wings that fly not.*"—This story was told by the Master, whilst on an alms-pilgrimage through Magadha, about the going-out of a jungle fire. Once the Master, whilst on an alms-pilgrimage through Magadha, went on his morning round for alms through a certain hamlet in that country; on his return, after his meal, he went out again followed by the company of the Brethren. Just then a great fire broke out. There were numbers of Brethren both in front of the Master and behind him. On came the fire, spreading far and wide, till all was one sheet of smoke and flame. Hereupon, some unconverted Brethren were seized with the fear of death. "Let us make a counter fire," they cried; "and then the big fire will not sweep over the ground we have fired." And, with this view, they set about kindling a fire with their tinder-sticks.

But others said, "What is this you do, Brethren? You are like such as mark not the moon in mid-heaven, or the sun's orb rising with myriad rays from the east, or the sea on whose shores they stand, or Mount Sineru towering before their very eyes,—when, as you journey along in the company of him who is peerless among devas and men alike, you give not a thought to the All-Enlightened Buddha, but cry out, 'Let *us* make a fire!' You know not the might of a Buddha! Come, let us go to the Master." Then, gathering together from front and rear alike, the Brethren in a body flocked round the Lord of Wisdom. At a certain spot the Master halted, with this mighty assembly of the Brethren surrounding him. On rolled the flames, roaring as though to devour them. But when they approached the spot where the Buddha had taken his stand, they came no nearer than sixteen lengths, but there and then went out,—even as a torch plunged into water. It had no power to spread over a space thirty-two lengths in diameter.

The Brethren burst into praises of the Master, saying, "Oh! how great are the virtues of a Buddha! For, even this fire, though lacking sense, could not sweep over the spot where a Buddha stood, but went out like a torch in water. Oh! how marvellous are the powers of a Buddha!"

[213] Hearing their words, the Master said, "It is no present power of mine, Brethren, that makes this fire go out on reaching this spot of ground. It is the power of a former 'Act of Truth' of mine. For in this spot no fire will burn throughout the whole of this æon,—the miracle being one which endures for an æon[1]."

Then the Elder Ānanda folded a robe into four and spread it for the Master to sit on. The Master took his seat. Bowing to the Buddha as he sat cross-legged there, the Brethren too seated themselves around him. Then they asked him, saying, "Only the present is known to us, sir; the past is hidden from us. Make it known to us." And, at their request, he told this story of the past.

Once upon a time in this selfsame spot in Magadha, it was as a quail that the Bodhisatta came to life once more. Breaking his way out of the shell of the egg in which he was born, he became a young quail, about as big as a large ball[2]. And his parents kept him lying in the nest, while they fed him with food which they brought in their beaks. In himself, he had not the strength either to spread his wings and fly through the air, or to lift his feet and walk upon the ground. Year after year that spot was always ravaged by a jungle-fire; and it was just at this time that the flames swept down on it with a mighty roaring. The flocks of birds, darting from their several nests, were seized with the fear of death, and flew shrieking away. The father and mother of the Bodhisatta were as frightened as the others and flew away, forsaking the Bodhisatta. Lying there in the nest, the Bodhisatta stretched forth his neck, and seeing the flames spreading towards him, he thought to himself, "Had I the power to put forth my wings and fly, I would wing my way hence to safety; or, if I could move my legs and walk, I could escape elsewhere afoot. Moreover, my parents, seized with the fear of death, are fled away to save themselves, leaving me here quite alone in the world. I am without protector or helper. What, then, shall I do this day?"

Then this thought came to him:—"In this world there exists what is termed the Efficacy of Goodness, and what is termed the Efficacy of Truth. There are those who, through their having realised the Perfections in past ages, have attained beneath the Bo-tree to be All-Enlightened; who, having won Release by goodness, tranquillity and wisdom, possess also discernment of the knowledge of such Release; [214] who are filled with truth, compassion, mercy, and patience; whose love embraces all creatures alike; whom men call omniscient Buddhas. There is an efficacy in the attributes they have won. And I too grasp one truth; I hold and believe in a single

[1] See above, page 56. [2] See Morris, *Journal P. T. S.* 1884, p. 90.

principle in Nature. Therefore, it behoves me to call to mind the Buddhas of the past, and the Efficacy they have won, and to lay hold of the true belief that is in me touching the principle of Nature; and by an Act of Truth to make the flames go back, to the saving both of myself and of the rest of the birds."

Therefore it has been said:—

There's saving grace in Goodness in this world;
There's truth, compassion, purity of life.
Thereby, I'll work a matchless Act of Truth.

Remembering Faith's might, and taking thought
On those who triumphed in the days gone by,
Strong in the truth, an Act of Truth I wrought.

Accordingly, the Bodhisatta, calling to mind the efficacy of the Buddhas long since past away, performed an Act of Truth in the name of the true faith that was in him, repeating this stanza:—

With wings that fly not, feet that walk not yet,
Forsaken by my parents, here I lie!
Wherefore I conjure thee, dread Lord of Fire,
Primæval Jātaveda, turn! go back!

Even as he performed his Act of Truth, Jātaveda went back a space of sixteen lengths; and in going back the flames did not pass away to the forest devouring everything in their path. No; they went out there and then, like a torch plunged in water. Therefore it has been said:—

[215] I wrought my Act of Truth, and therewithal
The sheet of blazing fire left sixteen lengths
Unscathed,—like flames by water met and quenched.

And as that spot escaped being wasted by fire throughout a whole æon, the miracle is called an 'æon-miracle.' When his life closed, the Bodhisatta, who had performed this Act of Truth, passed away to fare according to his deserts.

"Thus, Brethren," said the Master, "it is not my present power but the efficacy of an Act of Truth performed by me when a young quail, that has made the flames pass over this spot in the jungle." His lesson ended, he preached the Truths, at the close whereof some won the First, some the Second, some the Third Path, while others again became Arahats. Also, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "My present parents were the parents of those days, and I myself the king of the quails."

[*Note.* The story and the verses occur in the *Cariyā-Piṭaka*, p. 98. See reference to this story under Jātaka No. 20, *supra*.
For the archaic title of *Jātaveda* here given to Fire, compare Jātaka, No. 75, as to a similar use of the archaic name *Pajjunna*.]

No. 36.

SAKUṆA-JĀTAKA.

"*Ye denizens of air.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother whose cell was burnt down.

Tradition says that a Brother, having been given a theme for meditation by the Master, went from Jetavana to the land of Kosala and there abode in a dwelling in a forest hard by a border-village. Now, during the very first month of his dwelling there, his cell was burnt down. This he reported to the villagers, saying, "My cell has been burnt down; I live in discomfort." Said they, "The land is suffering from drought just now; we'll see to it when we have irrigated the fields." When the irrigation was over, they said they must do their sowing first; when the sowing was done, they had the fences to put up; when the fences were put up, they had first to do the weeding and the reaping, and the threshing; till, what with one job and another which they kept mentioning, three whole months passed by.

After three months spent in the open air in discomfort, that Brother had developed his theme for meditation, but could get no further. So, after the Pavāraṇā-festival which ends the Rainy Season, he went back again to the Master, and, with due salutation, took his seat aside. After kindly words of greeting, the Master said, "Well, Brother, have you lived happily through the Rainy Season? Did your theme for meditation end in success?" The Brother told him all that had happened, adding, "As I had no lodging to suit me, my theme did not end in success."

Said the Master, "In bygone times, Brother, even animals knew what suited them and what did not. How is it that you did not know?" And so saying, he told this story of the past.

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[216] Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a bird and lived round a giant tree with branching boughs, at the head of a company of birds. Now one day, as the boughs of this tree were grinding one against the other, dust began to fall, soon followed by smoke. When the Bodhisatta became aware of this, he thought to himself:—"If these two boughs go on grinding against one another like this, they will produce fire; and the fire will fall and catch hold of the old leaves, and so come to set fire to this tree as well. We cannot live on here; the proper thing to do is to hasten off elsewhere." And he repeated this stanza to the company of birds:—

Ye denizens of air, that in these boughs
Have sought a lodging, mark the seeds of fire
This earthborn tree is breeding! Safety seek
In flight! Our trusted stronghold harbours death!

The wiser birds who followed the Bodhisatta's counsels, at once rose up in the air and went elsewhere in his company. But the foolish ones said,

"It is always like this with him; he's always seeing crocodiles in a drop of water." And they, heeding not the Bodhisatta's words, stopped where they were. In a very short time, just as the Bodhisatta had foreseen, flames really did break out, and the tree caught fire. When the smoke and flame arose, the birds, blinded by the smoke, were unable to get away; one by one they dropped into the flames and were destroyed.

"Thus, Brethren," said the Master, "in bygone times even animals who were dwelling in the tree-top, knew what suited them and what did not. How is it that you did not know?" [217] His lesson ended, he preached the Truths, at the close whereof that Brother won the Fruit of the First Path. Also, the Master shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "The Buddha's disciples were then the birds who hearkened to the Bodhisatta, and I myself was the wise and good bird."

No. 37.

TITTIRA-JĀTAKA.

"*For they who honour age.*"—This story was told by the Master whilst on his way to Sāvatthi, about the way in which the Elder Sāriputta was kept out of a night's lodging.

For, when Anātha-piṇḍika had built his monastery, and had sent word that it was finished, the Master left Rājagaha and came to Vesālī, setting out again on his journey after stopping at the latter place during his pleasure. It was now that the disciples of the Six hurried on ahead, and, before quarters could be taken for the Elders, monopolized the whole of the available lodgings, which they distributed among their superiors, their teachers, and themselves. When the Elders came up later, they could find no quarters at all for the night. Even Sāriputta's disciples, for all their searching, could not find lodgings for the Elder. Being without a lodging, the Elder passed the night at the foot of a tree near the Master's quarters, either walking up and down or sitting at the foot of a tree.

At early dawn the Master coughed as he came out. The Elder coughed too. "Who is that?" asked the Master. "It is I, Sāriputta, sir." "What are you doing here at this hour, Sāriputta?" Then the Elder told his story, at the close of which the Master thought, "Even now, while I am still alive, the Brethren lack courtesy and subordination; what will they not do when I am dead and gone?" And the thought filled him with anxiety for the Truth. As soon as day had come, he had the assembly of the Brethren called together, and asked them, saying, "Is it true, Brethren, as I hear, that the adherents of the Six went on ahead and kept the Elders among the Brethren out of lodgings for the night?" "That is so, Blessed One," was the reply. Thereupon, with a reproof to the adherents of the Six and as a lesson to all, he addressed the Brethren, and said, "Tell me, who deserves the best lodging, the best water, and the best rice, Brethren?"

Some answered, "He who was a nobleman before he became a Brother." Others said, "He who was originally a brahmin, or a man of means." Others severally said, "The man versed in the Rules of the Order; the man who can expound the Law; the men who have won the first, second, third, or fourth stage of mystic ecstasy." Whilst others again said, "The man in the First, Second, or Third Path of Salvation, or an Arahat; one who knows the Three Great Truths; one who has the Six Higher Knowledges."

After the Brethren had stated whom they severally thought worthiest of precedence in the matter of lodging and the like, the Master said, [218] "In the religion which I teach, the standard by which precedence in the matter of lodging and the like is to be settled, is not noble birth, or having been a brahmin, or having been wealthy before entry into the Order; the standard is not familiarity with the Rules of the Order, with the Suttas, or with the Metaphysical Books[1]; nor is it either the attainment of any of the four stages of mystic ecstasy, or the walking in any of the Four Paths of salvation. Brethren, in my religion it is seniority which claims respect of word and deed, salutation, and all due service; it is seniors who should enjoy the best lodging, the best water, and the best rice. This is the true standard, and therefore the senior Brother ought to have these things. Yet, Brethren, here is Sāriputta, who is my chief disciple, who has set rolling the Wheel of Minor Truth, and who deserves to have a lodging next after myself. And Sāriputta has spent this night without a lodging at the foot of a tree! If you lack respect and subordination even now, what will be your behaviour as time goes by?"

And for their further instruction he said, "In times past, Brethren, even animals came to the conclusion that it was not proper for them to live without respect and subordination one to another, or without the ordering of their common life; even these animals decided to find out which among them was the senior, and then to shew him all forms of reverence. So they looked into the matter, and having found out which of them was the senior, they shewed him all forms of reverence, whereby they passed away at that life's close to people heaven." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time, hard by a great banyan-tree on the slopes of the Himalayas, there dwelt three friends,—a partridge, a monkey, and an elephant. And they came to lack respect and subordination one to another, and had no ordering of their common life. And the thought came to them that it was not seemly for them to live in this way, and that they ought to find out which of their number was the senior and to honour him.

As they were engaged thinking which was the oldest, one day an idea struck them. Said the partridge and the monkey to the elephant as they all three sat together at the foot of that banyan-tree, "Friend elephant, how big was this banyan when you remember it first?" Said the elephant, "When I was a baby, this banyan was a mere bush, over which I used to walk; and as I stood astride of it, its topmost branches used just to reach up to my belly. I've known the tree since it was a mere bush."

[1] i.e. the three divisions, or 'three baskets,' of the Buddhist scriptures.

Next the monkey was asked the same question by the other two; and he replied, "My friends, when I was a youngling, [219] I had only to stretch out my neck as I sat on the ground, and I could eat the topmost sprouts of this banyan. So I've known this banyan since it was very tiny."

Then the partridge was asked the same question by the two others; and he said, "Friends, of old there was a great banyan-tree at such and such a spot; I ate its seeds, and voided them here; that was the origin of this tree. Therefore, I have knowledge of this tree from before it was born, and am older than the pair of you."

Hereupon the monkey and the elephant said to the sage partridge, "Friend, you are the oldest. Henceforth you shall have from us acts of honour and veneration, marks of obeisance and homage, respect of word and deed, salutation, and all due homage; and we will follow your counsels. You for your part henceforth will please impart such counsel as we need."

Thenceforth the partridge gave them counsel, and established them in the Commandments, which he also undertook himself to keep. Being thus established in the Commandments, and becoming respectful and subordinate among themselves, with proper ordering of their common life, these three made themselves sure of rebirth in heaven at this life's close.

"The aims of these three"—continued the Master—"came to be known as the 'Holiness of the Partridge,' and if these three animals, Brethren, lived together in respect and subordination, how can you, who have embraced a Faith the Rules of which are so well-taught, live together without due respect and subordination? Henceforth I ordain, Brethren, that to seniority shall be paid respect of word and deed, salutation, and all due service; that seniority shall be the title to the best lodging, the best water, and the best rice; and nevermore let a senior be kept out of a lodging by a junior. Whosoever so keeps out his senior commits an offence."

It was at the close of this lesson that the Master, as Buddha, repeated this stanza:—

For they who honour age, in Truth are versed;
Praise now, and bliss hereafter, is their meed.

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[220] When the Master had finished speaking of the virtue of reverencing age, he made the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Moggallāna was the elephant of those days, Sāriputta the monkey, and I myself the sage partridge."

[*Note.* See this story in the *Vinaya*, Vol. II. page 161 (translated at page 193 of Vol. XX. of the *Sacred Books of the East*), and in Julien's *Avadānas*, Vol. II. page 17. Reference is made to this Jātaka by name in Buddhaghosa's *Sumangala-Vilāsinī*, page 178; but his quotation, though it purports to be from the *Tittira-Jataka*, is from the above passage in the *Vinaya*. Prof. Cowell has traced its history in *Y Cymmrodor*, October 1882.]

No. 38.

BAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Guile profits not.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a tailoring Brother.

Tradition says that at Jetavana dwelt a Brother who was exceedingly skilful in all operations to be performed with a robe, such as cutting, joining, arranging, and stitching. Because of this skill, he used to fashion robes and so got the name of 'The Robe-tailor.' What, you ask, did he do?—Well, he exercised his craft on old bits of cloth and turned out a nice soft robe, which, after the dyeing was done, he would enhance in colour with a wash containing flour to make a dressing, and rub it with a shell, till he had made it quite smart and attractive. Then he would lay his handiwork aside.

Being ignorant of robe-making, Brethren used to come to him with brand-new cloth, saying, "We don't know how to make robes; you make them for us."

"Sirs," he would reply, "a robe takes a long time making; but I have one which is just finished. You can take that, if you will leave these cloths in exchange." And, so saying, he would take his out and shew it them. And they, marking only its fine colour, and knowing nothing of what it was made of, thought it was a good strong one, and so handed over their brand-new cloth to the 'Robe-maker' and went off with the robe he gave them. When it got dirty and was being washed in hot water, it revealed its real character, and the worn patches were visible here and there. Then the owners regretted their bargain. Everywhere that Brother became well-known for cozening in this way all who came to him.

Now, there was a robe-maker in a hamlet who used to cozen everybody just as the brother did at Jetavana. [221] This man's friends among the Brethren said to him, "Sir, they say that at Jetavana there is a robe-maker who cozens everybody just like you." Then the thought struck him, "Come now, let me cozen that city man!" So he made out of rags a very fine robe, which he dyed a beautiful orange. This he put on and went to Jetavana. The moment the other saw it, he coveted it, and said to its owner, "Sir, did you make that robe?" "Yes, I did, sir," was the reply. "Let me have that robe, sir; you'll get another in its place." "But, sir, we village-Brethren find it hard to get the Requisites; if I give you this, what shall I have to wear myself?" "Sir, I have some brand-new cloth at my lodging; take it and make yourself a robe." "Reverend sir, herein have I shewn my own handiwork; but, if you speak thus, what can I do? Take it." And having cozened the other by exchanging the rag-robe for the new cloth, he went his way.

After wearing the botched robe in his turn, the Jetavana man was washing it not long afterwards in warm water, when he became aware that it was made out of rags; and he was put to shame. The whole of the Brotherhood heard the news that the Jetavana man had been cozened by a robe-tailor from the country.

Now, one day the Brethren were seated in the Hall of Truth, discussing the news, when the Master entered and asked what they were discussing; and they told him all about it.

Said the Master, "Brethren, this is not the only occasion of the Jetavana robe-maker's cozening tricks; in bygone times also he did just the same, and, as he has been cozened now by the man from the country, so was he too in bygone times." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time the Bodhisatta came to life in a certain forest-haunt as the Tree-sprite of a tree which stood near a certain lotus-pond. In those days the water used every summer to fall very low in a certain pond, not very big,—which was plentifully stocked with fish. Catching sight of these fish, a certain crane said to himself, "I must find a way to cajole and eat these fish." So he went and sat down in deep thought by the side of the water.

Now when the fishes caught sight of him, they said, "Of what are you thinking, my lord, as you sit there?" "I am thinking about you," was the reply. "And what is your lordship thinking about us?" "The water in this pool being low, food scarce, and the heat intense,—I was wondering to myself, as I sat here, what in the world you fishes would do." "And what are we to do, my lord?" "Well, if you'll take my advice, [222] I will take you up one by one in my beak, and carry you all off to a fine large pool covered with the five varieties of lotuses, and there put you down." "My lord," said they, "no crane ever took the slightest thought for fishes since the world began. Your desire is to eat us one by one." "No; I will not eat you while you trust me," said the crane. "If you don't take my word that there is such a pond, send one of your number to go with me and see for himself." Believing the crane, the fish presented to him a great big fish (blind of one eye, by the way), who they thought would be a match for the crane whether afloat or ashore; and they said, "Here's the one to go with you."

The crane took the fish off and put him in the pool, and after shewing him the whole extent of it, brought him back again and put him in along with the other fish in his old pond. And he held forth to them on the charms of the new pool.

After hearing this report, they grew eager to go there, and said to the crane, "Very good, my lord; please take us across."

First of all, the crane took that big one-eyed fish again and carried him off to the edge of the pool, so that he could see the water, but actually alighted in a Varaṇa-tree which grew on the bank. Dashing the fish down in a fork of the tree, he pecked it to death,—after which he picked him clean and let the bones fall at the foot of the tree. Then back he went and said, "I've thrown him in; who's the next?" And so he took the fish one by one, and ate them all, till at last when he came back, he

could not find another left. But there was still a crab remaining in the pond; so the crane, who wanted to eat him up too, said, "Mister crab, I've taken all those fishes away and turned them into a fine large pool covered all over with lotuses. Come along; I'll take you too." "How will you carry me across?" said the crab. "Why, in my beak, to be sure," said the crane. "Ah, but you might drop me like that," said the crab; "I won't go with you." "Don't be frightened; I'll keep tight hold of you all the way." Thought the crab to himself, "He hasn't put the fish in the pool. But, if he would really put me in, that would be capital. If he does *not*,—why, I'll nip his head off and kill him." So he spoke thus to the crane, "You'd never be able to hold me tight enough, friend crane; whereas we crabs have got an astonishingly tight grip. [223] If I might take hold of your neck with my claws, I could hold it tight and then would go along with you."

Not suspecting that the crab wanted to trick him, the crane gave his assent. With his claws the crab gripped hold of the crane's neck as with the pincers of a smith, and said, "Now you can start." The crane took him and shewed him the pool first, and then started off for the tree.

"The pool lies this way, nunky," said the crab; "but you're taking me the other way." "Very much your nunky dear am I!" said the crane; "and very much my nephew are you! I suppose you thought me your slave to lift you up and carry you about! Just you cast your eye on that heap of bones at the foot of the tree; as I ate up all those fish, so I will eat you too." Said the crab, "It was through their own folly that those fish were eaten by you; but I shan't give you the chance of eating me. No; what I shall do, is to kill *you*. For you, fool that you were, did not see that I was tricking you. If we die, we will both die together; I'll chop your head clean off." And so saying he gripped the crane's weazand with his claws, as with pincers. With his mouth wide open, and tears streaming from his eyes, the crane, trembling for his life, said, "Lord, indeed I will not eat you! Spare my life!"

"Well, then, just step down to the pool and put me in," said the crab. Then the crane turned back and stepped down as directed to the pool, and placed the crab on the mud, at the water-edge. But the crab, before entering the water, nipped off the crane's head as deftly as if he were cutting a lotus stalk with a knife.

The Tree-fairy who dwelt in the tree, marking this wonderful thing, made the whole forest ring with applause repeating this stanza in sweet tones:—

Guile profits not your very guileful folk.
Mark what the guileful crane got from the crab!

[224] "Brethren," said the Master, "this is not the first time this fellow has been cozened by the robe-maker from the country; in the past he was cozened in just the same manner." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth, by saying, "The Jetavana robe-maker was [the crane] of those days, the robe-maker from the country was the crab, and I myself the Tree-Fairy."

[*Note.* See Benfey's *Pañca-Tantra* (I. 175), Tawney's *Kathā-Sarit-Sāgara* (II. 31), and Rhys Davids' *Birth Stories* (page 321), for the migrations of this popular story.]

No. 39.

NANDA-JĀTAKA.

"*Methinks the gold.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a co-resident pupil of Sāriputta.

Tradition says that this Brother was meek and docile, and was zealous in ministering to the Elder. Now, on one occasion the Elder departed with the leave of the Master, on an alms-pilgrimage, and came to South Magadha. When he got there, that Brother grew so proud-stomached that he would not do what the Elder told him. Moreover, if he was addressed with, "Sir, do this," he quarrelled with the Elder. The Elder could not make out what possessed him.

After making his pilgrimage in those parts, he came back again to Jetavana. The moment he got back to the monastery at Jetavana, the Brother became again what he had always been.

The Elder told this to the Buddha, saying, "Sir, a co-resident of mine is in one place like a slave bought for a hundred pieces, and in another so proud-stomached that an order to do anything makes him quarrel."

Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Sāriputta, that he has shewn this disposition; in the past too, if he went to one place, he was like a slave bought for a hundred pieces, whilst, if he went to another place, he would become quarrelsome and contentious." And, so saying, by request of the Elder, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life again as a squire. Another squire, a friend of his, was an old man himself, but had [225] a young wife who had borne him a son and heir. Said the old man to himself, "As soon as I am dead, this girl, being so young as she is, will marry heaven knows whom, and spend all my money, instead of handing it over to my son. Wouldn't it be my best course to bury my money safely in the ground?"

So, in the company of a household slave of his named Nanda, he went to the forest and buried his riches at a certain spot, saying to the slave,

"My good Nanda, reveal this treasure to my son after I am gone, and don't let the wood be sold."

After giving this injunction to his slave, the old man died. In due course the son grew up, and his mother said to him, "My son, your father, in the company of Nanda, buried his money. Get it back and look after the property of the family." So one day he said to Nanda, "Nunky, is there any treasure which my father buried?" "Yes, my lord." "Where is it buried?" "In the forest, my lord." "Well, then, let us go there." And he took a spade and a basket, and going to the scene, said to Nanda, "Well, nunky, where's the money?" But by the time Nanda had got up to the treasure and was standing right over it, he was so puffed up by the money that he abused his master, saying, "You servant of a slave-wench's son! how should you have any money here?"

The young gentleman, pretending not to have heard this insolence, simply said, "Let us be going then," and took the slave back home with him. Two or three days later, he returned to the place; but again Nanda abused him, as before. Without any abusive rejoinder, the young gentleman came back and turned the matter over in his mind. Thought he to himself, "At starting, this slave always means to reveal where the money is; but no sooner does he get there, than he falls to abusing me. The reason of this I do not see; but I could find out, if I were to ask my father's old friend, the squire." So he went to the Bodhisatta, and laying the whole business before him, asked his friend what was the real reason of such behaviour.

Said the Bodhisatta, "The spot at which Nanda stands to abuse you, my friend, is the place where your father's money is buried. Therefore, as soon as he starts abusing you again, say to him, 'Whom are you talking to, you slave?' Pull him from his perch, take the spade, dig down, remove your family treasure, and make the slave carry it home for you." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:— [226]

Methinks the gold and jewels buried lie
Where Nanda, low-born slave, so loudly bawls!

Taking a respectful leave of the Bodhisatta, the young gentleman went home, and taking Nanda went to the spot where the money was buried. Faithfully following the advice he had received, he brought the money away and looked after the family property. He remained steadfast in the Bodhisatta's counsels, and after a life spent in charity and other good works he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

Said the Master, "In the past too this man was similarly disposed." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth, by saying, "Sāriputta's co-resident was the Nanda of those days, and I the wise and good squire."

No. 40.

KHADIRAṄGĀRA-JĀTAKA.

"*Far rather will I headlong plunge.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about Anātha-piṇḍika.

For Anātha-piṇḍika, who had lavished fifty-four crores on the Faith of the Buddha over the Monastery alone, and who valued naught else save only the Three Gems, used to go every day while the Master was at Jetavana to attend the Great Services,—once at daybreak, once after breakfast, and once in the evening. There were intermediate services too; but he never went empty-handed, for fear the Novices and lads should look to see what he had brought with him. When he went in the early morning [227], he used to have rice-gruel taken up; after breakfast, ghee, butter, honey, molasses, and the like; and in the evening, he brought perfumes, garlands and cloths. So much did he expend day after day, that his expense knew no bounds. Moreover, many traders borrowed money from him on their bonds,—to the amount of eighteen crores; and the great merchant never called the money in. Furthermore, another eighteen crores of the family property, which were buried in the river-bank, were washed out to sea, when the bank was swept away by a storm; and down rolled the brazen pots, with fastenings and seals unbroken, to the bottom of the ocean. In his house, too, there was always rice standing ready for 500 Brethren,—so that the merchant's house was to the Brotherhood like a pool dug where four roads meet, yea, like mother and father was he to them. Therefore, even the All-Enlightened Buddha used to go to his house, and the Eighty Chief Elders too; and the number of other Brethren passing in and out was beyond measure.

Now his house was seven stories high and had seven portals; and over the fourth gateway dwelt a fairy who was a heretic. When the All-Enlightened Buddha came into the house, she could not stay in her abode on high, but came down with her children to the ground-floor; and she had to do the like whenever the Eighty Chief Elders or the other Elders came in and out. Thought she, "So long as the ascetic Gotama and his disciples keep coming into this house I can have no peace here; I can't be eternally coming downstairs to the ground floor. I must contrive to stop them from coming any more to this house." So one day, when the business manager had retired to rest, she appeared before him in visible shape.

"Who is that?" said he.

"It is I," was the reply; "the fairy who lives over the fourth gateway." "What brings you here?" "You don't see what the merchant is doing. Heedless of his own future, he is drawing upon his resources, only to enrich the ascetic Gotama. He engages in no traffic; he undertakes no business. Advise the merchant to attend to his business, and arrange that the ascetic Gotama with his disciples shall come no more into the house."

Then said he, "Foolish Fairy, if the merchant does spend his money, he spends it on the Faith of the Buddha, which leads to Salvation. Even if he were to seize me by the hair and sell me for a slave, I will say nothing. Begone!"

Another day, she went to the merchant's eldest son and gave him the same advice. And he flouted her in just the same manner. But to the merchant himself she did not so much as dare to speak on the matter.

Now by dint of unending munificence [228] and of doing no business, the merchant's incomings diminished and his estate grew less and less; so that he sank by degrees into poverty, and his table, his dress, and his bed and food were no longer what they had once been. Yet, in spite of his altered circumstances,

he continued to entertain the Brotherhood, though he was no longer able to feast them. So one day when he had made his bow and taken his seat, the Master said to him, "Householder, are gifts being given at your house?" "Yes, sir," said he; "but there's only a little sour husk-porridge, left over from yesterday." "Be not distressed, householder, at the thought that you can only offer what is unpalatable. If the heart be good, the food given to Buddhas, Pacceka Buddhas[1], and their disciples, cannot but be good too. And why?—Because of the greatness of the fruit thereof. For he who can make his heart acceptable cannot give an unacceptable gift,—as is to be testified by the following passage:—

For, if the heart have faith, no gift is small
To Buddhas or to their disciples true.
'Tis said no service can be reckoned small
That's paid to Buddhas, lords of great renown.
Mark well what fruit rewarded that poor gift
Of pottage,—dried-up, sour, and lacking salt[2]."

Also, he said this further thing, "Householder, in giving this unpalatable gift, you are giving it to those who have entered on the Noble Eightfold Path. Whereas I, when in Velāma's time I stirred up all India by giving the seven things of price, and in my largesse poured them forth as though I had made into one mighty stream the five great rivers,—I yet found none who had reached the Three Refuges or kept the Five Commandments; for rare are those who are worthy of offerings. Therefore, let not your heart be troubled by the thought that your gift is unpalatable." And so saying, he repeated the Velāmaka Sutta[3].

Now that fairy who had not dared to speak to the merchant in the days of his magnificence, thought that now he was poor he would hearken to her, and so, entering his chamber at dead of night she appeared before him in visible shape, standing in mid-air. "Who's that?" said the merchant, when he became aware of her presence. "I am the fairy, great merchant, who dwells over the fourth gateway." "What brings you here?" "To give you counsel." "Proceed, then." "Great merchant, you take no thought for your own future or for your own children. You have expended vast sums on the Faith of the ascetic Gotama; in fact, by long-continued [229] expenditure and by not undertaking new business you have been brought by the ascetic Gotama to poverty. But even in your poverty you do not shake off the ascetic Gotama! The ascetics are in and out of your house this very day just the same! What they have had of you cannot be recovered. That may be taken for certain. But henceforth don't you go yourself to the ascetic Gotama and don't let his disciples set foot inside your house. Do not even turn to look at the ascetic Gotama but attend to your trade and traffic in order to restore the family estate."

Then he said to her, "Was this the counsel you wanted to give me?"

"Yes, it was."

Said the merchant, "The mighty Lord of Wisdom has made me proof against a hundred, a thousand, yea against a hundred thousand fairies such as you are! My faith is strong and steadfast as Mount Sineru! My substance has been expended on the Faith that leads to Salvation. Wicked are your words; it is a blow aimed at the Faith of the Buddhas by you, you wicked and impudent witch. I cannot live under the same roof with you; be off at once from my house and seek shelter elsewhere!" Hearing these words of that converted man and elect disciple, she could not stay, but repairing to her dwelling, took her

1 All Buddhas have attained to complete illumination; but a Pacceka Buddha keeps his knowledge to himself and, unlike a 'Perfect Buddha,' does not preach the saving truth to his fellow-men.

2 The first two lines are from the *Vimāna-vatthu*, page 44.

3 This Sutta is referred to at page 234 of the *Sumaṅgala-Vilāsinī*, but is otherwise unknown as yet to European scholars.

children by the hand and went forth. But though she went, she was minded, if she could not find herself a lodging elsewhere, to appease the merchant and return to dwell in his house; and in this mind she repaired to the tutelary deity of the city and with due salutation stood before him. Being asked what had brought her thither, she said, "My lord, I have been speaking imprudently to Anātha-piṇḍika, and he in his anger has turned me out of my home. Take me to him and make it up between us, so that he may let me live there again." "But what was it you said to the merchant?" "I told him for the future not to support the Buddha and the Order, and not to let the ascetic Gotama set foot again in his house. This is what I said, my lord." "Wicked were your words; it was a blow aimed at the Faith. I cannot take you with me to the merchant." Meeting with no support from him, she went to the Four Great Regents of the world. And being repulsed by them in the same manner, she went on to Sakka, king of Devas, and told him her story, beseeching him still more earnestly, as follows, "Deva, finding no shelter, I wander about homeless, leading my children by the hand. Grant me of your majesty some place wherein to dwell."

And he too said to her, "You have done wickedly; it was a blow aimed at the Conqueror's Faith. I cannot speak to the merchant on your behalf. But I can tell you one way [230] whereby the merchant may be led to pardon you." "Pray tell me, deva." "Men have had eighteen crores of the merchant on bonds. Take the semblance of his agent, and without telling anybody repair to their houses with the bonds, in the company of some young goblins. Stand in the middle of their houses with the bond in one hand and a receipt in the other, and terrify them with your goblin power, saying, 'Here's your acknowledgment of the debt. Our merchant did not move in the matter while he was affluent; but now he is poor, and you must pay up the money you owe.' By your goblin power obtain all those eighteen crores of gold and fill the merchant's empty treasuries. He had another treasure buried in the banks of the river Aciravatī, but when the bank was washed away, the treasure was swept into the sea. Get that back also by your supernatural power and store it in his treasuries. Further, there is another sum of eighteen crores lying unowned in such and such a place. Bring that too and pour the money into his empty treasuries. When you have atoned by the recovery of these fifty-four crores, ask the merchant to forgive you." "Very good, deva," said she. And she set to work obediently, and did just as she had been bidden. When she had recovered all the money, she went into the merchant's chamber at dead of night and appeared before him in visible shape standing in the air.

The merchant asking who was there, she replied, "It is I, great merchant, the blind and foolish fairy who lived over your fourth gateway. In the greatness of my infatuate folly I knew not the virtues of a Buddha, and so came to say what I said to you some days ago. Pardon me my fault! At the instance of Sakka, king of Devas, I have made atonement by recovering the eighteen crores owing to you, the eighteen crores which had been washed down into the sea, and another eighteen crores which were lying unowned in such and such a place,—making fifty-four crores in all, which I have poured into your empty treasure-chambers. The sum you expended on the Monastery at Jetavana is now made up again. Whilst I have nowhere to dwell, I am in misery. Bear not in mind what I did in my ignorant folly, great merchant, but pardon me."

Anātha-piṇḍika, hearing what she said, thought to himself, "She is a fairy, and she says she has atoned, and confesses her fault. The Master shall consider this and make his virtues known to her. I will take her before the All-Enlightened Buddha." So he said, "My good fairy, if you want me to pardon you, ask me in the presence of the master." "Very good," said she, "I will. Take me along with you to the Master." "Certainly," said he. And early in the morning, when night was just passing away, he took her with him to the Master, and told the Blessed One all that she had done.

Hearing this, the Master said, "You see, householder, how the sinful man regards sin [231] as excellent before it ripens to its fruit. But when it has ripened, then he sees sin to be sin. Likewise the good man looks on his goodness

as sin before it ripens to its fruit; but when it ripens, he sees it to be goodness." And so saying, he repeated these two stanzas from the Dhammapada:—

The sinner thinks his sinful deed is good,
So long as sin has ripened not to fruit.
But when his sin at last to ripeness grows,
The sinner surely sees "'twas sin I wrought."

The good man thinks his goodness is but sin,
So long as it has ripened not to fruit.
But when his goodness unto ripeness grows,
The good man surely sees "'twas good I wrought[1]."

At the close of these stanzas that fairy was established in the Fruit of the First Path. She fell at the Wheel-marked feet of the Master, crying, "Stained as I was with passion, depraved by sin, misled by delusion, and blinded by ignorance, I spoke wickedly because I knew not your virtues. Pardon me!" Then she received pardon from the Master and from the great merchant.

At this time Anātha-piṇḍika sang his own praises in the Master's presence, saying, "Sir, though this fairy did her best to stop me from giving support to the Buddha and his following, she could not succeed; and though she tried to stop me from giving gifts, yet I gave them still! Was not this goodness on my part?"

Said the Master, "You, householder, are a converted man and an elect disciple; your faith is firm and your vision is purified. No marvel then that you were not stopped by this impotent fairy. The marvel was that the wise and good of a bygone day, when a Buddha had not appeared, and when knowledge had not ripened to its full fruit, should from the heart of a lotus-flower have given gifts, although Māra, lord of the Realm of Lusts, appeared in mid-heaven, shouting, 'If you give gifts, you shall be roasted in this hell,'—and shewing them therewithal a pit eighty cubits deep, filled with red-hot embers." And so saying, at the request of Anātha-piṇḍika, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life in the family of the Lord High Treasurer of Benares, and was brought up in the lap of all luxury like a royal prince. By the time he was come to years of discretion, being barely sixteen years old, he had made himself perfect in all accomplishments. At his father's death he filled the office of Lord High Treasurer, and built six almonries, one at each of the four gates of the city, one in the centre of the city, and one at the gate of his own mansion. Very bountiful was he [232], and he kept the commandments, and observed the fast-day duties.

Now one day at breakfast-time when dainty fare of exquisite taste and variety was being brought in for the Bodhisatta, a Pacceka Buddha rising from a seven days' trance of mystic ecstasy, and noticing that it was time to go his rounds, bethought him that it would be well to visit the Treasurer of Benares that morning. So he cleaned his teeth with a tooth-stick made from the betel-vine, washed his mouth with water from Lake Anotatta, put on his under-cloth as he stood on the tableland of Manosilā, fastened on his girdle, donned his outer-cloth; and, equipped with a bowl

[1] The verses are Nos. 119 and 120 in the *Dhammapada*.

which he called into being for the purpose, he passed through the air and arrived at the gate of the mansion just as the Bodhisatta's breakfast was taken in.

As soon as the Bodhisatta became aware of his presence there, he rose at once from his seat and looked at the attendant, indicating that a service was required. "What am I to do, my lord?" "Bring his reverence's bowl," said the Bodhisatta.

At that very instant Māra the Wicked rose up in a state of great excitement, saying, "It is seven days since the Pacceka Buddha had food given him; if he gets none to-day, he will perish. I will destroy him and stop the Treasurer too from giving." And that very instant he went and called into being within the mansion a pit of red-hot embers, eighty cubits deep, filled with Acacia-charcoal, all ablaze and aflame like the great hell of Avīci. When he had created this pit, Māra himself took his stand in mid-air.

When the man who was on his way to fetch the bowl became aware of this, he was terrified and started back. "What makes you start back, my man?" asked the Bodhisatta. "My lord," was the answer, "there's a great pit of red-hot embers blazing and flaming in the middle of the house." And as man after man got to the spot, they all were panic-stricken, and ran away as fast as their legs would carry them.

Thought the Bodhisatta to himself, "Māra, the Enthraller, must have been exerting himself to-day to stop me from alms-giving. I have yet to learn, however, that I am to be shaken by a hundred, or by a thousand, Māras. We will see this day whose strength is the stronger, whose might is the mightier, mine or Māra's." So taking in his own hand the bowl which stood ready, he passed out from the house, and, standing on the brink of the fiery pit, looked up to the heavens. Seeing Māra, he said, "Who are you?" "I am Māra," was the answer.

"Did you call into being this pit of red-hot embers?" "Yes, I did." [233] "Why?" "To stop you from alms-giving and to destroy the life of that Pacceka Buddha." "I will not permit you either to stop me from my alms-giving or to destroy the life of the Pacceka Buddha. I am going to see to-day whether your strength or mine is the greater." And still standing on the brink of that fiery pit, he cried, "Reverend Pacceka Buddha, even though I be in act to fall headlong into this pit of red-hot embers, I will not turn back. Only vouchsafe to take the food I bring." And so saying he repeated this stanza:—

Far rather will I headlong plunge amain
Full in this gulf of hell, than stoop to shame!
Vouchsafe, sir, at my hands to take this alms!

With these words the Bodhisatta, grasping the bowl of food, strode on with undaunted resolution right on to the surface of the pit of fire. But

even as he did so, there rose up to the surface through all the eighty cubits of the pit's depth a large and peerless lotus-flower, which received the feet of the Bodhisatta! And from it there came a measure of pollen which fell on the head of the Great Being, so that his whole body was as it were sprinkled from head to foot with dust of gold! Standing right in the heart of the lotus, he poured the dainty food into the bowl of the Pacceka Buddha.

And when the latter had taken the food and returned thanks, he flung his bowl aloft into the heavens, and right in the sight of all the people he himself rose bodily into the air likewise, and passed away to the Himalayas again, seeming to tread a track formed of clouds fantastically shaped.

And Māra, too, defeated and dejected, passed away back to his own abode.

But the Bodhisatta, still standing in the lotus, preached [234] the Truth to the people, extolling alms-giving and the commandments; after which, girt round by the escorting multitude, he passed into his own mansion once more. And all his life long he shewed charity and did other good works, till in the end he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

Said the Master, "It was no marvel, layman, that you, with your discernment of the truth, were not overcome now by the fairy; the real marvel was what the wise and good did in bygone days." His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "The Pacceka Buddha of those days passed away, never to be born again. I was myself the Treasurer of Benares who, defeating Māra, and standing in the heart of the lotus, placed alms in the bowl of the Pacceka Buddha."

[*Note.* See Giles, 'Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio,' I. 396.]

No. 41.

LOSAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*The headstrong man.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the Elder Losaka Tissa.

'Who,' you ask, 'was this Elder Losaka Tissa?' Well; his father was a fisherman in Kosala, and he was the bane of his family; and, when a Brother, never had anything given to him. His previous existence ended, he had been conceived by a certain fisherman's wife in a fishing-village of a thousand families in Kosala. And on the day he was conceived all those thousand families, net in hand, went fishing in river and pool but failed to catch one single fish; and

the like bad fortune dogged them from that day forward. Also, before his birth, the village was destroyed seven times by fire, and visited seven times by the king's vengeance. So in time it came to pass that the people fell into a wretched plight. Reflecting that such had not been their lot in former days, but that now they were going to rack and ruin, they concluded that there must be some breeder of misfortune among them, and resolved to divide into two bands. This they did; and there were then two bands of five hundred families each. Thenceforward, ruin dogged the band which included the parents of the future Losaka, whilst the other five hundred families throve apace. So the former resolved to go on halving their numbers, and did so, until this one family was parted from all the rest. Then they knew that the breeder of misfortune was in that family, and with blows drove them away. [235] With difficulty could his mother get a livelihood; but, when her time was come, she gave birth to her son in a certain place. (He that is born into his last existence cannot be killed. For like a lamp within a jar, even so securely within his breast burns the flame of his destiny to become an Arahat.) The mother took care of the child till he could run about, and when he could run about then she put a potsherd in his hands, and, bidding him go into a house to beg, ran away. Thenceforward, the solitary child used to beg his food thereabouts and sleep where he could. He was unwashed and unkempt, and made a living after the fashion of a mud-eating goblin[1]. When he was seven years old, he was picking up and eating, like a crow, lump by lump, any rice he could find outside a house door where they flung away the rinsings of the rice-pots.

Sāriputta, Captain of the Faith, going into Sāvatthi on his round for alms, noticed the child, and, wondering what village the hapless creature came from, was filled with love for him and called out "Come here." The child came, bowed to the Elder, and stood before him. Then said Sāriputta, "What village do you belong to, and where are your parents?"

"I am destitute, sir," said the child; "for my parents said they were tired out, and so forsook me, and went away."

"Would you like to become a Brother?" "Indeed I should, sir; but who would receive a poor wretch like me into the Order?" "I will." "Then, pray let me become a Brother."

The Elder gave the child a meal and took him to the monastery, washed him with his own hands, and admitted him a Novice first and a full Brother afterwards, when he was old enough. In his old age he was known as Elder Losaka Tissa; he was always unlucky[2], and but little was given to him. The story goes that, no matter how lavish the charity, he never got enough to eat, but only just enough to keep himself alive. A single ladle of rice seemed to fill his alms-bowl to the brim, so that the charitable thought his bowl was full and bestowed the rest of their rice on the next. When rice was being put into his bowl, it is said that the rice in the giver's dish used to vanish away. And so with every kind of food. Even when, as time went by, he had developed Discernment and so won the highest Fruit which is Arahatship, he still got but little.

In the fullness of time, when the materials which determined his separate existence[3] were outworn, the day came for him to pass away. And the Captain

[1] On the authority of Subhūti, *paṁsu-pisācakā* are said to form the fourth class of *Petas* (pretas) or 'ghosts' (who were cursed at once with cavernous maws and with mouths no bigger than a needle's eye, so that their voracity was never satisfied even in their customary coprophagic state). But neither Hardy's Manual of Buddhism (p. 58) nor the Milinda (p. 294) mentions *paṁsu-pisācakā* as one of the four classes of *Petas*.

[2] Reading *nippuñño* instead of *nippañño*. See *Ceylon R. A. S. Journal*, 1884, p. 158; and compare *apuñño* on p. 236, line 20 of the Pali original.

[3] As protoplasm is 'the physical basis of life,' so *āyu-saṁkhārā* are its moral basis according to Buddhist ideas. This *Lebensstoff* it is the aim of Buddhism to uproot, so that there may be no re-birth.

of the Faith, as he meditated, had knowledge of this, and thought to himself, 'Losaka Tissa will pass away to-day; and to-day at any rate I will see that he has enough to eat.' So he took the Elder and came to Sāvatthi for alms. But, because Losaka was with him, it was all in vain that Sāriputta held out his hand for alms in populous Sāvatthi; not so much as a bow was vouchsafed him. So he bade the Elder go back and seat himself in the sitting-hall of the Monastery, and collected food which he sent with a message [236] that it was to be given to Losaka. Those to whom he gave it took the food and went their way, but, forgetting all about Losaka, ate it themselves. So when Sāriputta rose up, and was entering the monastery, Losaka came to him and saluted him. Sāriputta stopped, and turning round said, "Well, did you get the food, brother?"

"I shall, no doubt, get it in good time," said the Elder. Sāriputta was greatly troubled, and looked to see what hour it was. But noon was passed[1]. "Stay here, Brother," said Sāriputta; "and do not move"; and he made Losaka Tissa sit down in the sitting-hall, and set out for the palace of the king of Kosala. The king bade his bowl be taken, and saying that it was past noon and therefore not the time to eat rice, ordered his bowl to be filled with the four sweet kinds of food[2]. With this he returned, and stood before him, bowl in hand, bidding the sage eat. But the Elder was ashamed, because of the reverence he had towards Sāriputta, and would not eat. "Come, brother Tissa," said Sāriputta, "'tis I must stand with the bowl; sit you down and eat. If the bowl left my hand, everything in it would vanish away."

So the venerable Elder Losaka Tissa ate the sweets, whilst the exalted Captain of the Faith stood holding the bowl; and thanks to the latter's merits and efficacy the food did not vanish. So the Elder Losaka Tissa ate as much as he wanted and was satisfied, and that selfsame day passed away by that death whereby existence ceases for ever.

The All-Enlightened Buddha stood by, and saw the body burned; and they built a shrine for the collected ashes.

Seated in conclave in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren said, "Brethren, Losaka was unlucky, and little was given to him. How came he with his unluck and his neediness to win the glory of Arahatship?"

Entering the Hall, the Master asked what they were talking about; and they told him. "Brethren," said he, "this Brother's own actions were the cause both of his receiving so little, and of his becoming an Arahat. In bygone days he had prevented others from receiving, and that is why he received so little himself. But it was by his meditating on sorrow, transitoriness, and the absence of an abiding principle in things, that he won Arahatship for himself." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the days of the Buddha Kassapa, there was a Brother who lived the village life and was maintained by a country squire. He was regular in his conduct as a Brother[3], virtuous in his life, and was filled to overflowing with insight. There was also an Elder, an Arahat, who lived with his fellows on terms of equality, and at the time of the story paid a first visit to the village where lived the squire who supported

[1] i.e. no more rice could be eaten that day. If a shadow of a finger's breadth is cast by an upright stick, a strict Brother will not eat rice and like foods.

[2] Honey, ghee, butter, and sugar.

[3] *Pakatatto* is explained by Rhys Davids and Oldenberg in the note to page 340 of Vol. xvii. of the *Sacred Books of the East* as meaning a Brother "who has not made himself liable to any disciplinary proceeding, has committed no irregularity."

this Brother. So pleased was the squire [237] with the very demeanour of the Elder that, taking his bowl, he led him into the house and with every mark of respect invited him to eat. Then he listened to a short discourse by the Elder, and at its close said, with a bow, "Sir, pray do not journey further than our monastery close by; in the evening I will come and call upon you there." So the Elder went to the monastery, saluting the resident Brother on his entrance; and, first courteously asking leave, took a seat by his side. The Brother received him with all friendliness, and asked whether any food had been given him as alms.

"Oh yes," replied the Elder. "Where, pray?" "Why, in your village close by, at the squire's house." And so saying, the Elder asked to be shewn his cell and made it ready. Then laying aside his bowl and robe, and seating himself, he became absorbed in blissful Insight and enjoyed the bliss of the Fruits of the Paths.

In the evening came the squire, with servants carrying flowers and perfumes and lamps and oil. Saluting the resident Brother, he asked whether a guest had appeared, an Elder. Being told that he had, the squire asked where he was and learned which cell had been given him. Then the squire went to the Elder and, first bowing courteously, seated himself by the Elder's side and listened to a discourse. In the cool of the evening the squire made his offerings at the Tope and Bo-Tree, lit his lamp, and departed with an invitation to both Elder and Brother to come up to his house next day for their meal.

"I'm losing my hold on the squire," thought the Brother. "If this Elder stops, I shall count for nothing with him." So he was discontented and fell a-scheming how to make the Elder see that he must not settle down there for good. Accordingly, when the Elder came to pay his respects in the early morning, the Brother did not open his lips. The Arahat read the other's thoughts and said to himself, "This Brother knows not that I shall never stand in his light either with the family that supports him or with his Brotherhood." And going back to his cell, he became absorbed in the bliss of Insight and in the bliss of the Fruits.

Next day, the resident Brother, having first knocked gingerly on the gong[1], and having tapped on the gong with the back of his nail, went off alone to the squire's house. Taking from him his alms-bowl, the squire bade him be seated and asked where the stranger was.

"I know no news of your friend," said the Brother. "Though I knocked on the gong and tapped at his door, I couldn't wake him. I can

[1] For *gaṇḍi* meaning 'a gong,' cf. *Jāt.* IV. 306; but see note p. 213 of Vol. xx. of *S. B. E.* It is doubtful what *kapiṭṭhena* can mean. Can the true reading be (*punadivase*) *nakhapiṭṭhena*, i.e. 'with the back of his nail'? The resident Brother's object was to go through the form of waking the guest without disturbing his slumbers.

only presume that his dainty fare [238] here yesterday has disagreed with him and that he is still a-bed in consequence. Possibly such doings may commend themselves to you."

(Meantime the Arahat, who had waited till the time came to go his round for alms, had washed and dressed and risen with bowl and robe in the air and gone elsewhere.)

The squire gave the Brother rice and milk to eat, with ghee and sugar and honey in it. Then he had his bowl scoured with perfumed chunam powder and filled afresh, saying, "Sir, the Elder must be fatigued with his journey; take him this." Without demur the Brother took the food and went his way, thinking to himself, "If our friend once gets a taste of this, taking him by the throat and kicking him out of doors won't get rid of him. But how can I get rid of it? If I give it away to a human being, it will be known. If I throw it into the water, the ghee will float on top. And as for throwing it away on the ground, that will only bring all the crows of the district flocking to the spot." In his perplexity his eye fell on a field that had been fired, and, scraping out the embers, he flung the contents of his bowl into the hole, filled in the embers on the top, and went off home. Not finding the Elder there, he thought that the Arahat had understood his jealousy and departed. "Woe is me," he cried, "for my greed has made me to sin."

And thenceforth sore affliction befell him and he became like a living ghost. Dying soon after, he was re-born in hell and there was tormented for hundreds of thousands of years. By reason of his ripening sin, in five hundred successive births he was an ogre and never had enough to eat, except one day when he enjoyed a surfeit of offal. Next, for five hundred more existences he was a dog, and here too, only on one single day had his fill—of a vomit of rice; on no other occasion did he have enough to eat. Even when he ceased to be a dog, he was only born into a beggar family in a Kāsi village. From the hour of his birth, that family became still more beggared, and he never got half as much water-gruel as he wanted. And he was called Mitta-vindaka [239].

Unable at last to endure the pangs of hunger[1] that now beset them, his father and mother beat him and drove him away, crying, "Begone, you curse!"

In the course of his wanderings, the little outcast came to Benares, where in those days the Bodhisatta was a teacher of world-wide fame with five hundred young Brahmins to teach. In those times the Benares folk used to give day by day commons of food to poor lads and had them taught free, and so this Mitta-vindaka also became a charity scholar under the Bodhisatta. But he was fierce and intractable, always fighting with his fellows

[1] Reading *chātakadukkham* for Fausböll's *jātakadukkham*.

and heedless of his master's reproofs; and so the Bodhisatta's fees fell off. And as he quarrelled so, and would not brook reproof, the youth ended by running away, and came to a border-village where he hired himself out for a living, and married a miserably poor woman by whom he had two children. Later, the villagers paid him to teach them what was true doctrine and what was false, and gave him a hut to live in at the entrance to their village. But, all because of Mitta-vindaka's coming to live among them, the king's vengeance fell seven times on those villagers, and seven times were their homes burned to the ground; seven times too did their water-tank dry up.

Then they considered the matter and agreed that it was not so with them before Mitta-vindaka's coming, but that ever since he came they had been going from bad to worse. So with blows they drove him from their village; and forth he went with his family, and came to a haunted forest. And there the demons killed and ate his wife and children. Fleeing thence, he came after many wanderings to a village on the coast called Gambhīra, arriving on a day when a ship was putting to sea; and he hired himself for service aboard. For a week the ship held on her way, but on the seventh day she came to a complete standstill in mid-ocean, as though she had run upon a rock. Then they cast lots, in order to rid them of their bane; and seven times the lot fell on Mitta-vindaka. So they gave him a raft of bamboos, and laying hold of him, cast him overboard. And forthwith the ship made way again [240].

Mitta-vindaka clambered on to his bamboos and floated on the waves. Thanks to his having obeyed the commandments in the times of the Buddha Kassapa, he found in mid-ocean four daughters of the gods dwelling in a palace of crystal, with whom he dwelt happily for seven days. Now palace-ghosts enjoy happiness only for seven days at a time; and so, when the seventh day came and they had to depart to their punishment, they left him with an injunction to await their return. But no sooner were they departed, than Mitta-vindaka put off on his raft again and came to where eight daughters of the gods dwelt in a palace of silver. Leaving them in turn, he came to where sixteen daughters of the gods dwelt in a palace of jewels, and thereafter to where thirty-two dwelt in a palace of gold. Paying no regard to their words, again he sailed away and came to a city of ogres, set among islands. And there an ogress was ranging about in the shape of a goat. Not knowing that she was an ogress, Mitta-vindaka thought to make a meal off the goat, and seized hold of the creature by the leg. Straightway, by virtue of her demon-nature, she hurled him up and away over the ocean, and plump he fell in a thorn-brake on the slopes of the dry moat of Benares, and thence rolled to earth.

Now it chanced that at that time thieves used to frequent that moat

and kill the King's goats; and the goatherds had hidden themselves hard by to catch the rascals.

Mitta-vindaka picked himself up and saw the goats. Thought he to himself, "Well, it was a goat in an island in the ocean that, being seized by the leg, hurled me here over seas. Perhaps, if I do the same by one of these goats, I may get hurled back again to where the daughters of the gods dwell in their ocean palaces." So, without thinking, he seized one of the goats by the leg. At once the goat began to bleat, and the goatherds came running up from every side. They laid hold of him at once, crying, "This is the thief that has so long lived on the King's goats." And they beat him and began to haul him away in bonds to the King.

Just at that time the Bodhisatta, with his five hundred young Brahmins round him, was coming out of the city to bathe. Seeing and recognising Mitta-vindaka, he said to the goatherds, "Why, this is a pupil of mine, my good men; what have you seized him for?" "Master," said they, "we caught this thief in the act of seizing a goat by the leg, and that's why we've got hold of him." "Well," [241] said the Bodhisatta, "suppose you hand him over to us to live with us as our slave." "All right, sir," replied the men, and letting their prisoner go, they went their way. Then the Bodhisatta asked Mitta-vindaka where he had been all that long time; and Mitta-vindaka told him all that he had done.

"'Tis through not hearkening to those who wished him well," said the Bodhisatta, "that he has suffered all these misfortunes." And he recited this stanza:—

The headstrong man who, when exhorted, pays
No heed to friends who kindly counsel give,
Shall come to certain harm,—like Mittaka,
When by the leg he seized the grazing goat.

And in those times both that Teacher and Mitta-vindaka passed away, and their after-lot was according to their deeds.

Said the Master, "This Losaka was himself the cause both of his getting little and of his getting Arahatship." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The Elder Losaka Tissa was the Mitta-vindaka of those days, and I the Teacher of world-wide fame[1]."

[1] Compare Nos. 82, 104, 369, 439, *Petavatthu* No. 43, *Avadāna-Ṣataka* No. 50, *J. As.* 1878, and *Ind. Antiq.* x. 293. A dubious attempt to trace in the wanderings of Mittavinda the germ of part of the wanderings of Ulysses, has been made by the Bishop of Colombo in the *Ceylon R. A. S. Journal*, 1884.

No. 42.

KAPOTA-JĀTAKA.

"*The headstrong man.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain greedy Brother. His greediness will be related in the Ninth Book in the Kāka-Jātaka[1].

But on this occasion the Brethren told the Master, saying, "Sir, this Brother is greedy."

Said the Master, "Is it true [242] as they say, Brother, that you are greedy?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"So too in bygone days, Brother, you were greedy, and by reason of your greediness lost your life; also you caused the wise and good to lose their home." And so saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a pigeon. Now the Benares folk of those days, as an act of goodness, used to hang up straw-baskets in divers places for the shelter and comfort of the birds; and the cook of the Lord High Treasurer of Benares hung up one of these baskets in his kitchen. In this basket the Bodhisatta took up his abode, sallying out at daybreak in quest of food, and returning home in the evening; and so he lived his life.

But one day a crow, flying over the kitchen, snuffed up the goodly savour from the salt and fresh fish and meat there, and was filled with longing to taste it. Casting about how to have his will, he perched hard by, and at evening saw the Bodhisatta come home and go into the kitchen. "Ah!" thought he, "I can manage it through the pigeon."

So back he came next day at dawn, and, when the Bodhisatta sallied out in quest of food, kept following him about from place to place like his shadow. So the Bodhisatta said, "Why do you keep with me, friend?"

"My lord," answered the crow, "your demeanour has won my admiration; and henceforth it is my wish to follow you." "But your kind of food and mine, friend, is not the same," said the Bodhisatta; "you will be hard put to it if you attach yourself to me." "My lord," said the crow, "when you are seeking your food, I will feed too, by your side." "So be it, then," said the Bodhisatta; "only you must be earnest." And with this admonition to the crow, the Bodhisatta ranged about pecking up grass-seeds; whilst the other went about turning over cowdung and pick-

[1] This is an inadvertence of the compiler. There is no Kāka-jātaka in the 9th book, though there is in the 6th (No. 395), where it is stated that 'the Introductory Story has already been related.' See Nos. 274 and 375.

ing out the insects underneath till he had got his fill. Then back he came to the Bodhisatta and remarked, "My lord, you give too much time to eating; excess therein should be shunned."

And when the Bodhisatta had fed and reached home again at evening, in flew the crow with him into the kitchen [243].

"Why, our bird has brought another home with him;" exclaimed the cook, and hung up a second basket for the crow. And from that time onward the two birds dwelt together in the kitchen.

Now one day the Lord High Treasurer had in a store of fish which the cook hung up about the kitchen. Filled with greedy longing at the sight, the crow made up his mind to stay at home next day and treat himself to this excellent fare.

So all the night long he lay groaning away; and next day, when the Bodhisatta was starting in search of food, and cried, "Come along, friend crow," the crow replied, "Go without me, my lord; for I have a pain in my stomach." "Friend," answered the Bodhisatta, "I never heard of crows having pains in their stomachs before. True, crows feel faint in each of the three night-watches; but if they eat a lamp-wick, their hunger is appeased for the moment[1]. You must be hankering after the fish in the kitchen here. Come now, man's food will not agree with you. Do not give way like this, but come and seek your food with me." "Indeed, I am not able, my lord," said the crow. "Well, your own conduct will shew," said the Bodhisatta. "Only fall not a prey to greed, but stand steadfast." And with this exhortation, away he flew to find his daily food.

The cook took several kinds of fish, and dressed some one way, some another. Then lifting the lids off his saucepans a little to let the steam out, he put a colander on the top of one and went outside the door, where he stood wiping the sweat from his brow. Just at that moment out popped the crow's head from the basket. A glance told him that the cook was away, and, "Now or never," thought he, "is my time. The only question is shall I choose minced meat or a big lump?" Arguing that it takes a long time to make a full meal of minced meat, he resolved to take a large piece of fish and sit and eat it in his basket. So out he flew and alighted on the colander. "Click" went the colander.

"What can that be?" said the cook, running in on hearing the noise. Seeing the crow, he cried, "Oh, there's that rascally crow wanting to eat my master's dinner. I have to work for my master, not for that rascal! What's he to me, I should like to know?" So, first shutting the door, he caught the crow and plucked every feather [244] off his body. Then, he pounded up ginger with salt and cumin, and mixed in sour butter-milk—finally sousing the crow in the pickle and flinging him back into his

[1] Cf. Vol. II. p. 262.

basket. And there the crow lay groaning, overcome by the agony of his pain.

At evening the Bodhisatta came back, and saw the wretched plight of the crow. "Ah! greedy crow," he exclaimed, "you would not heed my words, and now your own greed has worked you woe." So saying, he repeated this stanza:—

> The headstrong man who, when exhorted, pays
> No heed to friends who kindly counsel give,
> Shall surely perish, like the greedy crow,
> Who laughed to scorn the pigeon's warning words.

Then, exclaiming "I too can no longer dwell here," the Bodhisatta flew away. But the crow died there and then, and the cook flung him, basket and all, on the dust-heap.

Said the Master, "You were greedy, Brother, in bygone times, just as you are now; and all because of your greediness the wise and good of those days had to abandon their homes." Having ended this lesson, the Master preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof that Brother won the Fruit of the Second Path. Then the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth as follows:—"The greedy Brother was the crow of those times, and I the pigeon."

No. 43.

VEḶUKA-JĀTAKA.

"*The headstrong man.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain headstrong Brother. For the Blessed One asked him whether the report was true that he was headstrong, and the Brother admitted that it was. "Brother," said the Master, "this is not the first time you have been headstrong: you were just as headstrong in former days also, [245] and, as the result of your headstrong refusal to follow the advice of the wise and good, you met your end by the bite of a snake." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a wealthy family in the Kingdom of Kāsi. Having come to years of discretion, he saw how from passion springs pain and how true bliss comes by the abandonment of passion. So he put lusts from him, and going forth to the Himalayas became a hermit, winning by fulfilment of the ordained mystic meditations the five orders of the

Higher Knowledge and the eight Attainments. And as he lived his life in the rapture of Insight, he came in after times to have a large following of five hundred hermits, whose teacher he was.

Now one day a young poisonous viper, wandering about as vipers do, came to the hut of one of the hermits; and that Brother grew as fond of the creature as if it were his own child, housing it in a joint of bamboo and shewing kindness to it. And because it was lodged in a joint of bamboo, the viper was known by the name of "Bamboo." Moreover, because the hermit was as fond of the viper as if it were his own child, they called him "Bamboo's Father."

Hearing that one of the Brethren was keeping a viper, the Bodhisatta sent for that Brother and asked whether the report was true. When told that it was true, the Bodhisatta said, "A viper can never be trusted; keep it no longer."

"But," urged the Brother, "my viper is dear to me as a pupil to a teacher;—I could not live without him." "Well then," answered the Bodhisatta, "know that this very snake will lose you your life." But heedless of the master's warning, that Brother still kept the pet he could not bear to part with. Only a very few days later all the Brethren went out to gather fruits, and coming to a spot where all kinds grew in plenty, they stayed there two or three days. With them went "Bamboo's Father," leaving his viper behind in its bamboo prison. Two or three days afterwards, when he came back, he bethought him of feeding the creature, and, opening the cane, stretched out his hand, saying, "Come, my son; you must be hungry." But angry with its long fast, the viper bit his outstretched hand, killing him on the spot, and made its escape into the forest.

Seeing him lying there dead, the Brethren came and told the Bodhisatta [246], who bade the body be burned. Then, seated in their midst, he exhorted the Brethren by repeating this stanza:—

> The headstrong man, who, when exhorted, pays
> No heed to friends who kindly counsel give,—
> Like 'Bamboo's father,' shall be brought to nought.

Thus did the Bodhisatta exhort his followers; and he developed within himself the four Noble States, and at his death was re-born into the Brahma Realm.

Said the Master, "Brother, this is not the first time you have shewn yourself headstrong; you were no less headstrong in times gone by, and thereby met your death from a viper's bite." Having ended his lesson, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "In those days, this headstrong Brother was 'Bamboo's Father,' my disciples were the band of disciples, and I myself their teacher."

No. 44.

MAKASA-JĀTAKA.

"*Sense-lacking friends.*"—This story was told by the Master whilst on an alms-pilgrimage in Magadha, about some stupid villagers in a certain hamlet. Tradition says that, after travelling from Sāvatthi to the kingdom of Magadha, he was on his round in that kingdom when he arrived at a certain hamlet, which was thronged with fools. In this hamlet these fools met together one day, and debated together, saying, "Friends, when we are at work in the jungle, the mosquitos devour us; and that hinders our work. Let us, arming ourselves with bows and weapons, go to war with the mosquitos and shoot or hew them all to death." So off to the jungle they went, and shouting, "Shoot down the mosquitos," shot and struck one another, till they were in a sad state and returned only to sink on the ground in or within the village or at its entrance.

Surrounded by the Order of the Brethren, the Master came in quest of alms to that village. The sensible minority among the inhabitants no sooner saw the Blessed One, than they erected a pavilion at the entrance to their village and, after bestowing large alms on the [247] Brotherhood with the Buddha at its head, bowed to the Master and seated themselves. Observing wounded men lying around on this side and on that, the Master asked those lay-brothers, saying, "There are numbers of disabled men about; what has happened to them?" "Sir," was the reply, "they went forth to war with the mosquitos, but only shot one another and so disabled themselves." Said the Master, "This is not the first time that these foolish people have dealt out blows to themselves instead of to the mosquitos they meant to kill; in former times, also, there were those who, meaning to hit a mosquito, hit a fellow-creature instead." And so saying, at those villagers' request he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta gained his livelihood as a trader. In those days in a border-village in Kāsi there dwelt a number of carpenters. And it chanced that one of them, a bald grey-haired man, was planing away at some wood, with his head glistening like a copper bowl, when a mosquito settled on his scalp and stung him with its dart-like sting.

Said the carpenter to his son, who was seated hard by,—"My boy, there's a mosquito stinging me on the head; do drive it away." "Hold still then, father," said the son; "one blow will settle it."

(At that very time the Bodhisatta had reached that village in the way of trade, and was sitting in the carpenter's shop.)

"Rid me of it," cried the father. "All right, father," answered the son, who was behind the old man's back, and, raising a sharp axe on high with intent to kill only the mosquito, he cleft—his father's head in twain. So the old man fell dead on the spot.

Thought the Bodhisatta, who had been an eye-witness of the whole scene,—"Better than such a friend is an enemy with sense, whom fear

of men's vengeance will deter from killing a man." And he recited these lines:—

> Sense-lacking friends are worse than foes with sense;
> Witness the son that sought the gnat to slay,
> But cleft, poor fool, his father's skull in twain. [248]

So saying, the Bodhisatta rose up and departed, passing away in after days to fare according to his deserts. And as for the carpenter, his body was burned by his kinsfolk.

"Thus, lay brethren," said the Master, "in bygone times also there were those who, seeking to hit a mosquito, struck down a fellow-creature." This lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "In those days I was myself the wise and good trader who departed after repeating the stanza."

No. 45.

ROHIṆĪ-JĀTAKA.

"*Sense-lacking friends.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a maid-servant of the Lord High Treasurer, Anātha-piṇḍika. For he is said to have had a maid-servant named Rohiṇī, whose aged mother came to where the girl was pounding rice, and lay down. The flies came round the old woman and stung her as with a needle, so she cried to her daughter, "The flies are stinging me, my dear; do drive them away." "Oh! I'll drive them away, mother," said the girl, lifting her pestle to the flies which had settled on her mother. Then, crying, "I'll kill them!", she smote her mother such a blow as to kill the old woman outright. Seeing what she had done the girl began to weep and cry, "Oh! mother, mother!"

The news was brought to the Lord High Treasurer, who, after having the body burnt, went his way to the Monastery, and told the Master what had happened. "This is not the first time, layman," said the Master, "that in Rohiṇī's anxiety to kill the flies on her mother, she has struck her mother dead with a pestle; she did precisely the same in times past." Then at Anātha-piṇḍika's request, he told this story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born the son of the Lord High Treasurer, and came to be Lord High Treasurer himself at his father's death. And he, too, had a maid-servant whose name was Rohiṇī. And her mother, in like manner, went to where the daughter was pounding rice, and lay down, and called

out, 'Do drive these flies off me, my dear,' and in just the same way she struck her mother with a pestle, and killed her, and began to weep.

Hearing of what had happened, [249] the Bodhisatta reflected: 'Here, in this world, even an enemy, with sense, would be preferable,' and recited these lines:—

Sense-lacking friends are worse than foes with sense,
Witness the girl whose reckless hand laid low
Her mother, whom she now laments in vain.

In these lines in praise of the wise, did the Bodhisatta preach the Truth.

"This is not the first time, layman," said the Master, "that in Rohiṇī's anxiety to kill flies she has killed her own mother instead." This lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying:—"The mother and daughter of to-day were also mother and daughter of those bygone times, and I myself the Lord High Treasurer."

No. 46.

ĀRĀMADŪSAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*'Tis knowledge.*"—This story was told by the Master in a certain hamlet of Kosala about one who spoiled a pleasaunce.

Tradition says that, in the course of an alms-journey among the people of Kosâla, the Master came to a certain hamlet. A squire of the place invited the Buddha to take the mid-day meal at his house, and had his guest seated in the pleasaunce, where he shewed hospitality to the Brotherhood with the Buddha at its head, and courteously gave them leave to stroll at will about his grounds. So the Brethren rose up and walked about the grounds with the gardener. Observing in their walk a bare space, they said to the gardener, "Lay-disciple, elsewhere in the pleasaunce there is abundant shade; but here there's neither tree nor shrub. How comes this?"

"Sirs," replied the man, "when these grounds were being laid out, a village lad, who was doing the watering, pulled up all the young trees hereabouts and then gave them much or little [250] water according to the size of their roots. So the young trees withered and died off; and that is why this space is bare."

Drawing near to the Master, the Brethren told him this. "Yes, Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that village lad has spoiled a pleasaunce; he did precisely the same in bygone times also." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, a festival was proclaimed in the city; and at the first summoning notes of the festal drum out poured the townsfolk to keep holiday.

Now in those days, a tribe of monkeys was living in the king's pleasaunce; and the king's gardener thought to himself, "They 're holiday-making up in the city. I'll get the monkeys to do the watering for me, and be off to enjoy myself with the rest." So saying, he went to the king of the monkeys, and, first dwelling on the benefits his majesty and his subjects enjoyed from residence in the pleasaunce in the way of flowers and fruit and young shoots to eat, ended by saying, "To-day there's holiday-making up in the city, and I'm off to enjoy myself. Couldn't you water the young trees while I'm away?"

"Oh! yes," said the monkey.

"Only mind you do," said the gardener; and off he went, giving the monkeys the water-skins and wooden watering-pots to do the work with.

Then the monkeys took the water-skins and watering-pots, and fell to watering the young trees. "But we must mind not to waste the water," observed their king; "as you water, first pull each young tree up and look at the size of its roots. Then give plenty of water to those whose roots strike deep, but only a little to those with tiny roots. When this water is all gone, we shall be hard put to it to get more."

"To be sure," said the other monkeys, and did as he bade them.

At this juncture a certain wise man, seeing the monkeys thus engaged, asked them why they pulled up tree after tree and watered them according to the size of their roots.

"Because such are our king's commands," answered the monkeys.

Their reply moved the wise man to reflect how, with every desire to do good, the ignorant and foolish only succeed in doing harm. And he recited this stanza: [251]

'Tis knowledge crowns endeavour with success,
For fools are thwarted by their foolishness,
—Witness the ape that killed the garden trees.

With this rebuke to the king of the monkeys, the wise man departed with his followers from the pleasaunce.

Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that this village lad has spoiled pleasaunces; he was just the same in bygone times also." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The village lad who spoiled this pleasaunce was the king of the monkeys in those days, and I was myself the wise and good man."

[*Note.* Cf. Nos. 268 and 271; and see the scene sculptured in the *Stūpa of Bharhut*, Plate xlv, 5.]

No. 47.

VĀRUṆI-JĀTAKA.

"*'Tis knowledge.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about one who spoiled spirits. Tradition says that Anātha-piṇḍika had a friend who kept a tavern. This friend got ready a supply of strong spirits which he sold for gold and for silver[1], and his tavern was crowded. He gave orders to his apprentice to sell for cash only, and went off himself to bathe. This apprentice, while serving out the grog to his customers, observed them sending out for salt and jagghery and eating it as a whet. Thought he to himself, "There can't be any salt in our liquor; I'll put some in." So he put a pound of salt in a bowl of grog, and served it out to the customers. And they no sooner took a mouthful, than they spat it out again, saying, "What have you been up to?" "I saw you sending for salt after drinking our liquor, so I mixed some salt in." "And that's how you've spoilt good liquor, you booby," cried the customers, and with abuse they got up one after another and flung out of the tavern. When the keeper of the tavern came home, and did not see [252] a single customer about, he asked where they had all got to. So the apprentice told him what had happened. Rating him for his folly, the man went off and told Anātha-piṇḍika. And the latter, thinking the story a good one to tell, repaired to Jetavana, where after due obeisance he told the Master all about it.

"This is not the first time, layman," said the Master, "that this apprentice has spoiled spirits. He did just the same once before." Then at Anātha-piṇḍika's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was the Treasurer of Benares, and had a tavern-keeper who lived under his protection. This man having got ready a supply of strong spirits, which he left his apprentice[2] to sell while he himself went off to bathe, during his absence his apprentice mixed salt with the liquor, and spoiled it just in the same way. When on his return the young man's guide and master[2] came to know what had been done, he told the story to the Treasurer. 'Truly,' said the latter, 'the ignorant and foolish, with every desire to do good, only succeed in doing harm.' And he recited this stanza:

'Tis knowledge crowns endeavour with success;
For fools are thwarted by their foolishness,
—Witness Koṇḍañña's salted bowl of grog.

In these lines the Bodhisatta taught the truth.

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[1] Apparently regarded as a 'Jewish' proceeding, as opposed to normal barter.

[2] With a dry humour, the Pāli applies to the publican and his apprentice the terms normally applied to a religious teacher and his pupil.

Said the Master, "Layman, this same person spoiled spirits in the past as now." Then he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "He who spoiled the spirits now was also the spoiler of the spirits in those bygone days, and I myself was then the Treasurer of Benares."

No. 48.

VEDABBHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Misguided effort.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about a self-willed Brother. Said the Master to that Brother, "This is not the first time, Brother, that you have been self-willed; you were of just the same disposition in bygone times also [253]; and therefore it was that, as you would not follow the advice of the wise and good, you came to be cut in two by a sharp sword and were flung on the highway; and you were the sole cause why a thousand men met their end." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there was a brahmin in a village who knew the charm called Vedabbha. Now this charm, so they say, was precious beyond all price. For, if at a certain conjunction of the planets the charm was repeated and the gaze bent upwards to the skies, straightway from the heavens there rained the Seven Things of Price,—gold, silver, pearl, coral, catseye, ruby, and diamond.

In those days the Bodhisatta was a pupil of this brahmin; and one day his master left the village on some business or other, and came with the Bodhisatta to the country of Ceti.

In a forest by the way dwelt five hundred robbers—known as "the Despatchers"—who made the way impassable. And these caught the Bodhisatta and the Vedabbha-brahmin. (Why, you ask, were they called the Despatchers?—Well, the story goes that of every two prisoners they made they used to *despatch* one to fetch the ransom; and that's why they were called the Despatchers. If they captured a father and a son, they told the father to go for the ransom to free his son; if they caught a mother and her daughter, they sent the mother for the money; if they caught two brothers, they let the elder go; and so too, if they caught a teacher and his pupil, it was the pupil they set free. In this case, therefore, they kept the Vedabbha-brahmin, and sent the Bodhisatta for

the ransom.) And the Bodhisatta said with a bow to his master, "In a day or two I shall surely come back; have no fear; only fail not to do as I shall say. To-day will come to pass the conjunction of the planets which brings about the rain of the Things of Price. Take heed lest, yielding to this mishap, you repeat the charm and call down the precious shower. For, if you do, calamity will certainly befall both you and this band of robbers." With this warning to his master, the Bodhisatta went his way in quest of the ransom.

At sunset the robbers bound the brahmin and laid him by the heels. Just at this moment the full moon rose over the eastern horizon, and the brahmin, studying the heavens, knew [254] that the great conjunction was taking place. "Why," thought he, "should I suffer this misery? By repeating the charm I will call down the precious rain, pay the robbers the ransom, and go free." So he called out to the robbers, "Friends, why do you take me a prisoner?" "To get a ransom, reverend sir," said they. "Well, if that is all you want," said the brahmin, "make haste and untie me; have my head bathed, and new clothes put on me; and let me be perfumed and decked with flowers. Then leave me to myself." The robbers did as he bade them. And the brahmin, marking the conjunction of the planets, repeated his charm with eyes uplifted to the heavens. Forthwith the Things of Price poured down from the skies! The robbers picked them all up, wrapping their booty into bundles with their cloaks. Then with their brethren they marched away; and the brahmin followed in the rear. But, as luck would have it, the party was captured by a second band of five hundred robbers! "Why do you seize us?" said the first to the second band. "For booty," was the answer. "If booty is what you want, seize on that brahmin, who by simply gazing up at the skies brought down riches as rain. It was he who gave us all that we have got." So the second band of robbers let the first band go, and seized on the brahmin, crying, "Give us riches too!" "It would give me great pleasure," said the brahmin; "but it will be a year before the requisite conjunction of the planets takes place again. If you will only be so good as to wait till then, I will invoke the precious shower for you."

"Rascally brahmin!" cried the angry robbers, "you made the other band rich off-hand, but want us to wait a whole year!" And they cut him in two with a sharp sword, and flung his body in the middle of the road. Then hurrying after the first band of robbers, they killed every man of them too in hand-to-hand fight, and seized the booty. Next, they divided into two companies and fought among themselves, company against company, till two hundred and fifty men were slain. And so they went on killing one another, till only two were left alive. Thus did those thousand men come to destruction.

Now, when the two survivors had managed to carry off the treasure they hid it in the jungle near a village; and one of them sat there, sword in hand, [255] to guard it, whilst the other went into the village to get rice and have it cooked for supper.

"Covetousness is the root of ruin!" mused he[1] that stopped by the treasure. "When my mate comes back, he'll want half of this. Suppose I kill him the moment he gets back." So he drew his sword and sat waiting for his comrade's return.

Meanwhile, the other had equally reflected that the booty had to be halved, and thought to himself, "Suppose I poison the rice, and give it him to eat and so kill him, and have the whole of the treasure to myself." Accordingly, when the rice was boiled, he first ate his own share, and then put poison in the rest, which he carried back with him to the jungle. But scarce had he set it down, when the other robber cut him in two with his sword, and hid the body away in a secluded spot. Then he ate the poisoned rice, and died then and there. Thus, by reason of the treasure, not only the brahmin but all the robbers came to destruction.

Howbeit, after a day or two the Bodhisatta came back with the ransom. Not finding his master where he had left him, but seeing treasure strewn all round about, his heart misgave him that, in spite of his advice, his master must have called down a shower of treasure from the skies, and that all must have perished in consequence; and he proceeded along the road. On his way he came to where his master's body lay cloven in twain upon the way. "Alas!" he cried, "he is dead through not heeding my warning." Then with gathered sticks he made a pyre and burnt his master's body, making an offering of wild flowers. Further along the road, he came upon the five hundred "Despatchers," and further still upon the two hundred and fifty, and so on by degrees until at last he came to where lay only two corpses. Marking how of the thousand all but two had perished, and feeling sure that there must be two survivors, and that these could not refrain from strife, he pressed on to see where they had gone. So on he went till he found the path by which with the treasure they had turned into the jungle; and there he found the heap of bundles of treasure, and one robber lying dead with his rice-bowl overturned at his side. Realising the whole story at a glance, the Bodhisatta set himself to search for the missing man, and at last found his body in the secret spot where it had been flung [256]. "And thus," mused the Bodhisatta, "through not following my counsel my master in his self-will has been the means of destroying not himself only but a thousand others also. Truly, they that

[1] Or perhaps a full stop should be inserted after *eva ti*, the words "Covetousness ...ruin" being treated as a maxim quoted parenthetically by the author.

seek their own gain by mistaken and misguided means shall reap ruin, even as my master." And he repeated this stanza :—

> Misguided effort leads to loss, not gain;
> Thieves killed Vedabbha and themselves were slain.

Thus spake the Bodhisatta, and he went on to say,—"And even as my master's misguided and misplaced effort in causing the rain of treasure to fall from heaven wrought both his own death and the destruction of others with him, even so shall every other man who by mistaken means seeks to compass his own advantage, utterly perish and involve others in his destruction." With these words did the Bodhisatta make the forest ring; and in this stanza did he preach the Truth, whilst the Tree-fairies shouted applause. The treasure he contrived to carry off to his own home, where he lived out his term of life in the exercise of almsgiving and other good works. And when his life closed, he departed to the heaven he had won.

Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Brother, you were self-willed; you were self-willed in bygone times as well; and by your selfwill you came to utter destruction." His lesson ended, he identified the Birth by saying, "The selfwilled Brother was the Vedabbha-brahmin of those days, and I myself his pupil."

[*Note.* Dr Richard Morris was the first to trace in this Jātaka an early form of Chaucer's *Pardoner's Tale* (see *Contemporary Review* for May, 1881); Mr H. T. Francis and Mr C. H. Tawney independently traced the same connection in *the Academy*, Dec. 22, 1883 (subsequently reprinted in an enlarged form), and in *the Cambridge Journal of Philology*, Vol. XII. 1883. See also Clouston's *Popular Tales and Fictions.*]

No. 49.

NAKKHATTA-JĀTAKA.

[257] "*The fool may watch.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about a certain Naked-ascetic. Tradition says that a gentleman of the country near Sāvatthi asked in marriage for his son a young Sāvatthi lady of equal rank. Having fixed a day to come and fetch the bride, he subsequently consulted a Naked-ascetic who was intimate with his family, as to whether the stars were favourable for holding the festivities that day.

"He didn't ask me in the first instance," thought the indignant ascetic, "but having already fixed the day, without consulting me, just makes an empty

reference to me now. Very good; I'll teach him a lesson." So he made answer that the stars were not favourable for that day; that the nuptials ought not to be celebrated that day; and that, if they were, great misfortune would come of it. And the country family in their faith in their ascetic did not go for the bride that day. Now the bride's friends in the town had made all their preparations for celebrating the nuptials, and when they saw that the other side did not come, they said, "It was they who fixed to-day, and yet they have not come; and we have gone to great expense about it all. Who are these people, forsooth? Let us marry the girl to someone else." So they found another bridegroom and gave the girl to him in marriage with all the festivities they had already prepared.

Next day the country party came to fetch the bride. But the Sāvatthi people rated them as follows:—"You country folk are a bad lot; you fixed the day yourselves, and then insulted us by not coming. We have given the maiden to another." The country party started a quarrel, but in the end went home the way they came.

Now the Brethren came to know how that Naked-ascetic had thwarted the festivity, and they began to talk the matter over in the Hall of Truth. Entering the Hall, and learning on enquiry the subject of their conversation, the Master said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that this same ascetic has thwarted the festivities of that family; out of pique with them, he did just the same thing once before." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, some townsfolk had asked a country-girl in marriage and had named the day. Having already made the arrangement, they asked their family ascetic whether the stars were propitious for the ceremony on that day. Piqued at their having fixed the day to suit themselves without first taking counsel with *him*, the ascetic made up his mind to thwart their marriage festivities for that day; [258] and accordingly he made answer that the stars were not favourable for that day, and that, if they persisted, grave misfortune would be the result. So, in their faith in the ascetic, they stayed at home! When the country folk found that the town party did not come, they said among themselves, "It was they who fixed the marriage for to-day, and now they have not come. Who are they, forsooth?" And they married the girl to someone else.

Next day the townsfolk came and asked for the girl; but they of the country made this answer:—"You town-people lack common decency. You yourselves named the day and yet did not come to fetch the bride. As you stopped away, we married her to someone else." "But we asked our ascetic, and he told us the stars were unfavourable. That's why we did not come yesterday. Give us the girl." "You didn't come at the proper time, and now she's another's. How can we marry her twice over?" Whilst they wrangled thus with one another, a wise man from the town came into the country on business. Hearing the townsfolk explain that they had consulted their ascetic and that their absence was due to the unfavourable disposition of the stars, he exclaimed, "What, forsooth, do

the stars matter? Is not the lucky thing to get the girl?" And, so saying, he repeated this stanza :—

The fool may watch for 'lucky days,'
Yet luck shall always miss;
'Tis luck itself is luck's own star.
What can mere stars achieve?

As for the townsfolk, as they did not get the girl for all their wrangling, they had to go off home again!

Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that this Naked-ascetic has thwarted that family's festivities; he did just the same thing in bygone times also." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "This ascetic [259] was also the ascetic of those days, and the families too were the same; I myself was the wise and good man who uttered the stanza."

No. 50.

DUMMEDHA-JĀTAKA.

"*A thousand evil-doers.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about actions done for the world's good, as will be explained in the Twelfth Book in the Mahā-Kaṇha-jātaka[1].

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was reborn in the womb of the Queen Consort. When he was born, he was named Prince Brahmadatta on his name-day. By sixteen years of age he had been well educated at Takkasilā, had learned the Three Vedas by heart, and was versed in the Eighteen Branches of Knowledge. And his father made him a Viceroy.

Now in those days the Benares folk were much given to festivals to 'gods,' and used to shew honour to 'gods.' It was their wont to massacre numbers of sheep, goats, poultry, swine, and other living creatures, and perform their rites not merely with flowers and perfumes but with gory

[1] No. 469.

carcasses. Thought the destined Lord of Mercy to himself, "Led astray by superstition, men now wantonly sacrifice life; the multitude are for the most part given up to irreligion: but when at my father's death I succeed to my inheritance, I will find means to end such destruction of life. I will devise some clever stratagem whereby the evil shall be stopped without harming a single human being." In this mood the prince one day mounted his chariot and drove out of the city. On the way he saw a crowd gathered together at a holy banyan-tree, praying to the fairy who had been reborn in that tree, to grant them sons and daughters, honour and wealth, each according to his heart's desire. Alighting from his chariot the Bodhisatta drew near to the tree and behaved as a worshipper so far as to make offerings of perfumes and flowers, sprinkling the tree with water, and pacing reverently round its trunk. Then mounting his chariot again, he went his way back into the city.

Thenceforth the prince made like journeys from time to time to the tree [260], and worshipped it like a true believer in 'gods.'

In due course, when his father died, the Bodhisatta ruled in his stead. Shunning the four evil courses, and practising the ten royal virtues, he ruled his people in righteousness. And now that his desire had come to pass and he was king, the Bodhisatta set himself to fulfil his former resolve. So he called together his ministers, the brahmins, the gentry, and the other orders of the people, and asked the assembly whether they knew how he had made himself king. But no man could tell.

"Have you ever seen me reverently worshipping a banyan-tree with perfumes and the like, and bowing down before it?"

"Sire, we have," said they.

"Well, I was making a vow; and the vow was that, if ever I became king, I would offer a sacrifice to that tree. And now that by help of the god I have come to be king, I will offer my promised sacrifice. So prepare it with all speed."

"But what are we to make it of?"

"My vow," said the king, "was this:—All such as are addicted to the Five Sins, to wit the slaughter of living creatures and so forth, and all such as walk in the Ten Paths of Unrighteousness, them will I slay, and with their flesh and their blood, with their entrails and their vitals, I will make my offering. So proclaim by beat of drum that our lord the king in the days of his viceroyalty vowed that if ever he became king he would slay, and offer up in a sacrifice, all such of his subjects as break the Commandments. And now the king wills to slay one thousand of such as are addicted to the Five Sins or walk in the Ten Paths of Unrighteousness; with the hearts and the flesh of the thousand shall a sacrifice be made in the god's honour. Proclaim this that all may know throughout the city. Of those that transgress after this date," added the king, "will

I slay a thousand, and offer them as a sacrifice to the god in discharge of my vow." And to make his meaning clear the king uttered this stanza :—

A thousand evil-doers once I vowed
In pious gratitude to kill;
And evil-doers form so huge a crowd,
That I will now my vow fulfil. [261]

Obedient to the king's commands, the ministers had proclamation made by beat of drum accordingly throughout the length and breadth of Benares. Such was the effect of the proclamation on the townsfolk that not a soul persisted in the old wickedness. And throughout the Bodhisatta's reign not a man was convicted of transgressing. Thus, without harming a single one of his subjects, the Bodhisatta made them observe the Commandments. And at the close of a life of alms-giving and other good works he passed away with his followers to throng the city of the devas.

Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that the Buddha has acted for the world's good; he acted in like manner in bygone times as well." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The Buddha's disciples were the ministers of those days, and I myself was the King of Benares."

No. 51.

MAHĀSĪLAVA-JĀTAKA.

"*Toil on, my brother.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who had given up all earnest effort. Being asked by the Master whether the report was true that he was a backslider, the Brother [262] said it was true. "How can you, Brother," said the Master, "grow cold in so saving a faith? Even when the wise and good of bygone days had lost their kingdom, yet so undaunted was their resolution that in the end they won back their sovereignty." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life again as the child of the queen ; and on his name-day they gave him the name of Prince Goodness. At the age of sixteen his education was complete; and later he came at his father's death to be king, and ruled his people righteously under the title of the great King

Goodness. At each of the four city-gates he built an almonry, another in the heart of the city, and yet another at his own palace-gates,—six in all; and at each he distributed alms to poor travellers and the needy. He kept the Commandments and observed the fast-days; he abounded in patience, loving-kindness, and mercy; and in righteousness he ruled the land, cherishing all creatures alike with the fond love of a father for his baby boy.

Now one of the king's ministers had dealt treacherously in the king's harem, and this became matter of common talk. The ministers reported it to the king. Examining into the matter himself, the king found the minister's guilt to be clear. So he sent for the culprit, and said, "O blinded by folly! you have sinned, and are not worthy to dwell in my kingdom; take your substance and your wife and family, and go hence." Driven thus from the realm, that minister left the Kāsi country, and, entering the service of the king of Kosala, gradually rose to be that monarch's confidential adviser. One day he said to the king of Kosala, "Sire, the kingdom of Benares is like a goodly honeycomb untainted by flies; its king is feebleness itself; and a trifling force would suffice to conquer the whole country."

Hereon, the king of Kosala reflected that the kingdom of Benares was large, and, considering this in connexion with the advice that a trifling force could conquer it, he grew suspicious that his adviser was a hireling suborned to lead him into a trap. "Traitor," he cried, "you are paid to say this!"

"Indeed I am not," answered the other; "I do but speak the truth. If you doubt me, send men to massacre a village over his border, and see whether, when they are caught and brought before him, the king does not let them off scot-free and even load them with gifts."

"He shows a very bold front in making his assertion," thought the king; "I will test his counsel [263] without delay." And accordingly he sent some of his creatures to harry a village across the Benares border. The ruffians were captured and brought before the king of Benares, who asked them, saying, "My children, why have you killed my villagers?"

"Because we could not make a living," said they.

"Then why did you not come to me?" said the king. "See that you do not do the like again."

And he gave them presents and sent them away. Back they went and told this to the king of Kosala. But this evidence was not enough to nerve him to the expedition; and a second band was sent to massacre another village, this time in the heart of the kingdom. These too were likewise sent away with presents by the king of Benares. But even this evidence was not deemed strong enough; and a third party was sent to plunder the very streets of Benares! And these, like their forerunners,

were sent away with presents! Satisfied at last that the king of Benares was an entirely good king, the king of Kosala resolved to seize on his kingdom, and set out against him with troops and elephants.

Now in these days the king of Benares had a thousand gallant warriors, who would face the charge even of a rut elephant,—whom the launched thunderbolt of Indra could not terrify,—a matchless band of invincible heroes ready at the king's command to reduce all India to his sway! These, hearing the king of Kosala was coming to take Benares, came to their sovereign with the news, and prayed that they might be despatched against the invader. "We will defeat and capture him, sire," said they, "before he can set foot over the border."

"Not so, my children," said the king. "None shall suffer because of me. Let those who covet kingdoms seize mine, if they will." And he refused to allow them to march against the invader.

Then the king of Kosala crossed the border and came to the middle-country; and again the ministers went to the king with renewed entreaty. But still the king refused. And now the king of Kosala appeared outside the city, and sent a message to the king bidding him either yield up the kingdom or give battle. "I fight not," was the message of the king of Benares in reply; "let him seize my kingdom."

Yet a third time the king's ministers came to him and besought him not to allow the king of Kosala to enter, but to permit them to overthrow and capture him before the city. Still refusing, the king bade the city-gates be opened, [264] and seated himself in state aloft upon his royal throne with his thousand ministers round him.

Entering the city and finding none to bar his way, the king of Kosala passed with his army to the royal palace. The doors stood open wide; and there on his gorgeous throne with his thousand ministers around him sate the great King Goodness in state. "Seize them all," cried the king of Kosala; "tie their hands tightly behind their backs, and away with them to the cemetery! There dig holes and bury them alive up to the neck, so that they cannot move hand or foot. The jackals will come at night and give them sepulchre!"

At the bidding of the ruffianly king, his followers bound the king of Benares and his ministers, and hauled them off. But even in this hour not so much as an angry thought did the great King Goodness harbour against the ruffians; and not a man among his ministers, even when they were being marched off in bonds, could disobey the king,—so perfect is said to have been the discipline among his followers.

So King Goodness and his ministers were led off and buried up to the neck in pits in the cemetery,—the king in the middle and the others on either side of him. The ground was trampled in upon them, and there they were left. Still meek and free from anger against his oppressor, King

Goodness exhorted his companions, saying, "Let your hearts be filled with naught but love and charity, my children."

Now at midnight the jackals came trooping to the banquet of human flesh; and at sight of the beasts the king and his companions raised a mighty shout all together, frightening the jackals away. Halting, the pack looked back, and, seeing no one pursuing, again came forward. A second shout drove them away again, but only to return as before. But the third time, seeing that not a man amongst them all pursued, the jackals thought to themselves, "These must be men who are doomed to death." They came on boldly; even when the shout was again being raised, they did not turn tail. On they came, each singling out his prey,—the chief jackal making for the king, and the other jackals for his companions [265]. Fertile in resource, the king marked the beast's approach, and, raising his throat as if to receive the bite, fastened his teeth in the jackal's throat with a grip like a vice! Unable to free its throat from the mighty grip of the king's jaws, and fearing death, the jackal raised a great howl. At his cry of distress the pack conceived that their leader must have been caught by a man. With no heart left to approach their own destined prey, away they all scampered for their lives.

Seeking to free itself from the king's teeth, the trapped jackal plunged madly to and fro, and thereby loosened the earth above the king. Hereupon the latter, letting the jackal go, put forth his mighty strength, and by plunging from side to side got his hands free! Then, clutching the brink of the pit, he drew himself up, and came forth like a cloud scudding before the wind. Bidding his companions be of good cheer, he now set to work to loosen the earth round them and to get them out, till with all his ministers he stood free once more in the cemetery.

Now it chanced that a corpse had been exposed in that part of the cemetery which lay between the respective domains of two ogres; and the ogres were disputing over the division of the spoil.

"We can't divide it ourselves," said they; "but this King Goodness is righteous; he will divide it for us. Let us go to him." So they dragged the corpse by the foot to the king, and said, "Sire, divide this man and give us each our share." "Certainly I will, my friends," said the king. "But, as I am dirty, I must bathe first."

Straightway, by their magic power, the ogres brought to the king the scented water prepared for the usurper's bath. And when the king had bathed, they brought him the robes which had been laid out for the usurper to wear. When he had put these on, they brought his majesty a box containing the four kinds of scent. When he had perfumed himself, they brought flowers of divers kinds laid out upon jewelled fans, in a casket of gold. When he had decked himself with the flowers, the ogres asked whether they could be of any further service. And the king gave

them to understand [266] that he was hungry. So away went the ogres, and returned with rice flavoured with all the choicest flavours, which had been prepared for the usurper's table. And the king, now bathed and scented, dressed and arrayed, ate of the dainty fare. Thereupon the ogres brought the usurper's perfumed water for him to drink, in the usurper's own golden bowl, not forgetting to bring the golden cup too. When the king had drunk and had washed his mouth and was washing his hands, they brought him fragrant betel to chew, and asked whether his majesty had any further commands. "Fetch me," said he, "by your magic power the sword of state which lies by the usurper's pillow." And straightway the sword was brought to the king. Then the king took the corpse, and setting it upright, cut it in two down the chine, giving one-half to each ogre. This done, the king washed the blade, and girded it on his side.

Having eaten their fill, the ogres were glad of heart, and in their gratitude asked the king what more they could do for him. "Set me by your magic power," said he, "in the usurper's chamber, and set each of my ministers back in his own house." "Certainly, sire," said the ogres; and forthwith it was done. Now in that hour the usurper was lying asleep on the royal bed in his chamber of state. And as he slept in all tranquillity, the good king struck him with the flat of the sword upon the belly. Waking up in a fright, the usurper saw by the lamp-light that it was the great King Goodness. Summoning up all his courage, he rose from his couch and said:—"Sire, it is night; a guard is set; the doors are barred; and none may enter. How then came you to my bedside, sword in hand and clad in robes of splendour?" Then the king told him in detail all the story of his escape. Then the usurper's heart was moved within him, and he cried, "O king, I, though blessed with human nature, knew not your goodness; but knowledge thereof was given to the fierce and cruel ogres, whose food is flesh and blood. Henceforth, I, sire, [267] will not plot against such signal virtue as you possess." So saying, he swore an oath of friendship upon his sword and begged the king's forgiveness. And he made the king lie down upon the bed of state, while he stretched himself upon a little couch.

On the morrow at daybreak, when the sun had risen, his whole host of every rank and degree was mustered by beat of drum at the usurper's command; in their presence he extolled King Goodness, as if raising the full-moon on high in the heavens; and right before them all, he again asked the king's forgiveness and gave him back his kingdom, saying, "Henceforth, let it be my charge to deal with rebels; rule thou thy kingdom, with me to keep watch and ward." And so saying, he passed sentence on the slanderous traitor, and with his troops and elephants went back to his own kingdom.

Seated in majesty and splendour beneath a white canopy of sovereignty

upon a throne of gold with legs as of a gazelle, the great King Goodness contemplated his own glory and thought thus within himself:—"Had I not persevered, I should not be in the enjoyment of this magnificence, nor would my thousand ministers be still numbered among the living. It was by perseverance that I recovered the royal state I had lost, and saved the lives of my thousand ministers. Verily, we should strive on unremittingly with dauntless hearts, seeing that the fruit of perseverance is so excellent." And therewithal the king broke into this heartfelt utterance:—

Toil on, my brother; still in hope stand fast;
Nor let thy courage flag and tire.
Myself I see, who, all my woes o'erpast,
Am master of my heart's desire.

Thus spoke the Bodhisatta in the fulness of his heart, declaring how sure it is that the earnest effort of the good will come to maturity. After a life spent in right-doing he passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts. [268]

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof the backsliding Brother won Arahatship. The Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the traitorous minister of those days, the Buddha's disciples were the thousand ministers, and I myself the great King Goodness."

[*Note.* Cf. the Volsung-Saga in Hagen's *Helden Sagen*, iii. 23, and *Journ. of Philol.* xii. 120.]

No. 52.

CULA-JANAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Toil on, my brother.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about another backsliding Brother. All the incidents that are to be related here, will be given in the Mahā-janaka-Jātaka[1].

The king, seated beneath the white canopy of sovereignty, recited this stanza:—

"Toil on, my brother; still in hope stand fast;
Faint not, nor tire, though harassed sore.
Myself I see, who, all my woes o'erpast,
Have fought my stubborn way ashore.

Here too the backsliding Brother won Arahatship. The All-wise Buddha was King Janaka.

[1] One of the last Jātakas, not yet edited.

No. 53.

PUṆṆAPĀTI-JĀTAKA.

"*What? Leave untasted.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about some drugged liquor.

Once on a time the tipplers of Sāvatthi met to take counsel, saying, "We've not got the price of a drink left; how are we to get it?"

"Cheer up!" said one ruffian; "I've a little plan."

"What may that be?" cried the others.

"It's Anātha-piṇḍika's custom," said the fellow, "to wear his rings and richest attire, when going to wait upon the king. Let us doctor some liquor with a stupefying drug and fit up a drinking-booth, in which we will all be sitting when Anātha-piṇḍika passes by. 'Come and join us, Lord High Treasurer,' we'll cry, and ply him with our liquor till he loses his senses. Then let us relieve him of his rings and clothes, and get the price of a drink."

His plan mightily pleased the other rogues, and was duly carried out. As Anātha-piṇḍika was returning, they went out to meet him and invited him [269] to come along with them; for they had got some rare liquor, and he must taste it before he went.

"What?" thought he, "shall a believer, who has found Salvation, touch strong drink? Howbeit, though I have no craving for it, yet will I expose these rogues." So into their booth he went, where their proceedings soon shewed him that their liquor was drugged; and he resolved to make the rascals take to their heels. So he roundly charged them with doctoring their liquor with a view to drugging strangers first and robbing them afterwards. "You sit in the booth you have opened, and you praise up the liquor," said he; "but as for drinking it, not one of you ventures on that. If it is really undrugged, drink away at it yourselves." This summary exposure made the gang take to their heels, and Anātha-piṇḍika went off home. Thinking he might as well tell the incident to the Buddha, he went to Jetavana and related the story.

"This time, layman," said the Master, "it is you whom these rogues have tried to trick; so too in the past they tried to trick the good and wise of those days." So saying, at his hearer's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was Treasurer of that city. And then too did the same gang of tipplers, conspiring together in like manner, drug liquor, and go forth to meet him in just the same way, and made just the same overtures. The Treasurer did not want to drink at all, but nevertheless went with them, solely to expose them. Marking their proceedings and detecting their scheme, he was anxious to scare them away and so represented that it would be a gross thing for him to drink spirits just before going to the king's palace. "Sit you here," said he, "till I've seen the king and am on my way back; then I'll think about it."

On his return, the rascals called to him, but the Treasurer, fixing his eye on the drugged bowls, confounded them by saying, "I like not your

ways. Here stand the bowls as full now as when I left you; loudly as you vaunt the praises of the liquor, yet not a drop passes your own lips. Why, if it had been good liquor, you'd have taken your own share as well. This liquor is drugged!" And he repeated this stanza:—

What? Leave untasted drink you vaunt so rare?
Nay, this is proof no honest liquor's there. [270]

After a life of good deeds, the Bodhisatta passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The rascals of to-day were also the rascals of those bygone days; and I myself was then Treasurer of Benares."

No. 54.

PHALA-JĀTAKA.

"*When near a village.*"—This was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a lay brother who was skilled in the knowledge of fruits. It appears that a certain squire of Sāvatthi had invited the Brotherhood with the Buddha at their head, and had seated them in his pleasaunce, where they were regaled with rice-gruel and cakes. Afterwards he bade his gardener go round with the Brethren and give mangoes and other kinds of fruits to their Reverences. In obedience to orders, the man walked about the grounds with the Brethren, and could tell by a single glance up at the tree what fruit was green, what nearly ripe, and what quite ripe, and so on. And what he said was always found true. So the Brethren came to the Buddha and mentioned how expert the gardener was, and how, whilst himself standing on the ground, he could accurately tell the condition of the hanging fruit. "Brethren," said the Master, "this gardener is not the only one who has had knowledge of fruits. A like knowledge was shewn by the wise and good of former days also." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a merchant. When he grew up, and was trading with five hundred waggons, he came one day to where the road led through a great forest. [271] Halting at the outskirts, he mustered the caravan and addressed them thus:—"Poison-trees grow in this forest. Take heed that you taste no unfamiliar leaf, flower, or fruit without first consulting me." All promised to take every care; and the journey into

the forest began. Now just within the forest-border stands a village, and just outside that village grows a What-fruit tree. The What-fruit tree exactly resembles a mango alike in trunk, branch, leaf, flower, and fruit. And not only in outward semblance, but also in taste and smell, the fruit—ripe or unripe—mimics the mango. If eaten, it is a deadly poison, and causes instant death.

Now some greedy fellows, who went on ahead of the caravan, came to this tree and, taking it to be a mango, ate of its fruit. But others said, "Let us ask our leader before we eat"; and they accordingly halted by the tree, fruit in hand, till he came up. Perceiving that it was no mango, he said:—"This 'mango' is a What-fruit tree; don't touch its fruit."

Having stopped them from eating, the Bodhisatta turned his attention to those who had already eaten. First he dosed them with an emetic, and then he gave them the four sweet foods to eat; so that in the end they recovered.

Now on former occasions caravans had halted beneath this same tree, and had died from eating the poisonous fruit which they mistook for mangoes. On the morrow the villagers would come, and seeing them lying there dead, would fling them by the heels into a secret place, departing with all the belongings of the caravan, waggons and all.

And on the day too of our story these villagers failed not to hurry at daybreak to the tree for their expected spoils. "The oxen must be ours," said some. "And we'll have the waggons," said others;—whilst others again claimed the wares as their share. But when they came breathless to the tree, there was the whole caravan alive and well!

"How came you to know this was not a mango-tree?" demanded the disappointed villagers. "We didn't know," said they of the caravan; "it was our leader who knew."

So the villagers came to the Bodhisatta and said, "Man of wisdom, what did you do to find out this tree was not a mango?"

"Two things told me," replied the Bodhisatta, and he repeated this stanza:—[272]

When near a village grows a tree
Not hard to climb, 'tis plain to me,
Nor need I further proof to know,
—No wholesome fruit thereon can grow!

And having taught the Truth to the assembled multitude, he finished his journey in safety.

"Thus, Brethren," said the Master, "in bygone days the wise and good were experts in fruit." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The Buddha's followers were then the people of the caravan, and I myself was the caravan leader."

No. 55.

PAÑCĀVUDHA-JĀTAKA.

"*When no Attachment.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who had given up all earnest effort.

Said the Master to him, "Is the report true, Brother, that you are a backslider?"

"Yes, Blessed One."

"In bygone days, Brother," said the Master, "the wise and good won a throne by their dauntless perseverance in the hour of need."

And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, it was as his queen's child that the Bodhisatta came to life once more. On the day when he was to be named, the parents enquired as to their child's destiny from eight hundred brahmins, to whom they gave their hearts' desire in all pleasures of sense. Marking the promise which he shewed of a glorious destiny, these clever soothsaying brahmins foretold that, coming to the throne at the king's death, the child should be a mighty king endowed with every virtue; famed and renowned for his exploits with five weapons, he should stand peerless in all Jambudīpa[1]. [273] And because of this prophecy of the brahmins, the parents named their son Prince Five-Weapons.

Now, when the prince was come to years of discretion, and was sixteen years old, the king bade him go away and study.

"With whom, sire, am I to study?" asked the prince.

"With the world-famed teacher in the town of Takkasilā in the Gandhāra country. Here is his fee," said the king, handing his son a thousand pieces.

So the prince went to Takkasilā and was taught there. When he was leaving, his master gave him a set of five weapons, armed with which, after bidding adieu to his old master, the prince set out from Takkasilā for Benares.

On his way he came to a forest haunted by an ogre named Hairy-grip; and, at the entrance to the forest, men who met him tried to stop him, saying:—"Young brahmin, do not go through that forest; it is the haunt

[1] This was one of the four islands, or *dīpā*, of which the earth was supposed to consist; it included India, and represented the inhabited world to the Indian mind.

of the ogre Hairy-grip, and he kills every one he meets." But, bold as a lion, the self-reliant Bodhisatta pressed on, till in the heart of the forest he came on the ogre. The monster made himself appear in stature as tall as a palm-tree, with a head as big as an arbour and huge eyes like bowls, with two tusks like turnips and the beak of a hawk; his belly was blotched with purple; and the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet were blue-black! "Whither away?" cried the monster. "Halt! you are my prey." "Ogre," answered the Bodhisatta, "I knew what I was doing when entering this forest. You will be ill-advised to come near me. For with a poisoned arrow I will slay you where you stand." And with this defiance, he fitted to his bow an arrow dipped in deadliest poison and shot it at the ogre. But it only stuck on to the monster's shaggy coat. Then he shot another and another, till fifty were spent, all of which merely stuck on to the ogre's shaggy coat. Hereon the ogre, shaking the arrows off so that they fell at his feet, came at the Bodhisatta; and the latter, again shouting defiance, drew his sword and struck at the ogre. But, like the arrows, his sword, which was thirty-three inches long, merely stuck fast in the shaggy hair. Next the Bodhisatta hurled his spear, and that stuck fast also. Seeing this, he smote the ogre with his club; but, like his other weapons, that too stuck fast. And thereupon the Bodhisatta shouted, "Ogre, you never heard yet of me, [274] Prince Five-Weapons. When I ventured into this forest, I put my trust not in my bow and other weapons, but in myself! Now will I strike you a blow which shall crush you into dust." So saying, the Bodhisatta smote the ogre with his right hand; but the hand stuck fast upon the hair. Then, in turn, with his left hand and with his right and left feet, he struck at the monster, but hand and feet alike clave to the hide. Again shouting "I will crush you into dust!" he butted the ogre with his head, and that too stuck fast.

Yet even when thus caught and snared in fivefold wise, the Bodhisatta, as he hung upon the ogre, was still fearless, still undaunted. And the monster thought to himself, "This is a very lion among men, a hero without a peer, and no mere man. Though he is caught in the clutches of an ogre like me, yet not so much as a tremor will he exhibit. Never, since I first took to slaying travellers upon this road, have I seen a man to equal him. How comes it that he is not frightened?" Not daring to devour the Bodhisatta offhand, he said, "How is it, young brahmin, that you have no fear of death?"

"Why should I?" answered the Bodhisatta. "Each life must surely have its destined death. Moreover, within my body is a sword of adamant, which you will never digest, if you eat me. It will chop your inwards into mincemeat, and my death will involve yours too. Therefore it is that I have no fear." (By this, it is said, the Bodhisatta meant the Sword of Knowledge, which was within him.)

Hereon, the ogre fell a-thinking. "This young brahmin is speaking the truth and nothing but the truth," thought he. "Not a morsel so big as a pea could I digest of such a hero. I'll let him go." And so, in fear of his life, he let the Bodhisatta go free, saying, "Young brahmin, you are a lion among men; I will not eat you. Go forth from my hand, even as the moon from the jaws of Rāhu, and return to gladden the hearts of your kinsfolk, your friends, and your country."

"As for myself, ogre," answered the Bodhisatta, "I will go. As for you, it was your sins in bygone days that caused you to be reborn a ravening, murderous, flesh-eating ogre; and, if [275] you continue in sin in this existence, you will go on from darkness to darkness. But, having seen me, you will be unable thenceforth to sin any more. Know that to destroy life is to ensure re-birth either in hell or as a brute or as a ghost or among the fallen spirits. Or, if the re-birth be into the world of men, then such sin cuts short the days of a man's life."

In this and other ways the Bodhisatta shewed the evil consequences of the five bad courses, and the blessing that comes of the five good courses; and so wrought in divers ways upon that ogre's fears that by his teaching he converted the monster, imbuing him with self-denial and establishing him in the Five Commandments. Then making the ogre the fairy of that forest, with a right to levy dues[1], and charging him to remain stedfast, the Bodhisatta went his way, making known the change in the ogre's mood as he issued from the forest. And in the end he came, armed with the five weapons, to the city of Benares, and presented himself before his parents. In later days, when king, he was a righteous ruler; and after a life spent in charity and other good works he passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

This lesson ended, the Master, as Buddha, recited this stanza:—

When no attachment hampers heart or mind,
When righteousness is practised peace to win,
He who so walks, shall gain the victory
And all the Fetters utterly destroy[2].

When he had thus led his teaching up to Arahatship as its crowning point, the Master went on to preach the Four Truths, at the close whereof that Brother won Arahatship. Also, the Master shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "Aṅgulimāla[3] was the ogre of those days, and I myself Prince Five-Weapons.

[1] Or, perhaps, "to whom sacrifices should be offered." The translation in the text suggests a popular theory of the evolution of the tax-collector. See also No. 155.

[2] See Nos. 56 and 156.

[3] Aṅgulimāla, a bandit who wore a necklace of his victims' fingers, was converted by the Buddha and became an Arahat. Cf. *Majjhima Nikāya* No. 86.

No. 56.

KAÑCANAKKHANDHA-JĀTAKA. [276]

"*When gladness.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Sāvatthi, about a certain Brother. Tradition says that through hearing the Master preach a young gentleman of Sāvatthi gave his heart to the precious Faith[1] and became a Brother. His teachers and masters proceeded to instruct him in the whole of the Ten Precepts of Morality, one after the other, expounded to him the Short, the Medium, and the Long Moralities[2], set forth the Morality which rests on self-restraint according to the Pātimokkha[3], the Morality which rests on self-restraint as to the Senses, the Morality which rests on a blameless walk of life, the Morality which relates to the way a Brother may use the Requisites. Thought the young beginner, "There is a tremendous lot of this Morality; and I shall undoubtedly fail to fulfil all I have vowed. Yet what is the good of being a brother at all, if one cannot keep the rules of Morality? My best course is to go back to the world, take a wife and rear children, living a life of almsgiving and other good works." So he told his superiors what he thought, saying that he proposed to return to the lower state of a layman, and wished to hand back his bowl and robes. "Well, if it be so with you," said they, "at least take leave of the Buddha before you go;" and they brought the young man before the Master in the Hall of Truth.

"Why, Brethren," said the Master, "are you bringing this Brother to me against his will?"

"Sir, he said that Morality was more than he could observe, and wanted to give back his robes and bowl. So we took him and brought him to you."

"But why, Brethren," asked the Master, "did you burthen him with so much? He can do what he can, but no more. Do not make this mistake again, and leave me to decide what should be done in the case."

Then, turning to the young Brother, the Master said, "Come, Brother; what concern have you with Morality in the mass? Do you think you could obey just three moral rules?"

"Oh, yes, Sir."

"Well now, watch and guard the three avenues of the voice, the mind, and the body; do no evil whether in word, or thought, or act. Cease not to be a Brother, but go hence and obey just these three rules."

"Yes, indeed, Sir, I will keep them," here exclaimed the glad young man, and back he went with his teachers again. And as he was keeping his three rules, he thought within himself, "I had the whole of Morality told me by my instructors; but because they were not the Buddha, they could not make me grasp even this much. Whereas [277] the All-Enlightened One, by reason of his Buddhahood, and of his being the Lord of Truth, has expressed so much Morality in only three rules concerning the Avenues, and has made me understand it clearly. Verily, a very present help has the Master been to me." And

[1] Or perhaps *ratanasāsanaṁ* means 'the creed connected with the (Three) Gems,' viz. the Buddha, the Doctrine, and the Order.

[2] These are translated in Rhys Davids' "Buddhist Suttas," pp. 189—200.

[3] The Pātimokkha is translated and discussed in Pt I. of the translation of the *Vinaya* by Rhys Davids and Oldenberg (S. B. E. Vol. 13).

he won Insight and in a few days attained Arahatship. When this came to the ears of the Brethren, they spoke of it when met together in the Hall of Truth, telling how the Brother, who was going back to the world because he could not hope to fulfil Morality, had been furnished by the Master with three rules embodying the whole of Morality, and had been made to grasp those three rules, and so had been enabled by the Master to win Arahatship. How marvellous, they cried, was the Buddha.

Entering the Hall at this point, and learning on enquiry the subject of their talk, the Master said, "Brethren, even a heavy burthen becomes light, if taken piecemeal; and thus the wise and good of past times, on finding a huge mass of gold too heavy to lift, first broke it up and then were enabled to bear their treasure away piece by piece." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a farmer in a village, and was ploughing one day in a field where once stood a village. Now, in bygone days, a wealthy merchant had died leaving buried in this field a huge bar of gold, as thick round as a man's thigh, and four whole cubits in length. And full on this bar struck the Bodhisatta's plough, and there stuck fast. Taking it to be a spreading root of a tree, he dug it out; but discovering its real nature, he set to work to clean the dirt off the gold. The day's work done, at sunset he laid aside his plough and gear, and essayed to shoulder his treasure-trove and walk off with it. But, as he could not so much as lift it, he sat down before it and fell a-thinking what uses he would put it to. "I'll have so much to live on, so much to bury as a treasure, so much to trade with, and so much for charity and good works," thought he to himself, and accordingly cut the gold into four. Division made his burthen easy to carry; and he bore home the lumps of gold. After a life of charity and other good works, he passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master, as Buddha, recited this stanza:— [278]

When gladness fills the heart and fills the mind,
When righteousness is practised Peace to win,
He who so walks shall gain the victory
And all the Fetters utterly destroy.

And when the Master had thus led his teaching up to Arahatship as its crowning point, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "In those days I myself was the man who got the nugget of gold."

No. 57.

VĀNARINDA-JĀTAKA.

"*Whoso, O monkey-king.*"—This story was told by the Master, while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta's going about to kill him. Being informed of Devadatta's murderous intent, the Master said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta has gone about seeking to kill me; he did just the same in bygone days, but failed to work his wicked will." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life again as a monkey. When full-grown, he was as big as a mare's foal and enormously strong. He lived alone on the banks of a river, in the middle of which was an island whereon grew mangoes and bread-fruits, and other fruit-trees. And in mid-stream, half-way between the island and the river-bank, a solitary rock rose out of the water. Being as strong as an elephant, the Bodhisatta used to leap from the bank on to this rock and thence on to the island. Here he would eat his fill of the fruits that grew on the island, returning at evening by the way he came. And such was his life from day to day.

Now there lived in those days in that river a crocodile and his mate; and she, being with young, was led by the sight of the Bodhisatta journeying to and fro to conceive [279] a longing for the monkey's heart to eat. So she begged her lord to catch the monkey for her. Promising that she should have her fancy, the crocodile went off and took his stand on the rock, meaning to catch the monkey on his evening journey home.

After ranging about the island all day, the Bodhisatta looked out at evening towards the rock and wondered why the rock stood so high out of the water. For the story goes that the Bodhisatta always marked the exact height of the water in the river, and of the rock in the water. So, when he saw that, though the water stood at the same level, the rock seemed to stand higher out of the water, he suspected that a crocodile might be lurking there to catch him. And, in order to find out the facts of the case, he shouted, as though addressing the rock, "Hi! rock!" And, as no reply came back, he shouted three times, "Hi! rock!" And

as the rock still kept silence, the monkey called out, "How comes it, friend rock, that you won't answer me to-day?"

"Oh!" thought the crocodile; "so the rock's in the habit of answering the monkey. I must answer for the rock to-day." Accordingly, he shouted, "Yes, monkey; what is it?" "Who are you?" said the Bodhisatta. "I'm a crocodile." "What are you sitting on that rock for?" "To catch you and eat your heart." As there was no other way back, the only thing to be done was to outwit the crocodile. So the Bodhisatta cried out, "There's no help for it then but to give myself up to you. Open your mouth and catch me when I jump."

Now you must know that when crocodiles open their mouths, their eyes shut[1]. So, when this crocodile unsuspiciously opened his mouth, his eyes shut. And there he waited with closed eyes and open jaws! Seeing this, the wily monkey made a jump on to the crocodile's head, and thence, with a spring like lightning, gained the bank. When the cleverness of this feat dawned on the crocodile, he said, "Monkey, he that in this world [280] possesses the four virtues overcomes his foes. And you, methinks, possess all four." And, so saying, he repeated this stanza:—

Whoso, O monkey-king, like you, combines
Truth, foresight, fixed resolve, and fearlessness,
Shall see his routed foemen turn and flee.

And with this praise of the Bodhisatta, the crocodile betook himself to his own dwelling-place.

Said the Master, "This is not the first time then, Brethren, that Devadatta has gone about seeking to kill me; he did just the same in bygone days too." And, having ended his lesson, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the crocodile of those days, the brahmin-girl Ciñcā[2] was the crocodile's wife, and I myself the Monkey-King."

[*Note*. Cf. No. 224 (*Kumbhīla-jātaka*). A Chinese version is given by Beal in the 'Romantic Legend' p. 231, and a Japanese version in Griffin's 'Fairy Tales from Japan.']

[1] This assertion is not in accord with the facts of natural history.

[2] Her identification here as the crocodile's wicked wife is due to the fact that Ciñcā, who was a "female ascetic of rare beauty," was suborned by Gotama's enemies to simulate pregnancy and charge him with the paternity. How the deceit was exposed, is told in *Dhammapada*, pp. 338—340.

No. 58.

TAYODHAMMA-JĀTAKA.

"*Whoso, like you.*"—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove also upon the subject of going about to kill.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, Devadatta came to life again as a monkey, and dwelt near the Himalayas as the lord of a tribe of monkeys all of his own begetting. Filled with fore-bodings that his male offspring might grow up to oust him from his lordship, he used to geld [281] them all with his teeth. Now the Bodhisatta had been begotten by this same monkey; and his mother, in order to save her unborn progeny, stole away to a forest at the foot of the mountain, where in due season she gave birth to the Bodhisatta. And when he was full-grown and had come to years of understanding, he was gifted with marvellous strength.

"Where is my father?" said he one day to his mother. "He dwells at the foot of a certain mountain, my son," she replied; "and is king of a tribe of monkeys." "Take me to see him, mother." "Not so, my son; for your father is so afraid of being supplanted by his sons that he gelds them all with his teeth." "Never mind; take me there, mother," said the Bodhisatta; "I shall know what to do." So she took him with her to the old monkey. At sight of his son, the old monkey, feeling sure that the Bodhisatta would grow up to depose him, resolved by a feigned embrace to crush the life out of the Bodhisatta. "Ah! my boy!" he cried; "where have you been all this long time?" And, making a show of embracing the Bodhisatta, he hugged him like a vice. But the Bodhisatta, who was as strong as an elephant, returned the hug so mightily that his father's ribs were like to break.

Then thought the old monkey, "This son of mine, if he grows up, will certainly kill me." Casting about how to kill the Bodhisatta first, he bethought him of a certain lake hard by, where an ogre lived who might eat him. So he said to the Bodhisatta, "I'm old now, my boy, and should like to hand over the tribe to you; to-day you shall be made king. In a lake hard by grow two kinds of water-lily, three kinds of blue-lotus, and five kinds of white-lotus. Go and pick me some." "Yes, father," answered

the Bodhisatta; and off he started. Approaching the lake with caution, he studied the footprints on its banks and marked how all of them led *down* to the water, but none ever came back. Realising that the lake was haunted by an ogre, he divined that his father, being unable himself to kill him, wished to get him killed [282] by the ogre. "But I'll get the lotuses," said he, "without going into the water at all." So he went to a dry spot, and taking a run leaped from the bank. In his jump, as he was clearing the water, he plucked two flowers which grew up above the surface of the water, and alighted with them on the opposite bank. On his way back, he plucked two more in like manner, as he jumped; and so made a heap on both sides of the lake,—but always keeping out of the ogre's watery domain. When he had picked as many as he thought he could carry across, and was gathering together those on one bank, the astonished ogre exclaimed, "I've lived a long time in this lake, but I never saw even a human being so wonderfully clever! Here is this monkey who has picked all the flowers he wants, and yet has kept safely out of range of my power." And, parting the waters asunder, the ogre came up out of the lake to where the Bodhisatta stood, and addressed him thus, "O king of the monkeys, he that has three qualities shall have the mastery over his enemies; and you, methinks, have all three." And, so saying, he repeated this stanza in the Bodhisatta's praise:—

Whoso, like you, O monkey-king, combines
Dexterity and Valour and Resource,
Shall see his routed foemen turn and flee.

His praises ended, the ogre asked the Bodhisatta why he was gathering the flowers.

"My father is minded to make me king of his tribe," said the Bodhisatta, "and that is why I am gathering them."

"But one so peerless as you ought not to carry flowers," exclaimed the ogre; "I will carry them for you." And so saying, he picked up the flowers and followed with them in the rear of the Bodhisatta.

Seeing this from afar, the Bodhisatta's father knew that his plot had failed. "I sent my son to fall a prey to the ogre, and here he is returning safe and sound, with the ogre humbly carrying his flowers for him! I am undone!" cried the old monkey, and his heart burst asunder [283] into seven pieces, so that he died then and there. And all the other monkeys met together and chose the Bodhisatta to be their king.

His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was then the king of the monkeys, and I his son."

No. 59.

BHERIVĀDA-JĀTAKA.

"*Go not too far.*"--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain self-willed Brother. Asked by the Master whether the report was true that he was self-willed, the Brother said it was true. "This is not the first time, Brother," said the Master, "that you have shewn yourself self-willed; you were just the same in bygone times as well." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a drummer, and dwelt in a village. Hearing that there was to be a festival at Benares, and hoping to make money by playing his drum to the crowds of holiday-makers, he made his way to the city, with his son. And there he played, and made a great deal of money. On his way home with his earnings he had to pass through a forest which was infested by robbers; and as the boy kept beating away at the drum without ever stopping, the Bodhisatta tried to stop him by saying, "Don't behave like that, beat only now and again,—as if some great lord were passing by."

But in defiance of his father's bidding, the boy thought the best way to frighten the robbers away was to keep steadily on beating away at the drum.

At the first notes of the drum, away scampered the robbers, thinking some great lord was passing by. But hearing the noise keep on, they saw their mistake and came back to find out who it really was. Finding only two persons, they beat and robbed them. "Alas!" cried the Bodhisatta, "by your ceaseless drumming you have lost all our hard-earned takings!" And, so saying, he repeated this stanza:—

Go not too far, but learn excess to shun;
For over-drumming lost what drumming won. [284]

His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "This self-willed Brother was the son of those days, and I myself the father."

No. 60.

SAṀKHADHAMANA-JĀTAKA.

"*Go not too far.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about another self-willed person.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a conch-blower, and went up to Benares with his father to a public festival. There he earned a great deal of money by his conch-blowing, and started for home again. On his way through a forest which was infested by robbers, he warned his father not to keep on blowing his conch; but the old man thought he knew better how to keep the robbers off, and blew away hard without a moment's pause. Accordingly, just as in the preceding story, the robbers returned and plundered the pair. And, as above, the Bodhisatta repeated this stanza:—

Go not too far, but learn excess to shun;
For over-blowing lost what blowing won.

His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "This self-willed Brother was the father of those days, and I myself his son."

No. 61.

ASĀTAMANTA-JĀTAKA.

[285] "*In lust unbridled.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a passion-tost Brother. The Introductory Story will be related in the Ummadanti-jātaka[1]. But to this Brother the Master said, "Women, Brother, are lustful, profligate, vile, and degraded. Why be passion-tost for a vile woman?" And so saying, he told this story of the past.

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[1] No. 527.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a brahmin in the city of Takkasilā in the Gandhāra country; and by the time he had grown up, such was his proficiency in the Three Vedas and all accomplishments, that his fame as a teacher spread through all the world.

In those days there was a brahmin family in Benares, unto whom a son was born; and on the day of his birth they took fire and kept it always burning, until the boy was sixteen. Then his parents told him how the fire, kindled on the day of his birth, had never been allowed to go out; and they bade their son make his choice. If his heart was set on winning entrance hereafter into the Realm of Brahma, then let him take the fire and retire with it to the forest, there to work out his desire by ceaseless worship of the Lord of Fire. But, if he preferred the joys of a home, they bade their son go to Takkasilā and there study under the world-famed teacher with a view to settling down to manage the property. "I should surely fail in the worship of the Fire-God," said the young brahmin; "I'll be a squire." So he bade farewell to his father and mother, and, with a thousand pieces of money for the teacher's fee, set out for Takkasilā. There he studied till his education was complete, and then betook himself home again.

Now his parents grew to wish him to forsake the world and to worship the Fire-God in the forest. Accordingly his mother, in her desire to despatch him to the forest by bringing home to him the wickedness of women, was confident that his wise and learned teacher would be able to lay bare the wickedness of the sex to her son, and so she asked whether he had *quite* finished his education. "Oh yes," said the youth.

[286] "Then of course you have not omitted the Dolour Texts?" "I have not learnt those, mother." "How then can you say your education is finished? Go back at once, my son, to your master, and return to us when you have learnt them," said his mother.

"Very good," said the youth, and off he started for Takkasilā once more.

Now his master too had a mother,—an old woman of a hundred and twenty years of age,—whom with his own hands he used to bathe, feed and tend. And for so doing he was scorned by his neighbours,—so much so indeed that he resolved to depart to the forest and there dwell with his mother. Accordingly, in the solitude of a forest he had a hut built in a delightful spot, where water was plentiful, and after laying in a stock of ghee and rice and other provisions, he carried his mother to her new home, and there lived cherishing her old age.

Not finding his master at Takkasilā, the young brahmin made enquiries, and finding out what had happened, set out for the forest, and presented himself respectfully before his master. "What brings you

back so soon, my boy?" said the latter. "I do not think, sir, I learned the Dolour Texts when I was with you," said the youth. "But who told you that you had to learn the Dolour Texts?" "My mother, master," was the reply. Hereon the Bodhisatta reflected that there were no such texts as those, and concluded that his pupil's mother must have wanted her son to learn how wicked women were. So he said to the youth that it was all right, and that he should in due course be taught the Texts in question. "From to-day," said he, "you shall take my place about my mother, and with your own hands wash, feed and look after her. As you rub her hands, feet, head and back, be careful to exclaim, 'Ah, Madam! if you are so lovely now you are so old, what must you not have been in the heyday of your youth!' And as you wash and perfume her hands and feet, burst into praise of their beauty. Further, tell me without shame or reserve every single word my mother says to you. Obey me in this, and you shall master the Dolour Texts; disobey me, and you shall remain ignorant of them for ever."

Obedient to his master's commands, the youth did all he was bidden, and so persistently praised the old woman's beauty that she thought he had fallen in love with her; and, blind and decrepit though she was, passion was kindled within her [287]. So one day she broke in on his compliments by asking, "Is your desire towards me?" "It is indeed, madam," answered the youth; "but my master is so strict." "If you desire me," said she, "kill my son!" "But how shall I, that have learned so much from him,—how shall I for passion's sake kill my master?" "Well then, if you will be faithful to me, I will kill him myself."

(So lustful, vile, and degraded are women that, giving the rein to lust, a hag like this, and old as she was, actually thirsted for the blood of so dutiful a son!)

Now the young brahmin told all this to the Bodhisatta, who, commending him for reporting the matter, studied how much longer his mother was destined to live. Finding that her destiny was to die that very day, he said, "Come, young brahmin; I will put her to the test." So he cut down a fig-tree and hewed out of it a wooden figure about his own size, which he wrapped up, head and all, in a robe and laid upon his own bed,—with a string tied to it. "Now go with an axe to my mother," said he; "and give her this string as a clue to guide her steps."

So away went the youth to the old woman, and said, "Madam, the master is lying down indoors on his bed; I have tied this string as a clue to guide you; take this axe and kill him, if you can." "But you won't forsake me, will you?" said she. "Why should I?" was his reply. So she took the axe, and, rising up with trembling limbs, groped her way along by the string, till she thought she felt her son. Then she bared the head of the figure, and—thinking to kill her son at a single blow—

brought down the axe right on the figure's throat,—only to learn by the thud that it was wood! "What are you doing, mother?" said the Bodhisatta. With a shriek that she was betrayed, the old woman fell dead to the ground. For, says tradition, it was fated that she should die at that very moment and under her own roof.

Seeing that she was dead, her son burnt her body, and, when the flames of the pile were quenched, graced her ashes with wild-flowers. Then with the young brahmin he sat at the door of the hut and said, "My son, there is no such separate passage as the 'Dolour Text.' [288] It is women who are depravity incarnate. And when your mother sent you back to me to learn the Dolour Texts, her object was that you should learn how wicked women are. You have now witnessed with your own eyes my mother's wickedness, and therefrom you will see how lustful and vile women are." And with this lesson, he bade the youth depart.

Bidding farewell to his master, the young brahmin went home to his parents. Said his mother to him, "Have you now learnt the Dolour Texts?"

"Yes, mother."

"And what," she asked, "is your final choice? will you leave the world to worship the Lord of Fire, or will you choose a family life?" "Nay," answered the young brahmin; "with my own eyes have I seen the wickedness of womankind; I will have nothing to do with family life. I will renounce the world." And his convictions found vent in this stanza:—

In lust unbridled, like devouring fire,
Are women,—frantic in their rage.
The sex renouncing, fain would I retire
To find peace in a hermitage.

[289] With this invective against womankind, the young brahmin took leave of his parents, and renounced the world for the hermit's life,—wherein winning the peace he desired, he assured himself of admittance after that life into the Realm of Brahma.

"So you see, Brother," said the Master, "how lustful, vile, and woe-bringing are women." And after declaring the wickedness of women, he preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof that Brother won the Fruit of the First Path. Lastly, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Kāpilānī[1] was the mother of those days, Mahā-Kassapa was the father, Ānanda the pupil, and I myself the teacher."

[1] Her history is given in J. R. A. S. 1893, page 786.

No. 62.

AṆḌABHŪTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Blindfold, a-luting.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about another passion-tost person.

Said the Master, "Is the report true that you are passion-tost, Brother?"

"Quite true," was the reply.

"Brother, women can not be warded; in days gone by the wise who kept watch over a woman from the moment she was born, failed nevertheless to keep her safe." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the child of the Queen-consort. When he grew up, he mastered every accomplishment; and when, at his father's death, he came to be king, he proved a righteous king. Now he used to play at dice with his chaplain, and, as he flung the golden dice upon the silver table, he would sing this catch for luck:—

'Tis nature's law that rivers wind;
Trees grow of wood by law of kind;
And, given opportunity,
All women work iniquity.

[290] As these lines always made the king win the game, the chaplain was in a fair way to lose every penny he had in the world. And, in order to save himself from utter ruin, he resolved to seek out a little maid that had never seen another man, and then to keep her under lock and key in his own house. "For," thought he, "I couldn't manage to look after a girl who has seen another man. So I must take a new-born baby girl, and keep her under my thumb as she grows up, with a close guard over her, so that none may come near her and that she may be true to one man. *Then* I shall win of the king, and grow rich." Now he was skilled in prognostication; and seeing a poor woman who was about to become a mother, and knowing that her child would be a girl, he paid the woman to come and be confined in his house, and sent her away after her confinement with a present. The infant was brought up entirely by women, and no men—other than himself—were ever allowed to set eyes on her. When the girl grew up, she was subject to him and he was her master.

Now, while the girl was growing up, the chaplain forbore to play with the king; but when she was grown up and under his own control,

he challenged the king to a game. The king accepted, and play began. But, when in throwing the dice the king sang his lucky catch, the chaplain added,—"always excepting my girl." And then luck changed, and it was now the chaplain who won, while the king lost.

Thinking the matter over, the Bodhisatta suspected the chaplain had a virtuous girl shut up in his house; and enquiry proved his suspicions true. Then, in order to work her fall, he sent for a clever scamp, and asked whether he thought he could seduce the girl. "Certainly, sire," said the fellow. So the king gave him money, and sent him away with orders to lose no time.

With the king's money the fellow bought perfumes and incense and aromatics of all sorts, and opened a perfumery shop close to the chaplain's house. Now the chaplain's house was seven stories high, and had seven gateways, at each of which a guard was set,—a guard of women only,—and no man but the brahmin himself was ever allowed to enter. The very baskets that contained the dust and sweepings [291] were examined before they were passed in. Only the chaplain was allowed to see the girl, and she had only a single waiting-woman. This woman had money given her to buy flowers and perfumes for her mistress, and on her way she used to pass near the shop which the scamp had opened. And he, knowing very well that she was the girl's attendant, watched one day for her coming, and, rushing out of his shop, fell at her feet, clasping her knees tightly with both hands and blubbering out, "O my mother! where have you been all this long time?"

And his confederates, who stood by his side, cried, "What a likeness! Hand and foot, face and figure, even in style of dress, they are identical!" As one and all kept dwelling on the marvellous likeness, the poor woman lost her head. Crying out that it must be her boy, she too burst into tears. And with weeping and tears the two fell to embracing one another. Then said the man, "Where are you living, mother?"

"Up at the chaplain's, my son. He has a young wife of peerless beauty, a very goddess for grace; and I'm her waiting-woman." "And whither away now, mother?" "To buy her perfumes and flowers." "Why go elsewhere for them? Come to me for them in future," said the fellow. And he gave the woman betel, bdellium, and so forth, and all kinds of flowers, refusing all payment. Struck with the quantity of flowers and perfumes which the waiting-woman brought home, the girl asked why the brahmin was so pleased with her that day. "Why do you say that, my dear?" asked the old woman. "Because of the quantity of things you have brought home." "No, it isn't that the brahmin was free with his money," said the old woman; "for I got them at my son's." And from that day forth she kept the money the brahmin gave her, and got her flowers and other things free of charge at the man's shop.

And he, a few days later, made out to be ill, and took to his bed. So when the old woman came to the shop and asked for her son, she was told he had been taken ill. Hastening to his side, she fondly stroked his shoulders, as she asked what ailed him. But he made no reply. "Why don't you tell me, my son?" "Not even if I were dying, could I tell you, mother." "But, if you don't tell me, [292] whom are you to tell?" "Well then, mother, my malady lies solely in this that, hearing the praises of your young mistress's beauty, I have fallen in love with her. If I win her, I shall live; if not, this will be my death-bed." "Leave that to me, my boy," said the old woman cheerily; "and don't worry yourself on this account." Then—with a heavy load of perfumes and flowers to take with her—she went home, and said to the brahmin's young wife, "Alas! here's my son in love with you, merely because I told him how beautiful you are! What is to be done?"

"If you can smuggle him in here," replied the girl, "you have my leave."

Hereupon the old woman set to work sweeping together all the dust she could find in the house from top to bottom; this dust she put into a huge flower-basket, and tried to pass out with it. When the usual search was made, she emptied dust over the woman on guard, who fled away under such ill-treatment. In like manner she dealt with all the other watchers, smothering in dust each one in turn that said anything to her. And so it came to pass from that time forward that, no matter what the old woman took in or out of the house, there was nobody bold enough to search her. Now was the time! The old woman smuggled the scamp into the house in a flower-basket, and brought him to her young mistress. He succeeded in wrecking the girl's virtue, and actually stayed a day or two in the upper rooms,—hiding when the chaplain was at home, and enjoying the society of his mistress when the chaplain was off the premises. A day or two passed and the girl said to her lover, "Sweetheart, you must be going now." "Very well; only I must cuff the brahmin first." "Certainly," said she, and hid the scamp. Then, when the brahmin came in again, she exclaimed, "Oh, my dear husband, I should so like to dance, if you would play the lute for me." "Dance away, my dear," said the chaplain, and struck up forthwith. "But I shall be too ashamed, if you're looking. Let me hide your handsome face first with a cloth; and then I will dance." "All right," said he; "if you're too modest to dance otherwise." So she took a thick cloth and tied it over the brahmin's face so as to blindfold him. And, blindfolded as he was, the brahmin began to play the lute. After dancing awhile, she cried, "My dear, I should so like to hit you once on the head." "Hit away," said the unsuspecting dotard. Then the girl made a sign to her paramour; and he softly stole up behind the brahmin [293] and smote him on the head.

Such was the force of the blow, that the brahmin's eyes were like to start out of his head, and a bump rose up on the spot. Smarting with pain, he called to the girl to give him her hand; and she placed it in his. "Ah! it's a soft hand," said he; "but it hits hard!"

Now, as soon as the scamp had struck the brahmin, he hid; and when he was hidden, the girl took the bandage off the chaplain's eyes and rubbed his bruised head with oil. The moment the brahmin went out, the scamp was stowed away in his basket again by the old woman, and so carried out of the house. Making his way at once to the king, he told him the whole adventure.

Accordingly, when the brahmin was next in attendance, the king proposed a game with the dice; the brahmin was willing; and the dicing-table was brought out. As the king made his throw, he sang his old catch, and the brahmin—ignorant of the girl's naughtiness—added his "always excepting my girl,"—and nevertheless lost!

Then the king, who *did* know what had passed, said to his chaplain, "Why except her? Her virtue has given way. Ah, you dreamed that by taking a girl in the hour of her birth and by placing a sevenfold guard round her, you could be certain of her. Why, you couldn't be certain of a woman, even if you had her inside you and always walked about with her. No woman is ever faithful to one man alone. As for that girl of yours, she told you she should like to dance, and having first blindfolded you as you played the lute to her, she let her paramour strike you on the head, and then smuggled him out of the house. Where then is your exception?" And so saying, the king repeated this stanza:—

Blindfold, a-luting, by his wife beguiled,
  The brahmin sits,—who tried to rear
A paragon of virtue undefiled!
  Learn hence to hold the sex in fear.

[294] In such wise did the Bodhisatta expound the Truth to the brahmin. And the brahmin went home and taxed the girl with the wickedness of which she was accused. "My dear husband, who can have said such a thing about me?" said she. "Indeed I am innocent; indeed it was my own hand, and nobody else's, that struck you; and, if you do not believe me, I will brave the ordeal of fire to prove that no man's hand has touched me but yours; and so I will make you believe me." "So be it," said the brahmin. And he had a quantity of wood brought and set light to it. Then the girl was summoned. "Now," said he, "if you believe your own story, brave these flames!"

Now before this the girl had instructed her attendant as follows:—"Tell your son, mother, to be there and to seize my hand just as I am about to go into the fire." And the old woman did as she was bidden; and the fellow came and took his stand among the crowd. Then, to

delude the brahmin, the girl, standing there before all the people, exclaimed with fervour, "No man's hand but thine, brahmin, has ever touched me; and, by the truth of my asseveration I call on this fire to harm me not." So saying, she advanced to the burning pile,—when up dashed her paramour, who seized her by the hand, crying shame on the brahmin who could force so fair a maid to enter the flames! Shaking her hand free, the girl exclaimed to the brahmin that what she had asserted was now undone, and that she could not now brave the ordeal of fire. "Why not?" said the brahmin. "Because," she replied, "my asseveration was that no man's hand but thine had ever touched me; [295] and now here is a man who has seized hold of my hand!" But the brahmin, knowing that he was tricked, drove her from him with blows.

Such, we learn, is the wickedness of women. What crime will they not commit; and then, to deceive their husbands, what oaths will they not take—aye, in the light of day—that they did it not! So false-hearted are they! Therefore has it been said:—

A sex composed of wickedness and guile,
Unknowable, uncertain as the path
Of fishes in the water,—womankind
Hold truth for falsehood, falsehood for the truth!
As greedily as cows seek pastures new,
Women, unsated, yearn for mate on mate.
As sand unstable, cruel as the snake,
Women know all things; naught from them is hid!

"Even so impossible is it to ward women," said the Master. His lesson ended, he preached the Truths, at the close whereof the passion-tost Brother won the Fruit of the First Path. Also the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying:—"In these days I was the King of Benares."

[*Note.* The cuffing of the brahmin is the subject of a Bharhut sculpture, Plate 26, 8. For a parallel to the trick by which the girl avoids the ordeal of fire, see *Folklore* 3. 291.]

No. 63.

TAKKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Wrathful are women.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about another passion-tost Brother. When on being questioned the Brother confessed that he was passion-tost, the Master said, "Women are ingrates and treacherous; why are you passion-tost because of them?" And he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta, who had chosen an anchorite's life, built himself a hermitage by the banks of the Ganges, and there won the Attainments and the Higher Knowledges, and so dwelt in the bliss of Insight. In those days the Lord High Treasurer of Benares had a fierce and cruel daughter, known as Lady Wicked, who used to revile and beat her servants and slaves. And one day they took their young mistress [296] to disport herself in the Ganges; and the girls were playing about in the water, when the sun set and a great storm burst upon them. Hereon folks scampered away, and the girl's attendants, exclaiming, "Now is the time to see the last of this creature!" threw her right into the river and hurried off. Down poured the rain in torrents, the sun set, and darkness came on. And when the attendants reached home without their young mistress, and were asked where she was, they replied that she had got out of the Ganges but that they did not know where she had gone. Search was made by her family, but not a trace of the missing girl could be found.

Meantime she, screaming loudly, was swept down by the swollen stream, and at midnight approached where the Bodhisatta dwelt in his hermitage. Hearing her cries, he thought to himself, "That's a woman's voice. I must rescue her from the water." So he took a torch of grass and by its light descried her in the stream. "Don't be afraid; don't be afraid!" he shouted cheerily, and waded in, and, thanks to his vast strength, as of an elephant, brought her safe to land. Then he made a fire for her in his hermitage and set luscious fruits of divers kinds before her. Not till she had eaten did he ask, "Where is your home, and how came you to fall in the river?" And the girl told him all that had befallen her. "Dwell here for the present," said he, and installed her in his hermitage, whilst for the next two or three days he himself abode in the open air. At the end of that time he bade her depart, but she was set on waiting till she had made the ascetic fall in love with her; and would not go. And as time went by, she so wrought on him by her womanly grace and wiles that he lost his Insight. With her he continued to dwell in the forest. But she did not like living in that solitude and wanted to be taken among people. So yielding to her importunities he took her away with him to a border village, where he supported her by selling dates, and so was called the Date-Sage[1]. And the villagers paid

[1] There is a play here upon the word *takka*, which cannot well be rendered in English. The word *takka-paṇḍito*, which I have rendered 'Date Sage,' would—by itself—mean '*Logic* Sage,' whilst his living was got *takkaṁ vikkinitvā* 'by selling *dates*.' There is the further difficulty that the latter phrase may equally well mean 'by selling *buttermilk*.'

him to teach them what were lucky and unlucky seasons, and gave him a hut to live in at the entrance to their village.

Now the border was harried by robbers from the mountains; and they made a raid one day [297] on the village where the pair lived, and looted it. They made the poor villagers pack up their belongings, and off they went—with the Treasurer's daughter among the rest—to their own abodes. Arrived there, they let everybody else go free; but the girl, because of her beauty, was taken to wife by the robber chieftain.

And when the Bodhisatta learned this, he thought to himself, "She will not endure to live away from me. She will escape and come back to me." And so he lived on, waiting for her to return. She meantime was very happy with the robbers, and only feared that the Date-sage would come to carry her away again. "I should feel more secure," thought she, "if he were dead. I must send a message to him feigning love and so entice him here to his death." So she sent a messenger to him with the message that she was unhappy, and that she wanted him to take her away.

And he, in his faith in her, set out forthwith, and came to the entrance of the robbers' village, whence he sent a message to her. "To fly now, my husband," said she, "would only be to fall into the robber chieftain's hands who would kill us both. Let us put off our flight till night." So she took him and hid him in a room; and when the robber came home at night and was inflamed with strong drink, she said to him, "Tell me, love, what would you do if your rival were in your power?"

And he said he would do this and that to him.

"Perhaps he is not so far away as you think," said she. "He is in the next room."

Seizing a torch, the robber rushed in and seized the Bodhisatta and beat him about the head and body to his heart's content. Amid the blows the Bodhisatta made no cry, only murmuring, "Cruel ingrates! slanderous traitors!" And this was all he said. And when he had thus beaten, bound, and laid by the heels the Bodhisatta, the robber finished his supper, and lay down to sleep. In the morning, when he had slept off his over-night's debauch, he fell anew to beating the Bodhisatta, who still made no cry but kept repeating the same four words. And the robber was struck with this and asked why, even when beaten, he kept saying that. [298]

"Listen," said the Date-Sage, "and you shall hear. Once I was a hermit dwelling in the solitude of the forest, and there I won Insight. And I rescued this woman from the Ganges and helped her in her need, and by her allurements fell from my high estate. Then I quitted the forest and supported her in a village, whence she was carried off by robbers. And she sent me a message that she was unhappy, entreating

me to come and take her away. Now she has made me fall into your hands. That is why I thus exclaim."

This set the robber a-thinking again, and he thought, "If she can feel so little for one who is so good and has done so much for her, what injury would she not do to me? She must die." So having reassured the Bodhisatta and having awakened the woman, he set out sword in hand, pretending to her that he was about to kill him outside the village. Then bidding her hold the Date-Sage he drew his sword, and, making as though to kill the sage, clove the woman in twain. Then he bathed the Date-Sage from head to foot and for several days fed him with dainties to his heart's content.

"Where do you purpose to go now?" said the robber at last.

"The world," answered the sage, "has no pleasures for me. I will become a hermit once more and dwell in my former habitation in the forest."

"And I too will become a hermit," exclaimed the robber. So both became hermits together, and dwelt in the hermitage in the forest, where they won the Higher Knowledges and the Attainments, and qualified themselves when life ended to enter the Realm of Brahma.

After telling these two stories, the Master shewed the connexion, by reciting, as Buddha, this stanza:—

Wrathful are women, slanderers, ingrates,
The sowers of dissension and fell strife!
Then, Brother, tread the path of holiness,
And Bliss therein thou shalt not fail to find.

[299] His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths, at the close whereof the passion-tost Brother won the Fruit of the First Path. Also, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the robber-chief of those days, and I myself the Date-Sage."

No. 64.

DURĀJĀNA-JĀTAKA.

"*Think'st thou.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a lay-brother. Tradition says that there dwelt at Sāvatthi a lay-brother, who was stablished in the Three Gems and the Five Commandments, a devout lover of the Buddha, the Doctrine and the Brotherhood. But his wife was a sinful and wicked woman. On days when she did wrong, she was as meek as a slave-girl bought for a hundred pieces; whilst on days when she did not do

wrong, she played my lady, passionate and tyrannical. The husband could not make her out. She worried him so much that he did not go to wait on the Buddha.

One day he went with perfumes and flowers, and had taken his seat after due salutation, when the Master said to him:—"Pray how comes it, lay-brother, that seven or eight days have gone by without your coming to wait upon the Buddha?" "My wife, sir, is one day like a slave-girl bought for a hundred pieces, while another day finds her like a passionate and tyrannical mistress. I cannot make her out; and it is because she has worried me so that I have not been to wait upon the Buddha."

Now, when he heard these words, the Master said, "Why, lay-brother, you have already been told by the wise and good of bygone days that it is hard to understand the nature of women." And he went on to add "but his previous existences have come to be confused in his mind, so that he cannot remember." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to be a teacher of world-wide fame, with five hundred young brahmins studying under him. [300] One of these pupils was a young brahmin from a foreign land, who fell in love with a woman and made her his wife. Though he continued to live on in Benares, he failed two or three times in his attendance on the master. For, you should know, his wife was a sinful and wicked woman, who was as meek as a slave on days when she had done wrong, but on days when she had not done wrong, played my lady, passionate and tyrannical. Her husband could not make her out at all; and so worried and harassed by her was he that he absented himself from waiting on the Master. Now, some seven or eight days later he renewed his attendances, and was asked by the Bodhisatta why he had not been seen of late.

"Master, my wife is the cause," said he. And he told the Bodhisatta how she was meek one day like a slave-girl, and tyrannical the next; how he could not make her out at all, and how he had been so worried and harassed by her shifting moods that he had stayed away.

"Precisely so, young brahmin," said the Bodhisatta; "on days when they have done wrong, women humble themselves before their husbands and become as meek and submissive as a slave-girl; but on days when they have not done wrong, then they become stiff-necked and insubordinate to their lords. After this manner are women sinful and wicked; and their nature is hard to know. No heed should be paid either to their likes or to their dislikes." And so saying, the Bodhisatta repeated for the edification of his pupil this Stanza:—

Think'st thou a woman loves thee?—be not glad.
Think'st thou she loves thee not?—forbear to grieve.
Unknowable, uncertain as the path
Of fishes in the water, women prove.

[301] Such was the Bodhisatta's instruction to his pupil, who thenceforward paid no heed to his wife's caprices. And she, hearing that her misconduct had come to the ears of the Bodhisatta, ceased from that time forward from her naughtiness.

So too this lay-brother's wife said to herself, "The Perfect Buddha himself knows, they tell me, of my misconduct," and thenceforth she sinned no more.

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths, at the close whereof the lay-brother won the Fruit of the First Path. Then the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying—"This husband and wife were also the husband and wife of those days, and I myself the teacher."

No. 65.

ANABHIRATI-JĀTAKA.

"*Like highways.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about just such another lay-brother as the last. This man, when on enquiry he assured himself of his wife's misconduct, came to words with her, with the result that he was so upset that for seven or eight days he failed in his attendance. One day he came to the monastery, made his bow to the Blessed One and took his seat. Being asked why he had been absent for seven or eight days, he replied, "Sir, my wife has misconducted herself, and I have been so upset about her that I did not come."

"Lay-brother," said the Master, "long ago the wise and good told you not to be angered at the naughtiness found in women, but to preserve your equanimity; this, however, you have forgotten, because re-birth has hidden it from you." And so saying he told—at that lay-brother's request—this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a teacher of world-wide reputation, as in the foregoing story. And a pupil of his, finding his wife unfaithful, was so affected by the discovery that he stayed away for some days, but being asked one day by his teacher what was the reason of his absence, he made a clean breast of it. Then said his teacher, "My son, there is no private property in women: they are common to all. [302] And therefore wise men knowing

their frailty, are not excited to anger against them." And so saying, he repeated this stanza for his pupil's edification:—

Like highways, rivers, courtyards, hostelries,
Or taverns, which to all alike extend
One universal hospitality,—
Is womankind; and wise men never stoop
To wrath at frailty in a sex so frail.

Such was the instruction which the Bodhisatta imparted to his pupil, who thenceforward grew indifferent to what women did. And as for his wife, she was so changed by hearing that the teacher knew what she was, that she gave up her naughtiness thenceforth.

So too that lay-brother's wife, when she heard that the Master knew what she was, gave up her naughtiness thenceforth.

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths, at the close whereof the lay-brother won the Fruit of the First Path. Also the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "This husband and wife were also the husband and wife of those days, and I myself the brahmin teacher."

No. 66.

MUDULAKKHAṆA-JĀTAKA.

"*Till Gentle-heart was mine.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about concupiscence. Tradition says that a young gentleman of Sāvatthi, [303] on hearing the Truth preached by the Master, gave his heart to the Doctrine of the Three Gems. Renouncing the world for the Brother's life, he rose to walk in the Paths, to practise meditation, and never to slacken in his pondering over the theme he had chosen for thought. One day, whilst he was on his round for alms through Sāvatthi, he espied a woman in brave attire, and, for pleasure's sake, broke through the higher morality and gazed upon her! Passion was stirred within him, he became even as a fig-tree felled by the axe. From that day forth, under the sway of passion, the palate of his mind, as of his body, lost all its gust; like a brute beast, he took no joy in the Doctrine, and suffered his nails and hair to grow long and his robes to grow foul.

When his friends among the Brethren became aware of his troubled state of mind, they said, "Why, sir, is your moral state otherwise than it was?" "My joy has gone," said he. Then they took him to the Master, who asked them why they had brought that Brother there against his will. "Because, sir, his joy is gone." "Is that true, Brother?" "It is, Blessed One." "Who has troubled you?" "Sir, I was on my round for alms when, violating the higher morality, I gazed on a woman; and passion was stirred within me. Therefore am I

troubled." Then said the Master, "It is little marvel, Brother, that when, violating morality, you were gazing for pleasure's sake on an exceptional object, you were stirred by passion. Why, in bygone times, even those who had won the five Higher Knowledges and the eight Attainments, those who by the might of Insight had quelled their passions, whose hearts were purified and whose feet could walk the skies, yea even Bodhisattas, through gazing in violation of morality on an exceptional object, lost their insight, were stirred by passion, and came to great sorrow. Little recks the wind which could overturn Mount Sineru, of a bare hillock no bigger than an elephant; little recks a wind which could uproot a mighty Jambu-tree, of a bush on the face of a cliff; and little recks a wind which could dry up a vast ocean, of a tiny pond. If passion could breed folly in the supremely-enlightened and pure-minded Bodhisattas, shall passion be abashed before you? Why, even purified beings are led astray by passion, and those advanced to the highest honour, come to shame." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a rich brahmin family in the Kāsi country. When he was grown up and had finished his education, he renounced all Lusts, and, forsaking the world for the hermit's life, went to live in the solitudes of the Himalayas. There by due fulfilment of all preparatory forms of meditation, he won by abstract thought the Higher Knowledges and the ecstatic Attainments; and so lived his life in the bliss of mystic Insight.

[304] Lack of salt and vinegar brought him one day to Benares, where he took up his quarters in the king's pleasaunce. Next day, after seeing to his bodily needs, he folded up the red suit of bark which he commonly wore, threw over one shoulder a black antelope's skin, knotted his tangled locks in a coil on the top of his head, and with a yoke on his back from which hung two baskets, set out on his round in quest of alms. Coming to the palace-gates on his way, his demeanour so commended him to the king that his majesty had him brought in So the ascetic was seated on a couch of great splendour and fed with abundance of the daintiest food. And when he thanked the king, he was invited to take up his dwelling in the pleasaunce. The ascetic accepted the offer, and for sixteen years abode in the pleasaunce, exhorting the king's household and eating of the king's meat.

Now there came a day when the king must go to the borders to put down a rising. But, before he started, he charged his queen, whose name was Gentle-heart, to minister to the wants of the holy man. So, after the king's departure, the Bodhisatta continued to go when he pleased to the palace.

One day Queen Gentle-heart got ready a meal for the Bodhisatta; but as he was late in coming, she betook herself to her own toilette. After bathing in perfumed water, she dressed herself in all her splendour,

and lay down, awaiting his coming, on a little couch in the spacious chamber.

Waking from rapture of Insight, and seeing how late it was, the Bodhisatta transported himself through the air to the palace. Hearing the rustling of his bark-robe, the queen started up hurriedly to receive him. In her hurry to rise, her tunic slipped down, so that her beauty was revealed to the ascetic as he entered the window; and at the sight, in violation of Morality he gazed for pleasure's sake on the marvellous beauty of the queen. Lust was kindled within him; he was as a tree felled by the axe. At once all Insight deserted him, and he became as a crow with its wings clipped. Clutching his food, still standing, he ate not, but took his way, all a-tremble with desire, from the palace to his hut in the pleasaunce, set it down beneath his wooden couch and thereon lay for seven whole days a prey to hunger and thirst, enslaved by the queen's loveliness, his heart aflame with lust.

On the seventh day, the king came back from pacifying the border. After passing in solemn procession round the city, he entered his palace. [305] Then, wishing to see the ascetic, he took his way to the pleasaunce, and there in the cell found the Bodhisatta lying on his couch. Thinking the holy man had been taken ill, the king, after first having the cell cleaned out, asked, as he stroked the sufferer's feet, what ailed him. "Sire, my heart is fettered by lust; that is my sole ailment." "Lust for whom?" "For Gentle-heart, sire." "Then she is yours; I give her to you," said the king. Then he passed with the ascetic to the palace, and bidding the queen array herself in all her splendour, gave her to the Bodhisatta. But, as he was giving her away, the king privily charged the queen to put forth her utmost endeavour to save the holy man.

"Fear not, sire," said the queen; "I will save him." So with the queen the ascetic went out from the palace. But when he had passed through the great gate, the queen cried out that they must have a house to live in; and back he must go to the king to ask for one. So back he went to ask the king for a house to live in, and the king gave them a tumble-down dwelling which passers-by used as a jakes. To this dwelling the ascetic took the queen; but she flatly refused to enter it, because of its filthy state.

"What am I to do?" he cried. "Why, clean it out," she said. And she sent him to the king for a spade and a basket, and made him remove all the filth and dirt, and plaster the walls with cowdung, which he had to fetch. This done, she made him get a bed, and a stool, and a rug, and a water-pot, and a cup, sending him for only one thing at a time. Next, she sent him packing to fetch water and a thousand other things. So off he started for the water, and filled up the water-pot, and set out the water for the bath, and made the bed. And, as he sat with her upon the

bed, she took him by the whiskers and drew him towards her till they were face to face, saying, "Hast thou forgotten that thou art a holy man and a brahmin?"

Hereon he came to himself after his interval of witless folly.

(And here should be repeated the text beginning, "Thus the hindrances of Lust and Longing are called Evils because they spring from Ignorance, Brethren; [306] that which springs from Ignorance creates Darkness.")

So when he had come to himself, he bethought him how, waxing stronger and stronger, this fatal craving would condemn him hereafter to the Four States of Punishment[1]. "This self-same day," he cried, "will I restore this woman to the king and fly to the mountains!" So he stood with the queen before the king and said, "Sire, I want your queen no longer; and it was only for her that cravings were awakened within me." And so saying, he repeated this Stanza:—

Till Gentle-heart was mine, one sole desire
I had,—to win her. When her beauty owned
Me lord, desire came crowding on desire.

Forthwith his lost power of Insight came back to him. Rising from the earth and seating himself in the air, he preached the Truth to the king; and without touching earth he passed through the air to the Himalayas. He never came back to the paths of men; but grew in love and charity till, with Insight unbroken, he passed to a new birth in the Realm of Brahma.

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths, at the close whereof that Brother won Arahatship itself. Also the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the King of those days, Uppalavaṇṇā was Gentle-heart, and I the hermit."

No. 67.

UCCHAṄGA-JĀTAKA.

"*A son's an easy find.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain country-woman.

For it fell out once in Kosala that three men were ploughing on the outskirts of a certain forest, and that robbers plundered folk in that forest and made their escape. [307] The victims came, in the course of a fruitless search for the rascals, to where the three men were ploughing. "Here are the forest robbers,

[1] Hell, the brute-creation, ghostdom, devildom.

disguised as husbandmen," they cried, and hauled the trio off as prisoners to the King of Kosala. Now time after time there came to the king's palace a woman who with loud lamentations begged for "wherewith to be covered." Hearing her cry, the king ordered a shift to be given her; but she refused it, saying this was not what she meant. So the king's servants came back to his majesty and said that what the woman wanted was not clothes but a husband[1]. Then the king had the woman brought into his presence and asked her whether she really did mean a husband.

"Yes, sire," she answered; "for a husband is a woman's real covering, and she that lacks a husband—even though she be clad in garments costing a thousand pieces—goes bare and naked indeed."

(And to enforce this truth, the following Sutta should be recited here:—

Like kingless kingdoms, like a stream run dry,
So bare and naked is a woman seen,
Who, having brothers ten, yet lacks a mate.)

Pleased with the woman's answer, the king asked what relation the three prisoners were to her. And she said that one was her husband, one her brother, and one her son. "Well, to mark my favour," said the king, "I give you one of the three. Which will you take?" "Sire," was her answer, "if I live, I can get another husband and another son; but as my parents are dead, I can never get another brother. So give me my brother, Sire." Pleased with the woman, the king set all three men at liberty; and thus this one woman was the means of saving three persons from peril.

When the matter came to the knowledge of the Brotherhood, they were lauding the woman in the Hall of Truth, when the Master entered. Learning on enquiry what was the subject of their talk, he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that this woman has saved those three from peril; she did the same in days gone by." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, three men were ploughing on the outskirts of a forest, and everything came to pass as above.

Being asked by the king which of the three she would take, the woman said, "Cannot your majesty give me all three?" "No," said the king, "I cannot." [308] "Well, if I cannot have all three, give me my brother." "Take your husband or your son," said the king. "What matters a brother?" "The two former I can readily replace," answered the woman, "but a brother never!" And so saying, she repeated this stanza:—

A son 's an easy find; of husbands too
An ample choice throngs public ways. But where
Will all my pains another brother find?

"She is quite right," said the king, well-pleased. And he bade all three men be fetched from the prison and given over to the woman. She took them all three and went her way.

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[1] Cf. 'femme couverte.'

"So you see, Brethren," said the Master, "that this same woman once before saved these same three men from peril." His lesson ended, he made the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The woman and the three men of to-day were also the woman and men of those bygone days; and I was then the king."

[*Note.*—Cf. for the idea of the verse Herodotus III. 118—120, Sophocles *Antigone* 909—912; and see this passage discussed in the *Indian Antiquary* for December, 1881.]

No. 68.

SĀKETA-JĀTAKA.

"*The man thy mind rests on.*"—This story was told by the Master, while at Añjanavana, about a certain brahmin. Tradition says that when the Blessed One with his disciples was entering the city of Sāketa, an old brahmin of that place, who was going out, met him in the gateway. Falling at the Buddha's feet, and clasping him by the ankles, the old man cried, "Son, is it not the duty of children to cherish the old age of their parents? [309] Why have you not let us see you all this long time? At last I have seen you; come, let your mother see you too." So saying, he took the Master with him to his house; and there the Master sat upon the seat prepared for him, with his disciples around him. Then came the brahmin's wife, and she too fell at the feet of the Blessed One, crying, "My son, where have you been all this time? Is it not the duty of children to comfort their parents in their old age?" Hereon, she called to her sons and daughters that their brother was come, and made them salute the Buddha. And in their joy the aged pair shewed great hospitality to their guests. After his meal, the Master recited to the old people the Sutta concerning old-age[1]; and, when he had ended, both husband and wife won fruition of the Second Path. Then rising up from his seat, the Master went back to Añjanavana.

Meeting together in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren fell to talking about this thing. It was urged that the brahmin must have been well aware that Suddhodana was the father, and Mahāmāyā the mother, of the Buddha; yet none the less, he and his wife had claimed the Buddha as their own son,—and that with the Master's assent. What could it all mean? Hearing their talk, the Master said, "Brethren, the aged pair were right in claiming me as their son." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Brethren, in ages past this brahmin was my father in 500 successive births, my uncle in a like number, and in 500 more my grandfather. And

[1] The Jarā-sutta of the Sutta-nipāta, page 152 of Fausböll's edition for the Pāli Text Society.

in 1500 successive births his wife was respectively my mother, my aunt, and my grandmother. So I was brought up in 1500 births by this brahmin, and in 1500 by his wife.

And therewithal, having told of these 3000 births, the Master, as Buddha, recited this Stanza:—

The man thy mind rests on, with whom thy heart
Is pleased at first sight,--place thy trust in him.

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[310] His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "This brahmin and his wife were the husband and wife in all those existences, and I the child."

[*Note.* See also No. 237.]

No. 69.

VISAVANTA-JĀTAKA.

"*May shame.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about Sāriputta, the Captain of the Faith. Tradition says that in the days when the Elder used to eat meal-cakes, folks came to the monastery with a quantity of such cakes for the Brotherhood. After the Brethren had all eaten their fill, much remained over; and the givers said, "Sirs, take some for those too who are away in the village."

Just then a youth who was the Elder's co-resident, was away in the village. For him a portion was taken; but, as he did not return, and it was felt that it was getting very late[1], this portion was given to the Elder. When this portion had been eaten by the Elder, the youth came in. Accordingly, the Elder explained the case to him, saying, "Sir, I have eaten the cakes set apart for you." "Ah!" was the rejoinder, "we have all of us got a sweet tooth." The Great Elder was much troubled.

"From this day forward," he exclaimed, "I vow never to eat meal-cakes again." And from that day forward, so tradition says, the Elder Sāriputta never touched meal-cakes again! This abstention became matter of common knowledge in the Brotherhood, and the Brethren sat talking of it in the Hall of Truth. Said the Master, "What are you talking of, Brethren, as you sit here?" When they had told him, he said, "Brethren, when Sāriputta has once given anything up, he never goes back to it again, even though his life be at stake." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

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[1] i.e. close on to mid-day, after which the food could not properly be eaten. See note, page 107.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a family of doctors skilled in the cure of snake-bites, and when he grew up, he practised for a livelihood.

Now it fell out that a countryman was bitten by a snake; and without delay his relatives quickly fetched the doctor. Said the Bodhisatta, "Shall I extract the venom with the usual antidotes, or have the snake caught and make it suck its own poison out of the wound?" "Have the snake caught and make it suck the poison out." So he had the snake caught, and asked the creature, saying "Did you bite this man?" "Yes, I did," was the answer. [311] "Well then, suck your own poison out of the wound again." "What? Take back the poison I have once shed!" cried the snake; "I never did, and I never will." Then the doctor made a fire with wood, and said to the snake, "Either you suck the poison out, or into the fire you go."

"Even though the flames be my doom, I will not take back the poison I have once shed," said the snake, and repeated the following stanza:—

> May shame be on the poison which, once shed,
> To save my life, I swallow down again!
> More welcome death than life by weakness bought!

With these words, the snake moved towards the fire! But the doctor barred its way, and drew out the poison with simples and charms, so that the man was whole again. Then he unfolded the Commandments to the snake, and set it free, saying, "Henceforth do harm to none."

And the Master went on to say,—"Brethren, when Sāriputta has once parted with anything, he never takes it back again, even though his life be at stake." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Sāriputta was the snake of those days, and I the doctor."

No. 70.

KUDDĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"*The conquest.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the Elder named Cittahattha-Sāriputta. He is said to have been a youth of a good family in Sāvatthi; and one day, on his way home from ploughing, he turned in to the monastery. Here he received from the bowl of a certain Elder some dainty fare, rich and sweet, which made him think to himself,—"Day and night I am toiling away with my hands at divers tasks, yet never do I taste food

so sweet. I must turn Brother myself!" So he joined the Brotherhood, but after six weeks' zealous application to high thinking, fell under the dominion of Lusts and off he went. His belly again proving too much for him, [312] back he came to join the Brotherhood once more, and studied the Abhidhamma[1]. In this way, six times he left and came back again; but when for the seventh time he became a Brother, he mastered the whole seven books of the Abhidhamma, and by much chanting of the Doctrine of the Brothers won Discernment and attained to Arahatship. Now his friends among the Brethren scoffed at him, saying—"Can it be, sir, that Lusts have ceased to spring up within your heart?"

"Sirs," was the reply, "I have now got beyond mundane life henceforth."

He having thus won Arahatship, talk thereof arose in the Hall of Truth, as follows:—"Sirs, though all the while he was destined to all the glories of Arahatship, yet six times did Cittahattha-Sāriputta renounce the Brotherhood; truly, very wrong is the unconverted state."

Returning to the Hall, the Master asked what they were talking about. Being told, he said, "Brethren, the worldling's heart is light and hard to curb; material things attract and hold it fast; when once it is so held fast, it cannot be released in a trice. Excellent is the mastery of such a heart; once mastered, it brings joy and happiness:—

'Tis good to tame a headstrong heart and frail,
By passion swayed. Once tamed, the heart brings bliss.

It was by reason of this headstrong quality of the heart, however, that, for the sake of a pretty spade which they could not bring themselves to throw away, the wise and good of bygone days six times reverted to the world out of sheer cupidity; but on the seventh occasion they won Insight and subdued their cupidity." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life again as a gardener, and grew up. 'Spade Sage' was his name. With his spade he cleared a patch of ground, and grew pot-herbs, pumpkins, gourds, cucumbers, and other vegetables, by the sale of which he made a sorry living. For, save only that one spade, he had nothing in the world! Resolving one day to forsake the world for the religious life, he hid his spade away, and became a recluse. But thoughts of that spade rose in his heart and the passion of greed overcame him, so that for the sake of his blunt spade he reverted to the world. [313] Again and again this happened; six times did he hide the spade and become a recluse,—only to renounce his vows again. But the seventh time he bethought him how that blunt spade had caused him again and again to backslide; and he made up his mind to throw it into a great river before he became a recluse again. So he carried the spade to the river-side, and, fearing lest if he saw where it fell, he should come back and fish it out again, he whirled the spade thrice round his head by the handle and flung

[1] The third, and latest, of the Piṭakas,—perhaps compiled from the Nikāyas of the Sutta-piṭaka.

it with the strength of an elephant right into mid-stream, shutting his eyes tight as he did so. Then loud rang his shout of exultation, a shout like a lion's roar,—"I have conquered! I have conquered!"

Now just at that moment the King of Benares, on his way home from quelling disorder on the border, had been bathing in that very river, and was riding along in all his splendour on the back of his elephant, when he heard the Bodhisatta's shout of triumph. "Here's a man," said the king, "who is proclaiming that he has conquered. I wonder whom he has conquered. Go, bring him before me."

So the Bodhisatta was brought before the king, who said to him, "My good man, I am a conqueror myself; I have just won a battle and am on my way home victorious. Tell me whom you have conquered." "Sire," said the Bodhisatta, "a thousand, yea, a hundred thousand, such victories as yours are vain, if you have not the victory over the Lusts within yourself. It is by conquering greed within myself that I have conquered my Lusts." And as he spoke, he gazed upon the great river, and by duly concentrating all his mind upon the idea of water, won Insight. Then by virtue of his newly-won transcendental powers, he rose in the air, and, seated there, instructed the King in the Truth in this stanza:—

The conquest that by further victories
Must be upheld, or own defeat at last,
Is vain! True conquest lasts for evermore!

[314] Even as he listened to the Truth, light shone in on the king's darkness, and the Lusts of his heart were quenched; his heart was bent on renouncing the world; then and there the lust for royal dominion passed away from him. "And where will you go now?" said the king to the Bodhisatta. "To the Himalayas, sire; there to live the anchorite's life." "Then I, too, will become an anchorite," said the king; and he departed with the Bodhisatta. And with the king there departed also the whole army, all the brahmins and householders and all the common folk,—in a word, all the host that was gathered there.

Tidings came to Benares that their king, on hearing the Truth preached by the Spade Sage, was fain to live the anchorite's life and had gone forth with all his host. "And what shall we do here?" cried the folk of Benares. And thereupon, from out that city which was twelve leagues about, all the inhabitants went forth, a train twelve leagues long, with whom the Bodhisatta passed to the Himalayas.

Then the throne of Sakka, King of Devas, became hot beneath him[1]. Looking out, he saw that the Spade Sage was engaged upon a Great

[1] Only the merits of a good man struggling with adversity could thus appeal to the mercy-seat of the Archangel.

Renunciation[1]. Marking the numbers of his following, Indra took thought how to house them all. And he sent for Vissakamma, the architect of the Devas, and spoke thus:—"The Spade Sage is engaged upon a Great Renunciation, [315] and quarters must be found for him. Go you to the Himalayas, and there on level ground fashion by divine power a hermit's demesne thirty leagues long and fifteen broad."

"It shall be done, sire," said Vissakamma. And away he went, and did what he was bidden.

(What follows is only a summary; the full details will be given in the Hatthipāla-jātaka[2], which forms one narrative with this.) Vissakamma caused a hermitage to arise in the hermit's demesne; drove away all the noisy beasts and birds and fairies; and made in each cardinal direction a path just broad enough for one person to pass along it at a time. This done, he betook himself to his own abode. The Spade Sage with his host of people came to the Himalayas and entered the demesne which Indra had given and took possession of the house and furniture which Vissakamma had created for the hermits. First of all, he renounced the world himself, and afterwards made the people renounce it. Then he portioned out the demesne among them. They abandoned all their sovereignty, which rivalled that of Sakka himself; and the whole thirty leagues of the demesne were filled. By due performance of all the other[3] rites that conduce to Insight, the Spade Sage developed perfect good-will within himself, and he taught the people how to meditate. Hereby they all won the Attainments, and assured their entry thereafter into the Brahma-Realm, whilst all who ministered to them qualified for entry thereafter into the Realm of Devas.

"Thus, Brethren," said the Master, "the heart, when passion holds it fast, is hard to release. When the attributes of greed spring up within it, they are hard to chase away, and even persons so wise and good as the above are thereby rendered witless." His lesson ended, he preached the Truths, at the close whereof some won the First, some the Second, and some the Third Path, whilst others again attained to Arahatship. Further, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the king of those days, the Buddha's followers were the followers, and I myself the Spade Sage."

[1] It is only when a future Buddha renounces the world for the religious life, that his 'going forth' is termed a Great Renunciation. Cf. p. 61 of Vol. I. of Fausböll's text as to Gotama's 'going forth.'

[2] No. 509,—where, however, no further details are vouchsafed.

[3] As shewn above, he had already arrived at Insight through the idea of water.

No. 71.

VARAṆA-JĀTAKA.

[316] "*Learn thou from him.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the Elder named Tissa the Squire's Son. Tradition says that one day thirty young gentlemen of Sāvatthi, who were all friends of one another, took perfumes and flowers and robes, and set out with a large retinue to Jetavana, in order to hear the Master preach. Arrived at Jetavana, they sat awhile in the several enclosures—in the enclosure of the Iron-wood trees, in the enclosure of the Sāl-trees, and so forth,—till at evening the Master passed from his fragrant sweet-smelling perfumed chamber to the Hall of Truth and took his seat on the gorgeous Buddha-seat. Then, with their following, these young men went to the Hall of Truth, made an offering of perfumes and flowers, bowed down at his feet—those blessed feet that were glorious as full-blown lotus-flowers, and bore imprinted on the sole the Wheel!—and, taking their seats, listened to the Truth. Then the thought came into their minds, "Let us take the vows, so far as we understand the Truth preached by the Master." Accordingly, when the Blessed One left the Hall, they approached him and with due obeisance asked to be admitted to the Brotherhood; and the Master admitted them to the Brotherhood. Winning the favour of their teachers and directors they received full Brotherhood, and after five years' residence with their teachers and directors, by which time they had got by heart the two Abstracts, had come to know what was proper and what was improper, had learnt the three modes of expressing thanks, and had stitched and dyed robes. At this stage, wishing to embrace the ascetic life, they obtained the consent of their teachers and directors, and approached the Master. Bowing before him they took their seats, saying, "Sir, we are troubled by the round of existence, dismayed by birth, decay, disease, and death; give us a theme, by thinking on which we may get free from the elements which occasion existence." The Master turned over in his mind the eight and thirty themes of thought, and therefrom selected a suitable one, which he expounded to them. And then, after getting their theme from the Master, they bowed and with a ceremonious farewell passed from his presence to their cells, and after gazing on their teachers and directors went forth with bowl and robe to embrace the ascetic life.

Now amongst them was a Brother named the Elder Tissa the Squire's Son, a weak and irresolute man, a slave to the pleasures of the taste. Thought he to himself, "I shall never be able to live in the forest, to strive with strenuous effort, and subsist on doles of food. What is the good of my going? I will turn back." And so he gave up, and after accompanying those Brothers some way he turned back. As to the other Brothers, they came in the course of their alms-pilgrimage through Kosala to a certain border-village, [317] hard by which in a wooded spot they kept the Rainy-season, and by three months' striving and wrestling got the germ of Discernment and won Arahatship, making the earth shout for joy. At the end of the Rainy-season, after celebrating the Pavāraṇā festival, they set out thence to announce to the Master the attainments they had won, and, coming in due course to Jetavana, laid aside their bowls and robes, paid a visit to their teachers and directors, and, being anxious to see the Blessed One, went to him and with due obeisance took their seats. The Master greeted them kindly and they announced to the Blessed One the attainments they had won, receiving praise from him. Hearing the Master speaking in their praise, the Elder Tissa the Squire's Son was filled with a desire to live the life of a recluse all by himself. Likewise, those other Brothers asked and received the Master's permission to return to dwell in that self-same spot in the forest. And with due obeisance they went to their cells.

Now the Elder Tissa the Squire's Son that very night was inflated with a yearning to begin his austerities at once, and whilst practising with excessive zeal and ardour the methods of a recluse and sleeping in an upright posture by the side of his plank-bed, soon after the middle watch of the night, round he turned and down he fell, breaking his thigh-bone; and severe pains set in, so that the other Brothers had to nurse him and were debarred from going.

Accordingly, when they appeared at the hour for waiting on the Buddha, he asked them whether they had not yesterday asked his leave to start to-day.

"Yes, sir, we did; but our friend the Elder Tissa the Squire's Son, while rehearsing the methods of a recluse with great vigour but out of season, dropped off to sleep and fell over, breaking his thigh; and that is why our departure has been thwarted." "This is not the first time, Brethren," said the Master, "that this man's backsliding has caused him to strive with unseasonable zeal, and thereby to delay your departure; he delayed your departure in the past also." And hereupon, at their request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time at Takkasilā in the kingdom of Gandhāra the Bodhisatta was a teacher of world-wide fame, with 500 young brahmins as pupils. One day these pupils set out for the forest to gather firewood for their master, and busied themselves in gathering sticks. Amongst them was a lazy fellow who came on a huge forest tree, which he imagined to be dry and rotten. So he thought that he could safely indulge in a nap first, and at the last moment climb up [318] and break some branches off to carry home. Accordingly, he spread out his outer robe and fell asleep, snoring loudly. All the other young brahmins were on their way home with their wood tied up in faggots, when they came upon the sleeper. Having kicked him in the back till he awoke, they left him and went their way. He sprang to his feet, and rubbed his eyes for a time. Then, still half asleep, he began to climb the tree. But one branch, which he was tugging at, snapped off short; and, as it sprang up, the end struck him in the eye. Clapping one hand over his wounded eye, he gathered green boughs with the other. Then climbing down, he corded his faggot, and after hurrying away home with it, flung his green wood on the top of the others' faggots.

That same day it chanced that a country family invited the master to visit them on the morrow, in order that they might give him a brahmin-feast. And so the master called his pupils together, and, telling them of the journey they would have to make to the village on the morrow, said they could not go fasting. "So have some rice-gruel made early in the morning," said he; "and eat it before starting. There you will have food given you for yourselves and a portion for me. Bring it all home with you."

So they got up early next morning and roused a maid to get them their breakfast ready betimes. And off she went for wood to light the fire. The green wood lay on the top of the stack, and she laid her fire with it. And she blew and blew, but could not get her fire to burn, and at last the

sun got up. "It's broad daylight now," said they, "and it's too late to start." And they went off to their master.

"What, not yet on your way, my sons?" said he. "No, sir; we have not started." "Why, pray?" "Because that lazy so-and-so, when he went wood-gathering with us, lay down to sleep under a forest-tree; and, to make up for lost time, he climbed up the tree in such a hurry that he hurt his eye and brought home a lot of green wood, which he threw on the top of our faggots. So, when the maid who was to cook our rice-gruel went to the stack, she took his wood, thinking it would of course be dry; and no fire could she light before the sun was up. And this is what stopped our going."

Hearing what the young brahmin had done, the master exclaimed that a fool's doings had caused all the mischief, and repeated this stanza:

> [319] Learn thou from him who tore green branches down,
> That tasks deferred are wrought in tears at last.

Such was the Bodhisatta's comment on the matter to his pupils; and at the close of a life of charity and other good works he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that this man has thwarted you; he did the like in the past also." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The Brother who has broken his thigh was the young brahmin of those days who hurt his eye; the Buddha's followers were the rest of the young brahmins; and I myself was the brahmin their master."

No. 72.

SĪLAVANĀGA-JĀTAKA.

"*Ingratitude lacks more.*"—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove about Devadatta. The Brethren sat in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, Devadatta is an ingrate and does not recognise the virtues of the Blessed One." Returning to the Hall, the Master asked what topic they were discussing, and was told. "This is not the first time, Brethren," said he, "that Devadatta has proved an ingrate; he was just the same in bygone days also, and he has never known my virtues." And so saying, at their request he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived by an elephant in the Himalayas. When born, he was white all over, like a mighty mass of silver. Like diamond balls were his eyes, like a manifestation of the five brightnesses[1]; red was his mouth, like scarlet cloth; like silver flecked with red gold was his trunk; and his four feet were as if polished with lac. Thus his person, adorned with the ten perfections, was of consummate beauty. When he grew up, all the elephants of the Himalayas in a body [320] followed him as their leader. Whilst he was dwelling in the Himalayas with a following of 80,000 elephants, he became aware that there was sin in the herd. So, detaching himself from the rest, he dwelt in solitude in the forest, and the goodness of his life won him the name of Good King Elephant.

Now a forester of Benares came to the Himalayas, and made his way into that forest in quest of the implements of his craft. Losing his bearings and his way, he roamed to and fro, stretching out his arms in despair and weeping, with the fear of death before his eyes. Hearing the man's cries, the Bodhisatta was moved with compassion and resolved to help him in his need. So he approached the man. But at sight of the elephant, off ran the forester in great terror[2]. Seeing him run away, the Bodhisatta stood still, and this brought the man to a standstill too. Then the Bodhisatta again advanced, and again the forester ran away, halting once more when the Bodhisatta halted. Hereupon the truth dawned on the man that the elephant stood still when he himself ran, and only advanced when he himself was standing still. Consequently he concluded that the creature could not mean to hurt, but to help him. So he valiantly stood his ground this time. And the Bodhisatta drew near and said, "Why, friend man, are you wandering about here lamenting?"

"My lord," replied the forester, "I have lost my bearings and my way, and fear to perish."

Then the elephant brought the man to his own dwelling, and there entertained him for some days, regaling him with fruits of every kind. Then, saying, "Fear not, friend man, I will bring you back to the haunts of men," the elephant seated the forester on his back and brought him to where men dwelt. But the ingrate thought to himself, that, if questioned, he ought to be able to reveal everything. So, as he travelled along on the elephant's back, he noted the landmarks of tree and hill. At last the elephant brought him out of the forest and set him down on the high road to Benares, saying, "There lies your road, friend man: Tell no man, whether you are questioned or not, of the place of my abode." And with this leave-taking, the Bodhisatta made his way back to his own abode.

Arrived at Benares, the man came, in the course of his walks through

[1] This is applied to a Bodhisatta's eyes in Jāt. vol. iii. 344. 9.

[2] A solitary elephant, or 'rogue,' being dangerous to meet.

the city, to the ivory-workers' bazaar, where he saw ivory being worked into divers forms and shapes. And he asked the craftsmen [321] whether they would give anything for the tusk of a living elephant.

"What makes you ask such a question?" was the reply. "A living elephant's tusk is worth a great deal more than a dead one's."

"Oh, then, I'll bring you some ivory," said he, and off he set for the Bodhisatta's dwelling, with provisions for the journey, and with a sharp saw. Being asked what had brought him back, he whined out that he was in so sorry and wretched a plight that he could not make a living anyhow. Wherefore, he had come to ask for a bit of the kind elephant's tusk to sell for a living! "Certainly; I will give you a whole tusk," said the Bodhisatta, "if you have a bit of a saw to cut it off with." "Oh, I brought a saw with me, sir." "Then saw my tusks off, and take them away with you," said the Bodhisatta. And he bowed his knees till he was couched upon the earth like an ox. Then the forester sawed off both of the Bodhisatta's chief tusks! When they were off, the Bodhisatta took them in his trunk and thus addressed the man, "Think not, friend man, that it is because I value not nor prize these tusks that I give them to you. But a thousand times, a hundred-thousand times, dearer to me are the tusks of omniscience which can comprehend all things. And therefore may my gift of these to you bring me omniscience." With these words, he gave the pair of tusks to the forester as the price of omniscience.

And the man took them off, and sold them. And when he had spent the money, back he came to the Bodhisatta, saying that the two tusks had only brought him enough to pay his old debts, and begging for the rest of the Bodhisatta's ivory. The Bodhisatta consented, and gave up the rest of his ivory after having it cut as before. And the forester went away and sold this also. Returning again, he said, "It's no use, my lord; I can't make a living anyhow. So give me the stumps of your tusks."

"So be it," answered the Bodhisatta; and he lay down as before. Then that vile wretch, trampling upon the trunk of the Bodhisatta, that sacred trunk which was like corded silver, and clambering upon the future Buddha's temples, which were as the snowy crest of Mount Kelāsa,—kicked at the roots of the tusks till he had cleared the flesh away. Then he sawed out the stumps and went his way. But scarce had the wretch passed out of the sight of the Bodhisatta, when the solid earth, inconceivable in its vast extent, [322] which can support the mighty weight of Mount Sineru and its encircling peaks, with all the world's unsavoury filth and ordure, now burst asunder in a yawning chasm,—as though unable to bear the burthen of all that wickedness! And straightway flames from nethermost Hell enveloped the ingrate, wrapping him round as in a shroud of doom, and bore him away. And as the wretch was swallowed up in the bowels of the earth, the Tree-fairy that dwelt in that forest made the region echo

with these words:—"Not even the gift of worldwide empire can satisfy the thankless and ungrateful!" And in the following stanza the Fairy taught the Truth:—

> Ingratitude lacks more, the more it gets;
> Not all the world can glut its appetite.

With such teachings did the Tree-fairy make that forest re-echo. As for the Bodhisatta, he lived out his life, passing away at last to fare according to his deserts.

Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta has proved an ingrate; he was just the same in the past also." His lesson ended, he identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the ungrateful man of those days, Sāriputta the Tree-fairy, and I myself Good King Elephant."

[*Note.* Cf. Milinda-pañho 202, 29.]

No. 73.

SACCAṀKIRA-JĀTAKA.

"*They knew the world.*"—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about going about to kill. For, seated in the Hall of Truth, the Brotherhood was talking of Devadatta's wickedness, saying, "Sirs, Devadatta has no knowledge of the Master's excellence; he actually goes about to kill him!" Here the Master entered the Hall and asked what they were discussing. [323] Being told, he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta has gone about to kill me; he did just the same in bygone days also." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares. He had a son named Prince Wicked. Fierce and cruel was he, like a scotched snake; he spoke to nobody without abuse or blows. Like grit in the eye was this prince to all folk both within and without the palace, or like a ravening ogre,—so dreaded and fell was he.

One day, wishing to disport himself in the river, he went with a large retinue to the water side. And a great storm came on, and utter darkness set in. "Hi there!" cried he to his servants; "take me into mid-stream,

bathe me there, and then bring me back again." So they took him into mid-stream and there took counsel together, saying, "What will the king do to us? Let us kill this wicked wretch here and now! So in you go, you pest!" they cried, as they flung him into the water. When they made their way ashore, they were asked where the prince was, and replied, "We don't see him; finding the storm come on, he must have come out of the river and gone home ahead of us."

The courtiers went into the king's presence, and the king asked where his son was. "We do not know, sire," said they; "a storm came on, and we came away in the belief that he must have gone on ahead." At once the king had the gates thrown open; down to the riverside he went and bade diligent search be made up and down for the missing prince. But no trace of him could be found. For, in the darkness of the storm, he had been swept away by the current, and, coming across a tree-trunk, had climbed on to it, and so floated down stream, crying lustily in the agony of his fear of drowning.

Now there had been a rich merchant living in those days at Benares, who had died, leaving forty crores buried in the banks of that same river. And because of his craving for riches, he was reborn as a snake at the spot under which lay his dear treasure. And also in the selfsame spot another man had hidden thirty crores, and because of his craving for riches was re-born as a rat at the same spot. In rushed the water into their dwelling-place; and the two creatures, escaping by the way by which the water rushed in, were making their way athwart the stream, when they chanced upon the tree-trunk to which the prince was clinging. [324] The snake climbed up at one end, and the rat at the other; and so both got a footing with the prince on the trunk.

Also there grew on the river's bank a Silk-cotton tree, in which lived a young parrot; and this tree, being uprooted by the swollen waters, fell into the river. The heavy rain beat down the parrot when it tried to fly, and it alighted in its fall upon this same tree-trunk. And so there were now these four floating down stream together upon the tree.

Now the Bodhisatta had been re-born in those days as a brahmin in the North-West country. Renouncing the world for the hermit's life on reaching manhood, he had built himself a hermitage by a bend of the river; and there he was now living. As he was pacing to and fro, at midnight, he heard the loud cries of the prince, and thought thus within himself:—"This fellow-creature must not perish thus before the eyes of so merciful and compassionate a hermit as I am. I will rescue him from the water, and save his life." So he shouted cheerily, "Be not afraid! Be not afraid!" and plunging across stream, seized hold of the tree by one end, and, being as strong as an elephant, drew it in to the bank with one long pull, and set the prince safe and sound upon the shore. Then becoming

aware of the snake and the rat and the parrot, he carried them to his hermitage, and there lighting a fire, warmed the animals first, as being the weaker, and afterwards the prince. This done, he brought fruits of various kinds and set them before his guests, looking after the animals first and the prince afterwards. This enraged the young prince, who said within himself, "This rascally hermit pays no respect to my royal birth, but actually gives brute beasts precedence over me." And he conceived hatred against the Bodhisatta!

A few days later, when all four had recovered their strength and the waters had subsided, the snake bade farewell to the hermit with these words, "Father, you have done me a great service. I am not poor, for I have forty crores of gold hidden at a certain spot. Should you ever want money, all my hoard shall be yours. You have only to come to the spot and call 'Snake.'" Next the rat took his leave with a like promise to the hermit as to his treasure, bidding the hermit come and call out 'Rat.' [325] Then the parrot bade farewell, saying, "Father, silver and gold have I none; but should you ever want for choice rice, come to where I dwell and call out 'Parrot;' and I with the aid of my kinsfolk will give you many waggon-loads of rice." Last came the prince. His heart was filled with base ingratitude and with a determination to put his benefactor to death, if the Bodhisatta should come to visit *him*. But, concealing his intent, he said, "Come, father, to me when I am king, and I will bestow on you the Four Requisites." So saying, he took his departure, and not long after succeeded to the throne.

The desire came on the Bodhisatta to put their professions to the test; and first of all he went to the snake and standing hard by its abode, called out 'Snake.' At the word the snake darted forth and with every mark of respect said, "Father, in this place there are forty crores in gold. Dig them up and take them all." "It is well," said the Bodhisatta; "when I need them, I will not forget." Then bidding adieu to the snake, he went on to where the rat lived, and called out 'Rat.' And the rat did as the snake had done. Going next to the parrot, and calling out 'Parrot,' the bird at once flew down at his call from the tree-top, and respectfully asked whether it was the Bodhisatta's wish that he with the aid of his kinsfolk should gather paddy for the Bodhisatta from the region round the Himalayas. The Bodhisatta dismissed the parrot also with a promise that, if need arose, he would not forget the bird's offer. Last of all, being minded to test the king in his turn, the Bodhisatta came to the royal pleasaunce, and on the day after his arrival made his way, carefully dressed, into the city on his round for alms. Just at that moment, the ungrateful king, seated in all his royal splendour on his elephant of state, was passing in solemn procession round the city followed by a vast retinue. Seeing the Bodhisatta from afar, he thought to himself, "Here's that rascally hermit come

to quarter himself and his appetite on me. I must have his head off before he can publish to the world the service he rendered me." With this intent, he signed to his attendants, and, on their asking what was his pleasure, said, "Methinks yonder rascally hermit is here to importune me. See that the pest does not come near my person, but seize and bind him; [326] flog him at every street-corner; and then march him out of the city, chop off his head at the place of execution, and impale his body on a stake."

Obedient to their king's command, the attendants laid the innocent Great Being in bonds and flogged him at every street-corner on the way to the place of execution. But all their floggings failed to move the Bodhisatta or to wring from him any cry of "Oh, my mother and father!" All he did was to repeat this Stanza:—

> They knew the world, who framed this proverb true—
> 'A log pays better salvage than some men.'

These lines he repeated wherever he was flogged, till at last the wise among the bystanders asked the hermit what service he had rendered to their king. Then the Bodhisatta told the whole story, ending with the words,—"So it comes to pass that by rescuing him from the torrent I brought all this woe upon myself. And when I bethink me how I have left unheeded the words of the wise of old, I exclaim as you have heard."

Filled with indignation at the recital, the nobles and brahmins and all classes with one accord cried out, "This ungrateful king does not recognise even the goodness of this good man who saved his majesty's life. How can we have any profit from this king? Seize the tyrant!" And in their anger they rushed upon the king from every side, and slew him there and then, as he rode on his elephant, with arrows and javelins and stones and clubs and any weapons that came to hand. The corpse they dragged by the heels to a ditch and flung it in. Then they anointed the Bodhisatta king and set him to rule over them.

As he was ruling in righteousness, one day [327] the desire came on him again to try the snake and the rat and the parrot; and followed by a large retinue, he came to where the snake dwelt. At the call of 'Snake,' out came the snake from his hole and with every mark of respect said, "Here, my lord, is your treasure; take it." Then the king delivered the forty crores of gold to his attendants, and proceeding to where the rat dwelt, called, 'Rat.' Out came the rat, and saluted the king, and gave up its thirty crores. Placing this treasure too in the hands of his attendants, the king went on to where the parrot dwelt, and called 'Parrot.' And in like manner the bird came, and bowing down at the king's feet asked whether it should collect rice for his majesty. "We will not trouble you," said the king, "till rice is needed. Now let us be going." So with the

seventy crores of gold, and with the rat, the snake, and the parrot as well, the king journeyed back to the city. Here, in a noble palace, to the state-story of which he mounted, he caused the treasure to be lodged and guarded; he had a golden tube made for the snake to dwell in, a crystal casket to house the rat, and a cage of gold for the parrot. Every day too by the king's command food was served to the three creatures in vessels of gold,—sweet parched-corn for the parrot and snake, and scented rice for the rat. And the king abounded in charity and all good works. Thus in harmony and goodwill one with another, these four lived their lives; and when their end came, they passed away to fare according to their deserts.

Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta has gone about to kill me; he did the like in the past also." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was King Wicked in those days, Sāriputta the snake, Moggallāna the rat, Ānanda the parrot, and I myself the righteous King who won a kingdom."

No. 74.

RUKKHADHAMMA-JĀTAKA.

"*United, forest-like.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a quarrel concerning water which had brought woe upon his kinsfolk. Knowing of this, he passed through the air, sat cross-legged above the river Rohiṇī, and emitted rays of darkness, startling his kinsfolk. Then descending from mid-air, he seated himself on the river-bank and told this story with reference to that quarrel. (Only a summary is given here; the full details will be related in the Kuṇāla-jātaka[1].) But on this occasion the Master addressed his kinsfolk, [328] saying, "It is meet, sire, that kinsfolk should dwell together in concord and unity. For, when kinsfolk are at one, enemies find no opportunity. Not to speak of human beings, even sense-lacking trees ought to stand together. For in bygone days in the Himalayas a tempest struck a Sāl-forest; yet, because the trees, shrubs, bushes, and creepers of that forest were interlaced one with another, the tempest could not overthrow even a single tree but passed harmlessly over their heads. But alone in a courtyard stood a mighty tree; and though it had many stems and branches, yet, because it was not united with other trees, the tempest uprooted it and laid it low. Wherefore, it is meet that you too should dwell together in concord and unity." And so saying, at their request he told this story of the past.

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[1] No. 536.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the first King Vessavaṇa[1] died, and Sakka sent a new king to reign in his stead. After the change, the new King Vessavaṇa sent word to all trees and shrubs and bushes and plants, bidding the tree-fairies each choose out the abode that liked them best. In those days the Bodhisatta had come to life as a tree-fairy in a Sāl-forest in the Himalayas. His advice to his kinsfolk in choosing their habitations was to shun trees that stood alone in the open, and to take up their abodes all round the abode which he had chosen in that Sāl-forest. Hereon the wise tree-fairies, following the Bodhisatta's advice, took up their quarters round his tree. But the foolish ones said,—"Why should we dwell in the forest? let us rather seek out the haunts of men, and take up our abodes outside villages, towns, or capital cities. For fairies who dwell in such places receive the richest offerings and the greatest worship." So they departed to the haunts of men, and took up their abode in certain giant trees which grew in an open space.

Now it fell out upon a day that a mighty tempest swept over the country. Naught did it avail the solitary trees that years had rooted them deep in the soil and that they were the mightiest trees that grew. Their branches snapped; their stems were broken; and they themselves were uprooted and flung to earth by the tempest. But when it broke on the Sāl-forest of interlacing trees, its fury was in vain; for, attack where it might, not a tree could it overthrow.

The forlorn fairies whose dwellings were destroyed, took their children in their arms and journeyed to the Himalayas. There they told their sorrows to the fairies of the Sāl-forest, [329] who in turn told the Bodhisatta of their sad return. "It was because they hearkened not to the words of wisdom, that they have been brought to this," said he; and he unfolded the truth in this stanza:—

> United, forest-like, should kinsfolk stand;
> The storm o'erthrows the solitary tree.

So spake the Bodhisatta; and when his life was spent, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

And the Master went on to say, "Thus, sire, reflect how meet it is that kinsfolk at any rate should be united, and lovingly dwell together in concord and unity." His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The Buddha's followers were the fairies of those days, and I myself the wise fairy."

[1] A name of Kuvera.

No. 75.

MACCHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Pajjunna, thunder!*"—This story the Master told while at Jetavana, about the rain he caused to fall. For in those days, so it is said, there fell no rain in Kosala; the crops withered; and everywhere the ponds, tanks, and lakes dried up. Even the pool of Jetavana by the embattled gateway of Jetavana gave out; and the fish and tortoises buried themselves in the mud. Then came the crows and hawks with their lance-like beaks, and busily picked them out writhing and wriggling, and devoured them.

As he marked how the fishes and the tortoises were being destroyed, the Master's heart was moved with compassion, and he exclaimed,—"This day [330] must I cause rain to fall." So, when the night grew day, after attending to his bodily needs, he waited till it was the proper hour to go the round in quest of alms, and then, girt round by a host of the Brethren, and perfect with the perfection of a Buddha, he went into Sāvatthi for alms. On his way back to the monastery in the afternoon from his round for alms in Sāvatthi, he stopped upon the steps leading down to the tank of Jetavana, and thus addressed the Elder Ānanda:—"Bring me a bathing-dress, Ānanda; for I would bathe in the tank of Jetavana." "But surely, sir," replied the Elder, "the water is all dried up, and only mud is left." "Great is a Buddha's power, Ānanda. Go, bring me the bathing-dress," said the Master. So the Elder went and brought the bathing-dress, which the Master donned, using one end to go round his waist, and covering his body up with the other. So clad, he took his stand upon the tank-steps, and exclaimed,—"I would fain bathe in the tank of Jetavana."

That instant the yellow-stone throne of Sakka grew hot beneath him, and he sought to discover the cause. Realising what was the matter, he summoned the King of the Storm-Clouds, and said, "The Master is standing on the steps of the tank of Jetavana, and wishes to bathe. Make haste and pour down rain in a single torrent over all the kingdom of Kosala." Obedient to Sakka's command, the King of the Storm-Clouds clad himself in one cloud as an under garment, and another cloud as an outer garment, and chaunting the rain-song[1], he darted forth eastward. And lo! he appeared in the east as a cloud of the bigness of a threshing-floor, which grew and grew till it was as big as a hundred, as a thousand, threshing-floors; and he thundered and lightened, and bending down his face and mouth deluged all Kosala with torrents of rain. Unbroken was the downpour, quickly filling the tank of Jetavana, and stopping only when the water was level with the topmost step. Then the Master bathed in the tank, and coming up out of the water donned his two orange-coloured cloths and his girdle, adjusting his Buddha-robe around him so as to leave one shoulder bare. In this guise he set forth, surrounded by the Brethren, and passed into his Perfumed Chamber, fragrant with sweet-smelling flowers. Here on the Buddha-seat he sate, and when the Brethren had performed their duties, he rose and exhorted the Brotherhood from the jewelled steps of his throne, and dismissed them from his presence. Passing now within his own sweet-smelling odorous chamber, he stretched himself, lion-like, upon his right side.

At even, the Brethren gathered together in the Hall of Truth, and dwelt on the forbearance and loving-kindness of the Master. "When the crops were withering, when the pools were drying up, and the fishes and tortoises were in grievous plight, then did he in his compassion come forth as a saviour. Donning a bathing-dress, he stood on the steps of the tank of Jetavana, and in a little

[1] In the J. R. A. S. (New Series) 12, 286, is given a *Megha-sūtra*.

space made the rain to pour down from the heavens till it seemed like to overwhelm all Kosala with its torrents. And by the time he returned to the Monastery, he had freed all alike from their tribulations both of mind and body."

[331] So ran their talk when the Master came forth from his Perfumed Chamber into the Hall of Truth, and asked what was their theme of conversation; and they told him. "This is not the first time, Brethren," said the Master, "that the Blessed One has made the rain to fall in the hour of general need. He did the like when born into the brute-creation, in the days when he was King of the Fish." And so saying, he told this story of the past:—

Once on a time, in this selfsame kingdom of Kosala and at Sāvatthi too, there was a pond where the tank of Jetavana now is,—a pond fenced in by a tangle of climbing plants. Therein dwelt the Bodhisatta, who had come to life as a fish in those days. And, then as now, there was a drought in the land; the crops withered; water gave out in tank and pool; and the fishes and tortoises buried themselves in the mud. Likewise, when the fishes and tortoises of this pond had hidden themselves in its mud, the crows and other birds, flocking to the spot, picked them out with their beaks and devoured them. Seeing the fate of his kinsfolk, and knowing that none but he could save them in their hour of need, the Bodhisatta resolved to make a solemn Profession of Goodness, and by its efficacy to make rain fall from the heavens so as to save his kinsfolk from certain death. So, parting asunder the black mud, he came forth,—a mighty fish, blackened with mud as a casket of the finest sandal-wood which has been smeared with collyrium. Opening his eyes which were as washen rubies, and looking up to the heavens he thus bespoke Pajjunna, King of Devas,—"My heart is heavy within me for my kinsfolk's sake, my good Pajjunna. How comes it, pray, that, when I who am righteous am distressed for my kinsfolk, you send no rain from heaven? For I, though born where it is customary to prey on one's kinsfolk, have never from my youth up devoured any fish, even of the size of a grain of rice; nor have I ever robbed a single living creature of its life. By the truth of this my Protestation, I call upon you to send rain and succour my kinsfolk." Therewithal, he called to Pajjunna, King of Devas, as a master might call to a servant, in this stanza:—[332]

> Pajjunna, thunder! Baffle, thwart, the crow!
> Breed sorrow's pangs in him; ease me of woe!

In such wise, as a master might call to a servant, did the Bodhisatta call to Pajjunna, thereby causing heavy rains to fall and relieving numbers from the fear of death. And when his life closed, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

"So this is not the first time, Brethren," said the Master, "that the Blessed One has caused the rain to fall. He did the like in bygone days, when he was a fish." His lesson ended, he identified the Birth by saying, "The Buddha's disciples were the fishes of those days, Ānanda was Pajjunna, King of Devas, and I myself the King of the Fish."

[*Note.* Cf. Cariyā-piṭaka (P. T. S. edition) page 99.]

No. 76.

ASAṀKIYA-JĀTAKA.

"*The village breeds no fear in me.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a lay-brother who lived at Sāvatthi. Tradition says that this man, who had entered the Paths and was an earnest believer, was once journeying along on some business or other in the company of a leader of a caravan; in the jungle the carts were unyoked and a laager was constructed; and the good man began to pace up and down at the foot of a certain tree hard by the leader.

Now five hundred robbers, who had watched their time, had surrounded the spot, armed with bows, clubs, and other weapons, with the object of looting the encampment. [333] Still unceasingly that lay-brother paced to and fro. "Surely that must be their sentry," said the robbers when they noticed him; "we will wait till he is asleep and then loot them." So, being unable to surprise the camp, they stopped where they were. Still that lay-brother kept pacing to and fro,—all through the first watch, all through the middle watch, and all through the last watch of the night. When day dawned, the robbers, who had never had their chance, threw down the stones and clubs which they had brought, and bolted.

His business done, that lay-brother came back to Sāvatthi, and, approaching the Master, asked him this question, "In guarding themselves, Sir, do men prove guardians of others?"

"Yes, lay-brother. In guarding himself a man guards others; in guarding others, he guards himself."

"Oh, how well-said, sir, is this utterance of the Blessed One! When I was journeying with a caravan-leader, I resolved to guard myself by pacing to and fro at the foot of a tree, and by so doing I guarded the whole caravan."

Said the Master, "Lay-brother, in bygone days too the wise and good guarded others whilst guarding themselves." And, so saying, at the lay-brother's request he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a brahmin. Arriving at years of discretion, he became aware of the evils that spring from Lusts, and so forsook the

world to live as a recluse in the country round the Himalayas. Need of salt and vinegar having led him to make a pilgrimage for alms through the countryside, he travelled in the course of his wanderings with a merchant's caravan. When the caravan halted at a certain spot in the forest, he paced to and fro at the foot of a tree, hard by the caravan, enjoying the bliss of Insight.

Now after supper five hundred robbers surrounded the laager to plunder it; but, noticing the ascetic, they halted, saying, "If he sees us, he'll give the alarm; wait till he drops off to sleep, and then we'll plunder them." But all through the livelong night the ascetic continued to pace up and down; and never a chance did the robbers get! So they flung away their sticks and stones and shouted to the caravan-folk;—"Hi, there! you of the caravan! If it hadn't been for that ascetic walking about under the tree, we'd have plundered the lot of you. Mind and fête him tomorrow!" And so saying, they made off. When the night gave place to light, the people saw the clubs and stones which the robbers had cast away, [334] and came in fear and trembling to ask the Bodhisatta with respectful salutation whether he had seen the robbers. "Oh, yes, I did, sirs," he replied. "And were you not alarmed or afraid at the sight of so many robbers?" "No," said the Bodhisatta; "the sight of robbers causes what is known as fear only to the rich. As for me,—I am penniless; why should I be afraid? Whether I dwell in village or in forest, I never have any fear or dread." And therewithal, to teach them the Truth, he repeated this stanza:—

The village breeds no fear in me;
  No forests me dismay.
I've won by love and charity
  Salvation's perfect way.

When the Bodhisatta had thus taught the Truth in this stanza to the people of the caravan, peace filled their hearts, and they shewed him honour and veneration. All his life long he developed the Four Excellences, and then was re-born into the Brahma Realm.

His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The Buddha's followers were the caravan-folk of those days, and I the ascetic."

No. 77.

MAHĀSUPINA-JĀTAKA.

"*Bulls first, and trees.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about sixteen wonderful dreams. For in the last watch of one night (so tradition says) the King of Kosala, who had been asleep all the night, dreamed sixteen great dreams, [335] and woke up in great fright and alarm as to what they might portend for him. So strong was the fear of death upon him that he could not stir, but lay there huddled up on his bed. Now, when the night grew light, his brahmins and chaplains came to him and with due obeisance asked whether his majesty had slept well.

"How could I sleep well, my directors?" answered the king. "For just at daybreak I dreamed sixteen wonderful dreams, and I have been in terror ever since! Tell me, my directors, what it all means."

"We shall be able to judge, on hearing them."

Then the king told them his dreams, and asked what those visions would entail upon him.

The brahmins fell a-wringing their hands! "Why wring your hands, brahmins?" asked the king. "Because, sire, these are evil dreams." "What will come of them?" said the king. "One of three calamities,—harm to your kingdom, to your life, or to your riches." "Is there a remedy, or is there not?" "Undoubtedly these dreams in themselves are so threatening as to be without remedy; but none the less we will find a remedy for them. Otherwise, what boots our much study and learning?" "What then do you propose to do to avert the evil?" "Wherever four roads meet, we would offer sacrifice, sire." "My directors," cried the king in his terror, "my life is in your hands; make haste and work my safety." "Large sums of money, and large supplies of food of every kind will be ours," thought the exultant brahmins; and, bidding the king have no fear, they departed from the palace. Outside the town they dug a sacrificial pit and collected a host of fourfooted creatures, perfect and without blemish, and a multitude of birds. But still they discovered something lacking, and back they kept coming to the king to ask for this that and the other. Now their doings were watched by Queen Mallikā, who came to the king and asked what made these brahmins keep coming to him.

"I envy you," said the king; "a snake in your ear, and you not to know of it!" "What does your majesty mean?" "I have dreamed, oh such unlucky dreams! The brahmins tell me they point to one of three calamities; and they are anxious to offer sacrifices to avert the evil. And this is what brings them here so often." "But has your majesty consulted the Chief Brahmin both of this world and of the world of devas?" "Who, pray, may he be, my dear?" asked the king. "Know you not that chiefest personage of all the world, the all-knowing and pure, the spotless master-brahmin? Surely, he, the Blessed One, will understand your dreams. Go, ask him." "And so I will, my queen," said the king. And away he went to the monastery, saluted the Master, and sat down. "What, pray, brings your majesty here so early in the morning?" asked the Master in his sweet tones. "Sir," said the king, "just before daybreak [336] I dreamed sixteen wonderful dreams, which so terrified me that I told them to the brahmins. They told me that my dreams boded evil, and that to avert the threatened calamity they must offer sacrifice wherever four roads met. And so they are busy with their preparations, and many living creatures have the fear of death before their eyes. But I pray you, who are the chiefest personage in the world of men and devas, you into whose ken comes all possible knowledge of things past and present and to be,—I pray you tell me what will come of my dreams, O Blessed One."

"True it is, sire, that there is none other save me, who can tell what your dreams signify or what will come of them. I will tell you. Only first of all relate to me your dreams as they appeared to you."

"I will, sir," said the king, and at once began this list, following the order of the dreams' appearance:—

Bulls first, and trees, and cows, and calves,
Horse, dish, she-jackal, waterpot,
A pond, raw rice, and sandal-wood,
And gourds that sank, and stones that swam[1],
With frogs that gobbled up black snakes,
A crow with gay-plumed retinue,
And wolves in panic-fear of goats!

"How was it, sir, that I had the following one of my dreams? Methought, four black bulls, like collyrium in hue, came from the four cardinal directions to the royal courtyard with avowed intent to fight; and people flocked together to see the bull-fight, till a great crowd had gathered. But the bulls only made a show of fighting, roared and bellowed, and finally went off without fighting at all. This was my first dream. What will come of it?"

"Sire, that dream shall have no issue in your days or in mine. But hereafter, when kings shall be niggardly and unrighteous, and when folk shall be unrighteous, in days when the world is perverted, when good is waning and evil waxing apace,—in those days of the world's backsliding there shall fall no rain from the heavens, the feet of the storm shall be lamed, the crops shall wither, and famine shall be on the land. Then shall the clouds gather as if for rain from the four quarters of the heavens; there shall be haste first to carry indoors the rice and crops that the women have spread in the sun to dry, for fear the harvest should get wet; and then with spade and basket in hand the men shall go forth to bank up the dykes. As though in sign of coming rain, the thunder shall bellow, the lightning shall flash from the clouds,—but even as the bulls in your dream, that fought not, so the clouds shall flee away without raining. This is what shall come of this dream. But no harm shall come therefrom to you; [337] for it was with regard to the future that you dreamed this dream. What the brahmins told you, was said only to get themselves a livelihood." And when the Master had thus told the fulfilment of this dream, he said, "Tell me your second dream, sire."

"Sir," said the king, "my second dream was after this manner:—Methought little tiny trees and shrubs burst through the soil, and when they had grown scarce a span or two high, they flowered and bore fruit! This was my second dream; what shall come of it?"

"Sire," said the Master, "this dream shall have its fulfilment in days when the world has fallen into decay and when men are shortlived. In times to come the passions shall be strong; quite young girls shall go to live with men, and it shall be with them after the manner of women, they shall conceive and bear children. The flowers typify their issues, and the fruit their offspring. But you, sire, have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your third dream, O great king."

"Methought, sir, I saw cows sucking the milk of calves which they had borne that selfsame day. This was my third dream. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall have its fulfilment only in days to come, when respect shall cease to be paid to age. For in the future men, shewing no reverence for parents or parents-in-law, shall themselves administer the family estate, and, if such be their good pleasure, shall bestow food and clothing on the old folks, but shall withhold their gifts, if it be not their pleasure to give. Then shall the old folks, destitute and dependent, exist by favour of their own children, like big cows suckled by calves a day old. But you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your fourth dream."

[1] See Mahā-Vīra-Carita, p. 13, Mahābhārata II. 2196.

"Methought, sir, I saw men unyoking a team of draught-oxen, sturdy and strong, and setting young steers to draw the load; and the steers, proving unequal to the task laid on them, refused and stood stock-still, so that wains moved not on their way. This was my fourth dream. What shall come of it?"

"Here again the dream shall not have its fulfilment until the future, in the days of unrighteous kings. For in days to come, unrighteous and niggardly kings shall shew no honour to wise lords skilled in precedent, fertile in expedient, and able to get through business; nor shall appoint to the courts of law and justice aged councillors of wisdom and of learning in the law. Nay, they shall honour the very young and foolish, and appoint such to preside in the courts. And these latter, ignorant alike of state-craft and of practical knowledge, shall not be able to bear the burthen of their honours or to govern, but because of their incompetence shall throw off the yoke of office. Whereon the aged and wise lords, albeit right able to cope with all difficulties, shall keep in mind how they were passed over, and shall decline to aid, saying:—'It is no business of ours; we are outsiders; let the boys of the inner circle see to it.' [338] Hence they shall stand aloof, and ruin shall assail those kings on every hand. It shall be even as when the yoke was laid on the young steers, who were not strong enough for the burthen, and not upon the team of sturdy and strong draught-oxen, who alone were able to do the work. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your fifth dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw a horse with a mouth on either side, to which fodder was given on both sides, and it ate with both its mouths. This was my fifth dream. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall have its fulfilment only in the future, in the days of unrighteous and foolish kings, who shall appoint unrighteous and covetous men to be judges. These base ones, fools, despising the good, shall take bribes from both sides as they sit in the seat of judgment, and shall be filled with this two-fold corruption, even as the horse that ate fodder with two mouths at once. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your sixth dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw people holding out a well-scoured golden bowl worth a hundred thousand pieces, and begging an old jackal to stale therein. And I saw the beast do so. This was my sixth dream. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall only have its fulfilment in the future. For in the days to come, unrighteous kings, though sprung of a race of kings, mistrusting the scions of their old nobility, shall not honour them, but exalt in their stead the low-born; whereby the nobles shall be brought low and the low-born raised to lordship. Then shall the great families be brought by very need to seek to live by dependence on the upstarts, and shall offer them their daughters in marriage. And the union of the noble maidens with the low-born shall be like unto the staling of the old jackal in the golden bowl. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your seventh dream."

"A man was weaving rope, sir, and as he wove, he threw it down at his feet. Under his bench lay a hungry she-jackal, which kept eating the rope as he wove, but without the man knowing it. This is what I saw. This was my seventh dream. What shall come of it?"[1]

"This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till the future. For in days to come, women shall lust after men and strong drink and finery and gadding abroad and after the joys of this world. In their wickedness and profligacy these women shall drink strong drink with their paramours; they shall flaunt in garlands and perfumes and unguents; and heedless of even the most pressing of their household duties, they shall keep watching for their paramours, even at crevices high up in the outer wall; aye, they shall pound up the very seed-corn that should be sown on the morrow so as to provide good cheer;—in all these ways shall they plunder the store won by the hard work of their husbands in field and byre, devouring the poor men's substance even as the hungry jackal under the bench ate up the rope of the rope-maker as he wove it. [339] Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your eighth dream."

[1] Cf. the story of Ocnus in Pausanias x. 29.

"Methought, sir, I saw at a palace gate a big pitcher which was full to the brim and stood amid a number of empty ones. And from the four cardinal points, and from the four intermediate points as well, there kept coming a constant stream of people of all the four castes, carrying water in pipkins and pouring it into the full pitcher. And the water overflowed and ran away. But none the less they still kept on pouring more and more water into the overflowing vessel, without a single man giving so much as a glance at the empty pitchers. This was my eighth dream. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall not have its fulfilment until the future. For in days to come the world shall decay; the kingdom shall grow weak, its kings shall grow poor and niggardly; the foremost among them shall have no more than 100,000 pieces of money in his treasury. Then shall these kings in their need set the whole of the country-folk to work for them;—for the kings' sake shall the toiling folk, leaving their own work, sow grain and pulse, and keep watch and reap and thresh and garner; for the kings' sake shall they plant sugar-canes, make and drive sugar-mills, and boil down the molasses; for the kings' sake shall they lay out flower-gardens and orchards, and gather in the fruits. And as they gather in all the divers kinds of produce they shall fill the royal garners to overflowing, not giving so much as a glance at their own empty barns at home. Thus it shall be like filling up the full pitcher, heedless of the quite-empty ones. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your ninth dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw a deep pool with shelving banks all round and overgrown with the five kinds of lotuses. From every side two-footed creatures and four-footed creatures flocked thither to drink of its waters. The depths in the middle were muddy, but the water was clear and sparkling at the margin where the various creatures went down into the pool. This was my ninth dream. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till the future. For in days to come kings shall grow unrighteous; they shall rule after their own will and pleasure, and shall not execute judgment according to righteousness. These kings shall hunger after riches and wax fat on bribes; they shall not shew mercy, love and compassion toward their people, but be fierce and cruel, amassing wealth by crushing their subjects like sugar-canes in a mill and by taxing them even to the uttermost farthing. Unable to pay the oppressive tax, the people shall fly from village and town and the like, and take refuge upon the borders of the realm; the heart of the land shall be a wilderness, while the borders shall teem with people,—even as the water was muddy in the middle of the pool and clear at the margin. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. [340] Tell me your tenth dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw rice boiling in a pot without getting done. By not getting done, I mean that it looked as though it were sharply marked off and kept apart, so that the cooking went on in three distinct stages. For part was sodden, part hard and raw, and part just cooked to a nicety. This was my tenth dream. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till the future. For in days to come kings shall grow unrighteous; the people surrounding the kings shall grow unrighteous too, as also shall brahmins and householders, townsmen, and countryfolk; yes, all people alike shall grow unrighteous, not excepting even sages and brahmins. Next, their very tutelary deities—the spirits to whom they offer sacrifice, the spirits of the trees, and the spirits of the air—shall become unrighteous also. The very winds that blow over the realms of these unrighteous kings shall grow cruel and lawless; they shall shake the mansions of the skies and thereby kindle the anger of the spirits that dwell there, so that they will not suffer rain to fall—or, if it does rain, it shall not fall on all the kingdom at once, nor shall the kindly shower fall on all tilled or sown lands alike to help them in their need. And, as in the kingdom at large, so in each several district and village and over each separate pool or lake, the rain shall not fall at one and the same time on its whole expanse; if it rain on the upper part, it shall not rain upon the lower; here the crops shall be spoiled by a heavy down-

pour, there wither for very drought, and here again thrive apace with kindly showers to water them. So the crops sown within the confines of a single kingdom—like the rice in the one pot—shall have no uniform character. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your eleventh dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw sour buttermilk bartered for precious sandal-wood, worth 100,000 pieces of money. This was my eleventh dream. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till the future—in the days when my doctrine is waning. For in days to come many greedy and shameless Brethren shall arise, who for their belly's sake shall preach the very words in which I inveighed against greed! Because they have deserted by reason of their belly and have taken their stand on the side of the sectaries[1], they shall fail to make their preaching lead up to Nirvana. Nay, their only thought, as they preach, shall be by fine words and sweet voices to induce men to give them costly raiment and the like, and to be minded to give such gifts. Others again seated in the highways, at the street-corners, at the doors of kings' palaces, and so forth, shall stoop to preach for money, yea for mere coined kahāpanas, half-kahāpanas, pādas, or māsakas![2] And as they thus barter away for food or raiment or for kahāpanas and half-kahāpanas my doctrine the worth whereof is Nirvana, they shall be even as those who bartered away for sour buttermilk precious sandal-wood worth 100,000 pieces. [341] Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your twelfth dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw empty pumpkins sinking in the water. What shall come of it?"

"This dream also shall not have its fulfilment till the future, in the days of unrighteous kings, when the world is perverted. For in those days shall kings shew favour not to the scions of the nobility, but to the low-born only; and these latter shall become great lords, whilst the nobles sink into poverty. Alike in the royal presence, in the palace gates, in the council chamber, and in the courts of justice, the words of the low-born alone (whom the empty pumpkins typify) shall be stablished, as though they had sunk down till they rested on the bottom. So too in the assemblies of the Brotherhood, in the greater and lesser conclaves, and in enquiries regarding bowls, robes, lodging, and the like,—the counsel only of the wicked and the vile shall be considered to have saving power, not that of the modest Brethren. Thus everywhere it shall be as when the empty pumpkins sank. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your thirteenth dream."

Hereupon the king said, "Methought, sir, I saw huge blocks of solid rock, as big as houses, floating like ships upon the waters. What shall come of it?"

"This dream also shall not have its fulfilment before such times as those of which I have spoken. For in those days unrighteous kings shall shew honour to the low-born, who shall become great lords, whilst the nobles sink into poverty. Not to the nobles, but to the upstarts alone shall respect be paid. In the royal presence, in the council chamber, or in the courts of justice, the words of the nobles learned in the law (and it is they whom the solid rocks typify) shall drift idly by, and not sink deep into the hearts of men; when they speak, the upstarts shall merely laugh them to scorn, saying, 'What is this these fellows are saying?' So too in the assemblies of the Brethren, as afore said, men shall not deem worthy of respect the excellent among the Brethren; the words of such shall not sink deep, but drift idly by,—even as when the rocks floated upon the waters. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your fourteenth dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw tiny frogs, no bigger than minute flowerets, swiftly pursuing huge black snakes, chopping them up like so many lotus-stalks and gobbling them up. What shall come of this?"

[1] Reading *titthakarānaṁ pakkhe*, as conjectured by Fausböll.

[2] See *Vinaya* II. 294 for the same list; and see page 6 of Rhys Davids' "Ancient Coins and Measures of Ceylon" in *Numismata Orientalia* (Trübner).

"This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till those days to come such as those of which I have spoken, when the world is decaying. For then shall men's passions be so strong, and their lusts so hot, that they shall be the thralls of the very youngest of their wives for the time being, at whose sole disposal shall be slaves and hired servants, oxen, buffalos and all cattle, gold and silver, and everything that is in the house. Should the poor husband ask where the money (say) or a robe is, at once he shall be told that it is where it is, that he should mind his own business, and not be so inquisitive as to what is, or is not, in *her* house. And therewithal in divers ways the wives with abuse and goading taunts shall establish their dominion over their husbands, as over slaves and bond-servants. [342] Thus shall it be like as when the tiny frogs, no bigger than minute flowerets, gobbled up the big black snakes. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your fifteenth dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw a village crow, in which dwelt the whole of the Ten Vices, escorted by a retinue of those birds which, because of their golden sheen, are called Royal Golden Mallards. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till the future, till the reign of weakling kings. In days to come kings shall arise who shall know nothing about elephants or other arts, and shall be cowards in the field. Fearing to be deposed and cast from their royal estate, they shall raise to power not their peers but their footmen, bath-attendants, barbers, and such like. Thus, shut out from royal favour and unable to support themselves, the nobles shall be reduced to dancing attendance on the upstarts,—as when the crow had Royal Golden Mallards for a retinue. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your sixteenth dream."

"Heretofore, sir, it always used to be panthers that preyed on goats; but methought I saw goats chasing panthers and devouring them—munch, munch, munch!—whilst at bare sight of the goats afar off, terror-stricken wolves fled quaking with fear and hid themselves in their fastnesses in the thicket[1]. Such was my dream. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till the future, till the reign of unrighteous kings. In those days the low-born shall be raised to lordship and be made royal favourites, whilst the nobles shall sink into obscurity and distress. Gaining influence in the courts of law because of their favour with the king, these upstarts shall claim perforce the ancestral estates, the raiment, and all the property of the old nobility. And when these latter plead their rights before the courts, then shall the king's minions have them cudgelled and bastinadoed and taken by the throat and cast out with words of scorn, such as:—'Know your place, fools! What? do you dispute with us? The king shall know of your insolence, and we will have your hands and feet chopped off and other correctives applied!' Hereupon the terrified nobles shall affirm that their own belongings really belong to the overbearing upstarts, and will tell the favourites to accept them. And they shall hie them home and there cower in an agony of fear. Likewise, evil Brethren shall harry at pleasure good and worthy Brethren, till these latter, finding none to help them, shall flee to the jungle. And this oppression of the nobles and of the good Brethren by the low-born and by the evil brethren, shall be like the scaring of wolves by goats. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. For this dream too has reference to future times only. [343] It was not truth, it was not love for you, that prompted the brahmins to prophesy as they did. No, it was greed of gain, and the insight that is bred of covetousness, that shaped all their self-seeking utterances."

Thus did the Master expound the import of these sixteen great dreams, adding,—"You, sire, are not the first to have these dreams; they were dreamed by kings of bygone days also; and, then as now, the brahmins found in them a pretext for sacrifices; whereupon, at the instance of the wise and good, the Bodhisatta was consulted, and the dreams were expounded by them of old time

[1] Here the Pāli interpolates the irrelevant remark that "the word *hi* is nothing more than a particle."

in just the same manner as they have now been expounded." And so saying, at the king's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin in the North country. When he came to years of discretion he renounced the world for a hermit's life; he won the higher Knowledges and the Attainments, and dwelt in the Himalaya country in the bliss that comes from Insight.

In those days, in just the same manner, Brahmadatta dreamed these dreams at Benares, and enquired of the brahmins concerning them. And the brahmins, then as now, set to work at sacrifices. Amongst them was a young brahmin of learning and wisdom, a pupil of the king's chaplain, who addressed his master thus:—"Master, you have taught me the Three Vedas. Is there not therein a text that says 'The slaying of one creature giveth not life to another'?" "My son, this means money to us, a great deal of money. You only seem anxious to spare the king's treasury!" "Do as you will, master," said the young brahmin; "as for me, to what end shall I tarry longer here with you?" And so saying, he left him, and betook himself to the royal pleasaunce.

That selfsame day the Bodhisatta, knowing all this, thought to himself:—"If I visit to-day the haunts of men, I shall work the deliverance of a great multitude from their bondage." So, passing through the air, he alighted in the royal pleasaunce and seated himself, radiant as a statue of gold, upon the Ceremonial Stone. The young brahmin drew near and with due obeisance seated himself by the Bodhisatta in all friendliness. Sweet converse passed; and the Bodhisatta asked whether the young brahmin thought the king ruled righteously. "Sir," answered the young man, "the king is righteous himself; but the brahmins make him side with evil. Being consulted by the king as to sixteen dreams which he had dreamed, the brahmins clutched at the opportunity for sacrifices [344] and set to work thereon. Oh, sir, would it not be a good thing that you should offer to make known to the king the real import of his dreams and so deliver great numbers of creatures from their dread?" "But, my son, I do not know the king, nor he me. Still, if he should come here and ask me, I will tell him." "I will bring the king, sir," said the young brahmin; "if you will only be so good as to wait here a minute till I come back." And having gained the Bodhisatta's consent, he went before the king, and said that there had alighted in the royal pleasaunce an air-travelling ascetic, who said he would expound the king's dreams; would not his majesty relate them to this ascetic?

When the king heard this, he repaired at once to the pleasaunce with a large retinue. Saluting the ascetic, he sat down by the holy man's

side, and asked whether it was true that he knew what would come of his dreams. "Certainly, sire," said the Bodhisatta; "but first let me hear the dreams as you dreamed them." "Readily, sir," answered the king; and he began as follows:—

Bulls first, and trees, and cows, and calves,
Horse, dish, she-jackal, waterpot,
A pond, raw rice, and sandal-wood,
And gourds that sank, and stones that swam,—

and so forth, ending up with

And wolves in panic-fear of goats.

And his majesty went on to tell his dreams in just the same manner as that in which King Pasenadi had described them. [345]

"Enough," said the Great Being; "you have nothing to fear or dread from all this." Having thus reassured the king, and having freed a great multitude from bondage, the Bodhisatta again took up his position in mid-air, whence he exhorted the king and established him in the Five Commandments, ending with these words:—"Henceforth, O king, join not with the brahmins in slaughtering animals for sacrifice." His teaching ended, the Bodhisatta passed straight through the air to his own abode. And the king, remaining stedfast in the teaching he had heard, passed away after a life of alms-giving and other good works to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master said, "You have nothing to fear from these dreams; away with the sacrifice!" Having had the sacrifice removed, and having saved the lives of a multitude of creatures, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the king of those days, Sāriputta the young Brahmin, and I the ascetic."

(*Pali note.* But after the passing of the Blessed One, the Editors of the Great Redaction put the three first lines into the Commentary, and making the lines from 'And gourds that sank' into one Stanza (therewith)[1], put the whole story into the First Book.)

[*Note.* Cf. Sacy's Kalilah and Dimnah, chapter 14; Benfey's Pañcatantra § 225; *J.R.A.S.* for 1893 page 509; and Rouse ('A Jātaka in Pausanias') in 'Folklore' i. 409 (1890).]

[1] I am not at all sure that this is the correct translation of this difficult and corrupt passage.

No. 78.

ILLĪSA-JĀTAKA.

"*Both squint.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a miserly Lord High Treasurer. Hard by the city of Rājagaha, as we are told, was a town named Jagghery, and here dwelt a certain Lord High Treasurer, known as the Millionaire Miser, who was worth eighty crores! Not so much as the tiniest drop of oil that a blade of grass will take up, did he either give away or consume for his own enjoyment. So he made no use of all his wealth either for his family or for sages and brahmins: it remained unenjoyed,—like a pool haunted by demons. Now, it fell out on a day that the Master arose at dawn moved with a great compassion, and as he reviewed those ripe for conversion throughout the universe, he became aware that this Treasurer with his wife some four hundred miles away were destined to tread the Paths of Salvation.

Now the day before, the Lord High Treasurer had gone his way to the palace to wait upon the king, and was on his homeward way when he saw a country-bumpkin, who was quite empty within, eating a cake stuffed with gruel. The sight awoke a craving within him! But, arrived at his own house, [346] he thought to himself,—"If I say I should like a stuffed cake, a whole host of people will want to share my meal; and that means getting through ever so much of my rice and ghee and sugar. I mustn't say a word to a soul." So he walked about, wrestling with his craving. As hour after hour passed, he grew yellower and yellower, and the veins stood out like cords on his emaciated frame. Unable at last to bear it any longer, he went to his own room and lay down hugging his bed. But still not a word would he say to a soul for fear of wasting his substance! Well, his wife came to him, and, stroking his back, said: "What is the matter, my husband?"

"Nothing," said he. "Perhaps the king has been cross to you?" "No, he has not." "Have your children or servants done anything to annoy you?" "Nothing of that kind, either." "Well, then, have you a craving for anything?" But still not a word would he say,—all because of his preposterous fear that he might waste his substance; but lay there speechless on his bed. "Speak, husband," said the wife; "tell me what you have a craving for." "Yes," said he with a gulp, "I have got a craving for one thing." "And what is that, my husband?" "I should like a stuffed cake to eat!" "Now why not have said so at once? You're rich enough! I'll cook cakes enough to feast the whole town of Jagghery." "Why trouble about them? They must work to earn their own meal." "Well then, I'll cook only enough for our street." "How rich you are!" "Then, I'll cook just enough for our own household." "How extravagant you are!" "Very good, I'll cook only enough for our children." "Why bother about them?" "Very good then, I'll only provide for our two selves." "Why should you be in it?" "Then, I'll cook just enough for you alone," said the wife.

"Softly," said the Lord High Treasurer; "there are a lot of people on the watch for signs of cooking in this place. Pick out broken rice,—being careful to leave the whole grain,—and take a brazier and cooking-pots and just a very little milk and ghee and honey and molasses; then up with you to the seventh story of the house and do the cooking up there. There I will sit alone and undisturbed to eat."

Obedient to his wishes, the wife had all the necessary things carried up, climbed all the way up herself, sent the servants away, and despatched word to the Treasurer to come. Up he climbed, shutting and bolting door after door as he ascended, till at last he came to the seventh floor, the door of which he also shut fast. Then he sat down. His wife lit the fire in the brazier, put her pot on, and set about cooking the cakes.

Now in the early morning, the Master had said to the Elder Great Moggallāna,—"Moggallāna, this Miser Millionaire [347] in the town of Jagghery near Rājagaha, wanting to eat cakes himself, is so afraid of letting others know, that he is having them cooked for him right up on the seventh story. Go thither; convert the man to self-denial, and by transcendental power transport husband and wife, cakes, milk, ghee and all, here to Jetavana. This day I and the five hundred Brethren will stay at home, and I will make the cakes furnish them with a meal."

Obedient to the Master's bidding, the Elder by supernatural power passed to the town of Jagghery, and rested in mid-air before the chamber-window, duly clad in his under and outer cloths, bright as a jewelled image. The unexpected sight of the Elder made the Lord High Treasurer quake with fear. Thought he to himself, "It was to escape such visitors that I climbed up here: and now there's one of them at the window!" And, failing to realise the comprehension of that which he must needs comprehend, he sputtered with rage, like sugar and salt thrown on the fire, as he burst out with—"What will you get, sage, by your simply standing in mid-air? Why, you may pace up and down till you've made a path in the pathless air,—and yet you'll still get nothing."

The Elder began to pace to and fro in his place in the air! "What will you get by pacing to and fro?" said the Treasurer! "You may sit cross-legged in meditation in the air,—but still you'll get nothing." The Elder sat down with legs crossed! Then said the Treasurer, "What will you get by sitting there? You may come and stand on the window-sill; but even that won't get you anything!" The Elder took his stand on the window-sill. "What will you get by standing on the window-sill? Why, you may belch smoke, and yet you'll still get nothing!" said the Treasurer. Then the Elder belched forth smoke till the whole palace was filled with it. The Treasurer's eyes began to smart as though pricked with needles; and, for fear at last that his house might be set on fire, he checked himself from adding—"You won't get anything even if you burst into flames." Thought he to himself, "This Elder is most persistent! He simply won't go away empty-handed! I must have just one cake given him." So he said to his wife, "My dear, cook one little cake and give it to the sage to get rid of him."

So she mixed quite a little dough in a crock. But the dough swelled and swelled till it filled the whole crock, and grew to be a great big cake! "What a lot you must have used!" exclaimed the Treasurer at the sight. And he himself with the tip of a spoon took a very little of the dough, and put that in the oven to bake. But that tiny piece of dough grew larger than the first lump; and, one after another, every piece of dough he took became ever so big! Then he lost heart and said to his wife, "You give him a cake, dear." But, as soon as she took one cake from the basket, at once all the other cakes stuck fast to it. So she cried out to her husband that all the cakes had stuck together, and that she could not part them.

"Oh, I'll soon part them," said he,—but found he could not!

Then husband and wife both took hold of the mass of cakes at the corner and tried to get them apart. But tug as they might, they could make no more impression together than they did singly, on the mass. Now as the Treasurer was pulling away at the cakes, he burst into a perspiration, and his craving left him. Then said he to his wife, "I don't want the cakes; [348] give them, basket and all, to this ascetic." And she approached the Elder with the basket in her hand. Then the Elder preached the truth to the pair, and proclaimed the excellence of the Three Gems. And, teaching that giving was true sacrifice, he made the fruits of charity and other good works to shine forth even as the full-moon in the heavens. Won by the Elder's words, the Treasurer said, "Sir, come hither and sit on this couch to eat your cakes."

"Lord High Treasurer," said the Elder, "the All-Wise Buddha with five hundred Brethren sits in the monastery waiting a meal of cakes. If such be your good pleasure, I would ask you to bring your wife and the cakes with you, and let us be going to the Master." "But where, sir, is the Master at the present

time?" "Five and forty leagues away, in the monastery at Jetavana." "How are we to get all that way, sir, without losing a long time on the road?" "If it be your pleasure, Lord High Treasurer, I will transport you thither by my transcendental powers. The head of the staircase in your house shall remain where it is, but the bottom shall be at the main-gate of Jetavana. In this wise will I transport you to the Master in the time which it takes to go downstairs." "So be it, sir," said the Treasurer.

Then the Elder, keeping the top of the staircase where it was, commanded, saying,—"Let the foot of the staircase be at the main-gate of Jetavana." And so it came to pass! In this way did the Elder transport the Treasurer and his wife to Jetavana quicker than they could get down the stairs.

Then husband and wife came before the Master and said meal-time had come. And the Master, passing into the Refectory, sat down on the Buddha-seat prepared for him, with the Brotherhood gathered round. Then the Lord High Treasurer poured the Water of Donation over the hands of the Brotherhood with the Buddha at its head, whilst his wife placed a cake in the alms-bowl of the Blessed One. Of this he took what sufficed to support life, as also did the five hundred Brethren. Next the Treasurer went round offering milk mixed with ghee and honey and jagghery; and the Master and the Brotherhood brought their meal to a close. Lastly the Treasurer and his wife ate their fill, but still there seemed no end to the cakes. Even when all the Brethren and the scrap-eaters throughout the monastery had all had a share, still there was no sign of the end approaching. So they told the Master, saying, "Sir, the supply of cakes grows no smaller."

"Then throw them down by the great gate of the monastery."

So they threw them away in a cave not far from the gateway; and to this day a spot called 'The Crock-Cake,' is shown at the extremity of that cave.

The Lord High Treasurer and his wife approached and stood before the Blessed One, who returned thanks; and at the close of his words of thanks, the pair attained Fruition of the First Path of Salvation. Then, taking their leave of the Master, the two mounted the stairs at the great gate and found themselves in their own home once more. [349] Afterwards, the Lord High Treasurer lavished eighty crores of money solely on the Faith the Buddha taught.

Next day the Perfect Buddha, returning to Jetavana after a round for alms in Sāvatthi, delivered a Buddha-discourse to the Brethren before retiring to the seclusion of the Perfumed Chamber. At evening, the Brethren gathered together in the Hall of Truth, and exclaimed, "How great is the power of the Elder Moggallāna! In a moment he converted a miser to charity, brought him with the cakes to Jetavana, set him before the Master, and stablished him in salvation. How great is the power of the Elder!" As they sat talking thus of the goodness of the Elder, the Master entered, and, on enquiry, was told of the subject of their talk. "Brethren," said he, "a Brother who is the converter of a household, should approach that household without causing it annoyance or vexation,—even as the bee when it sucks the nectar from the flower; in such wise should he draw nigh to declare the excellence of the Buddha." And in praise of the Elder Moggallāna, he recited this stanza :—

Like bees, that harm no flower's scent or hue
But, laden with its honey, fly away,
So, sage, within thy village walk thy way[1].

Then, to set forth still more the Elder's goodness, he said,—"This is not the first time, Brethren, that the miserly Treasurer has been converted by Moggallāna. In other days too the Elder converted him, and taught him how deeds and their effects are linked together." So saying, he told this story of the past.

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[1] This is verse 49 of the *Dhammapada*.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there was a Treasurer, Illīsa by name, who was worth eighty crores, and had all the defects which fall to the lot of man. He was lame and crook-backed and had a squint; he was an unconverted infidel, and a miser, never giving of his store to others, nor enjoying it himself; his house was like a pool haunted by demons. Yet, for seven generations, his ancestors had been bountiful, giving freely of their best; but, when he became Treasurer, he broke through the traditions of his house. Burning down the almonry and driving the poor with blows from his gates, he hoarded his wealth.

One day, when he was returning from attendance on the king, he saw a yokel, who had journeyed far and was a-weary, seated on a bench, and filling a mug from a jar of rank spirits, and drinking it off, with a dainty morsel of stinking dried-fish as a relish. The sight made the Treasurer feel a thirst for spirits, but he thought to himself, [350] "If I drink, others will want to drink with me, and that means a ruinous expense." So he walked about, keeping his thirst under. But, as time wore on, he could do so no longer; he grew as yellow as old cotton; and the veins stood out on his sunken frame. On a day, retiring to his chamber, he lay down hugging his bed. His wife came to him, and rubbed his back, as she asked, "What has gone amiss with my lord?"

(What follows is to be told in the words of the former story.) But, when she in her turn said, "Then I'll only brew liquor enough for you," he said, "If you make the brew in the house, there will be many on the watch; and to send out for the spirits and sit and drink it here, is out of the question." So he produced one single penny, and sent a slave to fetch him a jar of spirits from the tavern. When the slave came back, he made him go from the town to the riverside and put the jar down in a remote thicket. "Now be off!" said he, and made the slave wait some distance off, while he filled his cup and fell to.

Now the Treasurer's father, who for his charity and other good works had been re-born as Sakka in the Realm of Devas, was at that moment wondering whether his bounty was still kept up or not, and became aware of the stopping of his bounty, and of his son's behaviour. He saw how his son, breaking through the traditions of his house, had burnt the almonry to the ground, had driven the poor with blows from his gates, and how, in his miserliness, fearing to share with others, that son had stolen away to a thicket to drink by himself. Moved by the sight, Sakka cried, "I will go to him and make my son see that deeds must have their consequences; I will work his conversion, and make him charitable and worthy of re-birth in the Realm of Devas." So he came down to earth, and once more trod the ways of men, putting on the semblance of the Treasurer Illīsa, with the latter's lameness, and crookback, and squint. In this guise, he entered the city of Rājagaha and made his way to the

palace-gate, where he bade his coming be announced to the king. "Let him approach," said the king; and he entered and stood with due obeisance before his majesty.

"What brings you here at this unusual hour, Lord High Treasurer?" said the king. "I am come, Sire, because I have in my house eighty crores of treasure. Deign to have them carried to fill the royal treasury." "Nay, my Lord Treasurer; [351] the treasure within my palace is greater than this." "If you, sire, will not have it, I shall give it away to whom I will." "Do so by all means, Treasurer," said the king. "So be it, sire," said the pretended Illīsa, as with due obeisance he departed from the presence to the Treasurer's house. The servants all gathered round him, but not one could tell that it was not their real master. Entering, he stood on the threshold and sent for the porter, to whom he gave orders that if anybody resembling himself should appear and claim to be master of the house they should soundly cudgel such a one and throw him out. Then, mounting the stairs to the upper story, he sat down on a gorgeous couch and sent for Illīsa's wife. When she came he said with a smile, "My dear, let us be bountiful."

At these words, wife, children, and servants all thought, "It's a long time since he was this way minded. He must have been drinking to be so good-natured and generous to-day." And his wife said to him, "Be as bountiful as you please, my husband." "Send for the crier," said he, "and bid him proclaim by beat of drum all through the city that everyone who wants gold, silver, diamonds, pearls, and the like, is to come to the house of Illīsa the Treasurer." His wife did as he bade, and a large crowd soon assembled at the door carrying baskets and sacks. Then Sakka bade the treasure-chambers be thrown open, and cried, "This is my gift to you; take what you will and go your ways." And the crowd seized on the riches there stored, and piled them in heaps on the floor and filled the bags and vessels they had brought, and went off laden with the spoils. Among them was a countryman who yoked Illīsa's oxen to Illīsa's carriage, filled it with the seven things of price, and journeyed out of the city along the highroad. As he went along, he drew near the thicket, and sang the Treasurer's praises in these words:—"May you live to be a hundred, my good lord Illīsa! What you have done for me this day will enable me to live without doing another stroke of work. Whose were these oxen?—yours. Whose was this carriage?—yours. Whose the wealth in the carriage?—yours again. It was no father or mother who gave me all this; no, it came solely from you, my lord."

These words filled the Lord High Treasurer with fear and trembling. "Why, the fellow is mentioning my name in his talk," said he to himself. "Can the king have been distributing my wealth to the people?" [352] At the bare thought he bounded from the bush, and, recognizing his own

oxen and cart, seized the oxen by the cord, crying, "Stop, fellow; these oxen and this cart belong to me." Down leaped the man from the cart, angrily exclaiming, "You rascal! Illīsa, the Lord High Treasurer, is giving away his wealth to all the city. What has come to you?" And he sprang at the Treasurer and struck him on the back like a falling thunderbolt, and went off with the cart. Illīsa picked himself up, trembling in every limb, wiped off the mud, and hurrying after his cart, seized hold of it. Again the countryman got down, and seizing Illīsa by the hair, doubled him up and thumped him about the head for some time; then taking him by the throat, he flung him back the way he had come, and drove off. Sobered by this rough usage, Illīsa hurried off home. There, seeing folk making off with the treasure, he fell to laying hands on here a man and there a man, shrieking, "Hi! what's this? Is the king despoiling me?" And every man he laid hands on knocked him down. Bruised and smarting, he sought to take refuge in his own house, when the porters stopped him with, "Holloa, you rascal! Where might you be going?" And first thrashing him soundly with bamboos, they took their master by the throat and threw him out of doors. "There is none but the king left to see me righted," groaned Illīsa, and betook himself to the palace. "Why, oh why, sire," he cried, "have you plundered me like this?"

"Nay, it was not I, my Lord Treasurer," said the king. "Did you not yourself come and declare your intention of giving your wealth away, if I would not accept it? And did you not then send the crier round and carry out your threat?" "Oh sire, indeed it was not I that came to you on such an errand. Your majesty knows how near and close I am, and how I never give away so much as the tiniest drop of oil which a blade of grass will take up. May it please your majesty to send for him who has given my substance away, and to question him on the matter."

Then the king sent for Sakka. And so exactly alike were the two that neither the king nor his court could tell which was the real Lord High Treasurer. Said the miser Illīsa, "Who, and what, sire, is this Treasurer? *I* am the Treasurer."

"Well, really I can't say which is the real Illīsa," said the king. "Is there anybody who can distinguish them for certain?" "Yes, sire, my wife." So the wife was sent for and asked which of the two was her husband. And she said Sakka was her husband and went to his side. [353] Then in turn Illīsa's children and servants were brought in and asked the same question; and all with one accord declared Sakka was the real Lord High Treasurer. Here it flashed across Illīsa's mind that he had a wart on his head, hidden among his hair, the existence of which was known only to his barber. So, as a last resource, he asked that his barber might be sent for to identify him. Now at this time the Bodhisatta was his barber. Accordingly, the barber was sent for and asked if he could

distinguish the real from the false Illīsa. "I could tell, sire," said he, "if I might examine their heads." "Then look at both their heads," said the king. On the instant Sakka caused a wart to rise on his head! After examining the two, the Bodhisatta reported that, as both alike had got warts on their heads, he couldn't for the life of him say which was the real man. And therewithal he uttered this stanza:—

Both squint; both halt; both men are hunchbacks too;
And both have warts alike! I cannot tell
Which of the two the real Illīsa is.

Hearing his last hope thus fail him, the Lord High Treasurer fell into a tremble; and such was his intolerable anguish at the loss of his beloved riches, that down he fell in a swoon. Thereupon Sakka put forth his transcendental powers, and, rising in the air, addressed the king thence in these words: "Not Illīsa am I, O king, but Sakka." Then those around wiped Illīsa's face and dashed water over him. Recovering, he rose to his feet and bowed to the ground before Sakka, King of Devas. Then said Sakka, "Illīsa, mine was the wealth, not thine; I am thy father, and thou art my son. In my lifetime I was bountiful toward the poor and rejoiced in doing good; wherefore, I am advanced to this high estate and am become Sakka. But thou, walking not in my footsteps, art grown a niggard and a very miser; thou hast burnt my almonry to the ground, driven the poor from the gate, and hoarded thy riches. Thou hast no enjoyment thereof thyself, nor has any other human being; [354] but thy store is become like a pool haunted by demons, whereat no man may slake his thirst. Albeit, if thou wilt rebuild mine almonry and show bounty to the poor, it shall be accounted to thee for righteousness. But, if thou wilt not, then will I strip thee of all that thou hast, and cleave thy head with the thunderbolt of Indra, and thou shalt die."

At this threat Illīsa, quaking for his life, cried out, "Henceforth I will be bountiful." And Sakka accepted his promise, and, still seated in mid-air, established his son in the Commandments and preached the Truth to him, departing thereafter to his own abode. And Illīsa was diligent in almsgiving and other good works, and so assured his re-birth thereafter in heaven.

"Brethren," said the Master, "this is not the first time that Moggallāna has converted the miserly Treasurer; in bygone days too the same man was converted by him." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "This miserly Treasurer was the Illīsa of those days, Moggallāna was Sakka, King of Devas, Ānanda was the king, and I myself the barber."

[*Note.* Respecting this story, see an article by the translator in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* for January 1892, entitled "The Lineage of the 'Proud King'."]

No. 79.

KHARASSARA-JĀTAKA.

"*He gave the robbers time.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain Minister. He, 'tis said, ingratiated himself with the king, and, after collecting the royal revenue in a border-village, privily arranged with a band of robbers that he would march the men off into the jungle, leaving the village for the rascals to plunder,—on condition that they gave him half the booty. Accordingly, at daybreak when the place was left unprotected, down came the robbers, who slew and ate the cattle, looted the village, and were off with their booty before he came back at evening with his followers. But it was a very short time before his knavery leaked out and came to the ears of the king. And the king sent for him, and, as his guilt was manifest, he was degraded and another headman put in his place. Then the king went to the Master at Jetavana and told him what had happened. "Sire," said the Blessed One, "the man has only shewn the same disposition now which he shewed in bygone days." Then at the king's request he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, he appointed a certain Minister to be headman of a border-village; and everything came to pass as in the above case. Now in those days the Bodhisatta was making the round of the border-villages in the way of trade, [355] and had taken up his abode in that very village. And when the headman was marching his men back at evening with drums a-beating, he exclaimed, "This scoundrel, who privily egged on the robbers to loot the village, has waited till they had made off to the jungle again, and now back he comes with drums a-beating,—feigning a happy ignorance of anything wrong having happened." And, so saying, he uttered this stanza :—

He gave the robbers time to drive and slay
The cattle, burn the houses, capture folk;
And then with drums a-beating, home he marched,
—A son no more, for such a son is dead[1].

In such wise did the Bodhisatta condemn the headman. Not long after, the villany was detected, and the rascal was punished by the king as his wickedness deserved.

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[1] The scholiast's explanation is, that a son who is so lost to all decency and shame, ceases *ipso facto* to be a son, and that his mother is sonless even while her son is still alive.

"This is not the first time, sire," said the king, "that he has been of this disposition; he was just the same in bygone days also." His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The headman of to-day was also the headman of those days, and I myself the wise and good man who recited the stanza."

No. 80.

BHĪMASENA-JĀTAKA.

"*You vaunted your prowess.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain braggart among the Brethren. Tradition says that he used to gather round him Brethren of all ages, and go about deluding everyone with lying boasts about his noble descent. "Ah, Brethren," he would say, "there's no family so noble as mine, no lineage so peerless. I am a scion of the highest of princely lines; no man is my equal in birth or ancestral estate; there is absolutely no end to the gold and silver and other treasures we possess. Our very slaves and menials are fed on rice and meat-stews, and are clad in the best Benares cloth, with the choicest Benares perfumes to perfume themselves withal;—whilst I, because I have joined the Brotherhood, [356] have to content myself with this vile fare and this vile garb."

But another Brother, after enquiring into his family estate, exposed to the Brethren the emptiness of this pretension. So the Brethren met in the Hall of Truth, and talk began as to how that Brother, in spite of his vows to leave worldly things and cleave only to the saving Truth, was going about deluding the Brethren with his lying boasts. Whilst the fellow's sinfulness was being discussed, the Master entered and enquired what their topic was. And they told him. "This is not the first time, Brethren," said the Master, "that he has gone about boasting; in bygone days too he went about boasting and deluding people." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin in a market-town in the North country, and when he was grown up he studied under a teacher of world-wide fame at Takkasilā. There he learnt the Three Vedas and the Eighteen Branches of knowledge, and completed his education. And he became known as the sage Little Bowman. Leaving Takkasilā, he came to the Andhra country in search of practical experience. Now, it happened that in this Birth the Bodhisatta was somewhat of a crooked little dwarf, and he thought to himself, "If I make my appearance before any king, he's sure to ask what a dwarf like me is good for; why should I not use a tall broad fellow as my stalking-horse and earn my living in the shadow of his more imposing

personality?" So he betook himself to the weavers' quarter, and there espying a huge weaver named Bhīmasena, saluted him, asking the man's name. "Bhīmasena[1] is my name," said the weaver. "And what makes a fine big man like you work at so sorry a trade?" "Because I can't get a living any other way." "Weave no more, friend. The whole continent can shew no such archer as I am; but kings would scorn me because I am a dwarf. And so you, friend, must be the man to vaunt your prowess with the bow, and the king will take you into his pay [357] and make you ply your calling regularly. Meantime I shall be behind you to perform the duties that are laid upon you, and so shall earn my living in your shadow. In this manner we shall both of us thrive and prosper. Only do as I tell you." "Done with you," said the other.

Accordingly, the Bodhisatta took the weaver with him to Benares, acting as a little page of the bow, and putting the other in the front; and when they were at the gates of the palace, he made him send word of his coming to the king. Being summoned into the royal presence, the pair entered together and bowing stood before the king. "What brings you here?" said the king. "I am a mighty archer," said Bhīmasena; "there is no archer like me in the whole continent." "What pay would you want to enter my service?" "A thousand pieces a fortnight, sire." "What is this man of yours?" "He's my little page, sire." "Very well, enter my service."

So Bhīmasena entered the king's service; but it was the Bodhisatta who did all his work for him. Now in those days there was a tiger in a forest in Kāsi which blocked a frequented high-road and had devoured many victims. When this was reported to the king, he sent for Bhīmasena and asked whether he could catch the tiger.

"How could I call myself an archer, sire, if I couldn't catch a tiger?" The king gave him largesse and sent him on the errand. And home to the Bodhisatta came Bhīmasena with the news. "All right," said the Bodhisatta; "away you go, my friend." "But are you not coming too?" "No, I won't go; but I'll tell you a little plan." "Please do, my friend." "Well don't you be rash and approach the tiger's lair alone. What you will do is to muster a strong band of countryfolk to march to the spot with a thousand or two thousand bows; when you know that the tiger is aroused, you bolt into the thicket and lie down flat on your face. The countryfolk will beat the tiger to death; and as soon as he is quite dead, you bite off a creeper with your teeth, and draw near to the dead tiger, trailing the creeper in your hand. At the sight of the dead body of the brute, you will burst out with—'Who has killed the tiger? I meant to lead it [358] by a creeper, like an ox, to the king, and with this intent had

[1] The name means "one who has or leads a terrible army;" it is the name of the second Pāṇḍava.

just stepped into the thicket to get a creeper. I must know who killed the tiger before I could get back with my creeper.' Then the countryfolk will be very frightened and bribe you heavily not to report them to the king; you will be credited with slaying the tiger; and the king too will give you lots of money."

"Very good," said Bhīmasena; and off he went and slew the tiger just as the Bodhisatta had told him. Having thus made the road safe for travellers, back he came with a large following to Benares, and said to the king, "I have killed the tiger, sire; the forest is safe for travellers now." Well-pleased, the king loaded him with gifts.

Another day, tidings came that a certain road was infested with a buffalo, and the king sent Bhīmasena to kill it. Following the Bodhisatta's directions, he killed the buffalo in the same way as the tiger, and returned to the king, who once more gave him lots of money. He was a great lord now. Intoxicated by his new honours, he treated the Bodhisatta with contempt, and scorned to follow his advice, saying, "I can get on without you. Do you think there's no man but yourself?" This and many other harsh things did he say to the Bodhisatta.

Now, a few days later, a hostile king marched upon Benares and beleaguered it, sending a message to the king summoning him either to surrender his kingdom or to do battle. And the king of Benares ordered Bhīmasena out to fight him. So Bhīmasena was armed cap-à-pie in soldierly fashion and mounted on a war-elephant sheathed in complete armour. And the Bodhisatta, who was seriously alarmed that Bhīmasena might get killed, armed himself cap-à-pie also and seated himself modestly behind Bhīmasena. Surrounded by a host, the elephant passed out of the gates of the city and arrived in the forefront of the battle. At the first notes of the martial drum Bhīmasena fell a-quaking with fear. "If you fall off now, you'll get killed," said the Bodhisatta, and accordingly fastened a cord round him, which he held tight, to prevent him from falling off the elephant. But the sight of the field of battle proved too much for Bhīmasena, and the fear of death was so strong on him that he fouled the elephant's back. "Ah," said the Bodhisatta, "the present does not tally with the past. Then you affected the warrior; now your prowess is confined to befouling the elephant you ride on." And so saying, he uttered this stanza:—

[359] You vaunted your prowess, and loud was your boast;
You swore you would vanquish the foe!
But is it consistent, when faced with their host,
To vent your emotion, sir, *so?*

When the Bodhisatta had ended these taunts, he said, "But don't you be afraid, my friend. Am not I here to protect you?" Then he made Bhīmasena get off the elephant and bade him wash himself and go home. "And now to win renown this day," said the Bodhisatta, raising his

battle-cry as he dashed into the fight. Breaking through the king's camp, he dragged the king out and took him alive to Benares. In great joy at his prowess, his royal master loaded him with honours, and from that day forward all India was loud with the fame of the Sage Little Bowman. To Bhīmasena he gave largesse, and sent him back to his own home; whilst he himself excelled in charity and all good works, and at his death passed away to fare according to his deserts.

"Thus, Brethren," said the Master, "this is not the first time that this Brother has been a braggart; he was just the same in bygone days too." His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "This braggart Brother was the Bhīmasena of those days, and I myself the Sage Little Bowman."

No. 81.

SURĀPĀNA-JĀTAKA.

[360] "*We drank.*"—This story was told by the Master about the Elder Sāgata, while he was dwelling in the Ghosita-park near Kosambī.

For, after spending the rainy season at Sāvatthi, the Master had come on an alms-pilgrimage to a market-town named Bhaddavatikā, where cowherds and goatherds and farmers and wayfarers respectfully besought him not to go down to the Mango Ferry; "for," said they, "in the Mango Ferry, in the demesne of the naked ascetics, dwells a poisonous and deadly Nāga, known as the Nāga of the Mango Ferry, who might harm the Blessed One." Feigning not to hear them, though they repeated their warning thrice, the Blessed One held on his way. Whilst the Blessed One was dwelling near Bhaddavatikā in a certain grove there, the Elder Sāgata, a servant of the Buddha, who had won such supernatural powers as a worldling can possess, went to the demesne, piled a couch of leaves at the spot where the Nāga-king dwelt, and sate himself down cross-legged thereon. Being unable to conceal his evil nature, the Nāga raised a great smoke. So did the Elder. Then the Nāga sent forth flames. So too did the Elder. But, whilst the Nāga's flames did no harm to the Elder, the Elder's flames did do harm to the Nāga, and so in a short time he mastered the Nāga-king and established him in the Refuges and the Commandments, after which he repaired back to the Master. And the Master, after dwelling as long as it pleased him at Bhaddavatikā, went on to Kosambī. Now the story of the Nāga's conversion by Sāgata, had got noised abroad all over the countryside, and the townsfolk of Kosambī went forth to meet the Blessed One and saluted him, after which they passed to the Elder Sāgata and saluting him, said, "Tell us, sir, what you lack and we will furnish it." The Elder himself remained

silent; but the followers of the Wicked Six[1] made answer as follows:—"Sirs, to those who have renounced the world, white spirits are as rare as they are acceptable. Do you think you could get the Elder some clear white spirit?" "To be sure we can," said the townsfolk, and invited the Master to take his meal with them next day. Then they went back to their own town and arranged that each in his own house should offer clear white spirit to the Elder, and accordingly they all laid in a store and invited the Elder in and plied him with the liquor, house by house. So deep were his potations that, on his way out of town, the Elder fell prostrate in the gateway and there lay hiccoughing nonsense. On his way back from his meal in the town, the Master came on the Elder lying in this state, and bidding the Brethren carry Sāgata home, [361] passed on his way to the park. The Brethren laid the Elder down with his head at the Buddha's feet, but he turned round so that he came to lie with his feet towards the Buddha. Then the Master asked his question, "Brethren, does Sāgata shew that respect towards me now that he formerly did?" "No, sir." "Tell me, Brethren, who it was that mastered the Nāga-king of the Mango Ferry?" "It was Sāgatā, sir." "Think you that in his present state Sāgata could master even a harmless water-snake?" "That he could not, sir." "Well now, Brethren, is it proper to drink that which, when drunk, steals away a man's senses?" "It is improper, sir." Now, after discoursing with the Brethren in dispraise of the Elder, the Blessed One laid it down as a precept that the drinking of intoxicants was an offence requiring confession and absolution; after which he rose up and passed into his perfumed chamber.

Assembling together in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren discussed the sin of spirit-drinking, saying, "What a great sin is the drinking of spirits, sirs, seeing that it has blinded to the Buddha's excellence even one so wise and so gifted as Sāgata." Entering the Hall of Truth at this point, the Master asked what topic they were discussing; and they told him. "Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that they who had renounced the world have lost their senses through drinking spirits; the very same thing took place in bygone days." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a northern brahmin-family in Kāsi; and when he grew up, he renounced the world for the hermit's life. He won the Higher Knowledges and the Attainments, and dwelt in the enjoyment of the bliss of Insight in the Himalayas, with five hundred pupils around him. Once, when the rainy season had come, his pupils said to him, "Master, may we go to the haunts of men and bring back salt and vinegar?" "For my own part, sirs, I shall remain here; but you may go for your health's sake, and come back when the rainy season is over."

"Very good," said they, and taking a respectful leave of their master, came to Benares, where they took up their abode in the royal pleasaunce. On the morrow they went in quest of alms to a village just outside the city gates, where they had plenty to eat; and next day they made their way into the city itself. The kindly citizens gave alms to them, and the king was soon informed that five hundred hermits from the Himalayas had

[1] See note on page 71.

taken up their abode in the royal pleasaunce, and that they were ascetics of great austerity, subduing the flesh, and of great virtue. Hearing this good character of them, the king went to the pleasaunce and graciously made them welcome [362] to stay there for four months. They promised that they would, and thenceforth were fed in the royal palace and lodged in the pleasaunce. But one day a drinking festival was held in the city, and the king gave the five hundred hermits a large supply of the best spirits, knowing that such things rarely come in the way of those who renounce the world and its vanities. The ascetics drank the liquor and went back to the pleasaunce. There, in drunken hilarity, some danced, some sang, whilst others, wearied of dancing and singing, kicked about their rice-hampers and other belongings,—after which they lay down to sleep. When they had slept off their drunkenness and awoke to see the traces of their revelry, they wept and lamented, saying, "We have done that which we ought not to have done. We have done this evil because we are away from our master." Forthwith, they quitted the pleasaunce and returned to the Himalayas. Laying aside their bowls and other belongings, they saluted their master and took their seats. "Well, my sons," said he, "were you comfortable amid the haunts of men, and were you spared weary journeyings in quest of alms? Did you dwell in unity one with another?"

"Yes, master, we were comfortable; but we drank forbidden drink, so that, losing our senses and forgetting ourselves, we both danced and sang." And by way of setting the matter forth, they composed and repeated this stanza:—

We drank, we danced, we sang, we wept; 'twas well
That, when we drank the drink that steals away
The senses, we were not transformed to apes.

"This is what is sure to happen to those who are not living under a master's care," said the Bodhisatta, rebuking those ascetics; and he exhorted them saying, "Henceforth, never do such a thing again." Living on with Insight unbroken, he became destined to re birth thereafter in the Brahma Realm.

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[363] His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth (and henceforth we shall omit the words 'shewed the connexion'), by saying,—"My disciples were the band of hermits of those days, and I their teacher."

No. 82.

MITTAVINDA-JĀTAKA.

"*No more to dwell.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a self-willed Brother. The incidents of this Birth, which took place in the days of the Buddha Kassapa, will be related in the Tenth Book in the Mahā-Mittavindaka Jātaka[1].

Then the Bodhisatta uttered this Stanza:—

No more to dwell in island palaces
Of crystal, silver, or of sparkling gems,—
With flinty headgear thou'rt invested now;
Nor shall its griding torture ever cease
Till all thy sin be purged and life shall end.

So saying, the Bodhisatta passed to his own abode among the Devas. And Mittavindaka, having donned that headgear, suffered grievous torment till his sin had been spent and he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth, by saying, "This self-willed Brother was the Mittavindaka of those days, and I myself the King of the Devas."

No. 83.

KĀLAKAṆṆI-JĀTAKA. [364]

"*A friend is he.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a friend of Anātha-piṇḍika's. Tradition says that the two had made mud-pies together, and had gone to the same school; but, as years went by, the friend, whose name was 'Curse,' sank into great distress and could not make a living anyhow. So he came to the rich man, who was kind to him, and paid him to look after all his property; and the poor friend was employed under Anātha-piṇḍika and did all his business for him. After he had gone up to the rich man's it was a common thing to hear in the house—"Stand up, Curse," or "Sit down, Curse," or "Have your dinner, Curse."

[1] No. 439. See No. 41, and Divyāvadāna, p. 603, &c.

One day the Treasurer's friends and acquaintances called on him and said, "Lord Treasurer, don't let this sort of thing go on in your house. It's enough to scare an ogre to hear such ill-omened observations as—'Stand up, Curse,' or 'Sit down, Curse,' or 'Have your dinner, Curse.' The man is not your social equal; he's a miserable wretch, dogged by misfortune. Why have anything to do with him?" "Not so," replied Anātha-piṇḍika; "a name only serves to denote a man, and the wise do not measure a man by his name; nor is it proper to wax superstitious about mere sounds. Never will I throw over, for his mere name's sake, the friend with whom I made mud-pies as a child." And he rejected their advice.

One day the great man departed to visit a village of which he was headman, leaving the other in charge of the house. Hearing of his departure certain robbers made up their mind to break into the house; and, arming themselves to the teeth, they surrounded it in the night-time. But 'Curse' had a suspicion that burglars might be expected, and was sitting up for them. And when he knew that they had come, he ran about as if to rouse his people, bidding one sound the conch, another beat the drum, till he had the whole house full of noise, as though he were rousing a whole army of servants. Said the robbers, "The house is not so empty as we were told; the master must be at home." Flinging away their stones, clubs and other weapons, away they bolted for their lives. Next day great alarm was caused by the sight of all the discarded weapons lying round the house; and Curse was lauded to the skies by such praises as this:—"If the house had not been patrolled by one so wise as this man, the robbers would have simply walked in at their own pleasure and have plundered the house. The Treasurer owes this stroke of good luck to his staunch friend." And the moment the merchant came back from his village they hastened to tell him the whole story. "Ah," said he, "this is the trusty guardian of my house whom you wanted me to get rid of. If I had taken your advice and got rid of him, I should be a beggar to-day. It's not the name but the heart within that makes the man." So saying he raised his wages. And thinking that here was a good story [365] to tell, off he went to the Master and gave him a complete account of it all, right through. "This is not the first time, sir," said the Master, "that a friend named Curse has saved his friend's wealth from robbers; the like happened in bygone days as well." Then, at Anātha-piṇḍika's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a Treasurer of great renown; and he had a friend whose name was Curse, and so on as in the foregoing story. When on his return from his zemindary the Bodhisatta heard what had happened he said to his friends, "If I had taken your advice and got rid of my trusty friend, I should have been a beggar to-day." And he repeated this stanza:—

A friend is he that seven steps will go
To help us[1]; twelve attest the comrade true.
A fortnight or a month's tried loyalty
Makes kindred, longer time a second self.
—Then how shall I, who all these years have known
My friend, be wise in driving Curse away?

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the Curse of those days, and I myself the Treasurer of Benares."

[1] See Griffith's "Old Indian Poetry," p. 27; and Pāṇini's rule, v. 2. 22.

No. 84.

ATTHASSADVĀRA-JĀTAKA. [366]

"*Seek health.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a boy who was sage in matters relating to spiritual welfare. When he was only seven years old, the boy, who was the son of a very wealthy Treasurer, manifested great intelligence and anxiety for his spiritual welfare; and one day came to his father to ask what were the Paths leading to spiritual welfare. The father could not answer, but he thought to himself,—"This is a very difficult question; from highest heaven to nethermost hell there is none that can answer it, save only the All-knowing Buddha." So he took the child with him to Jetavana, with a quantity of perfumes and flowers and unguents. Arrived there, he did reverence to the Master, bowed down before him, and seating himself on one side, spoke as follows to the Blessed One:—"Sir, this boy of mine, who is intelligent and anxious for his spiritual welfare, has asked me what are the Paths leading to spiritual welfare; and as I did not know, I came to you. Vouchsafe, O Blessed One, to resolve this question." "Lay-brother," said the Master, "this selfsame question was asked me by this very child in former times, and I answered it for him. He knew the answer in bygone days, but now he has forgotten because of change of birth." Then, at the father's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a very wealthy Treasurer; and he had a son who, when only seven years old, manifested great intelligence and anxiety for his spiritual welfare. One day the child came to his father to ask what were the Paths leading to spiritual welfare. And his father answered him by repeating this stanza:—

> Seek Health, the supreme good; be virtuous;
> Hearken to elders; from the scriptures learn;
> Conform to Truth; and burst Attachment's bonds.
> —For chiefly these six Paths to Welfare lead.

[367] In this wise did the Bodhisatta answer his son's question as to the Paths that lead to spiritual welfare; and the boy from that time forward followed those six rules. After a life spent in charity and other good works, the Bodhisatta passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This child was also the child of those days, and I myself the Lord Treasurer."

No. 85.

KIMPAKKA-JĀTAKA.

"*As they who ate.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a concupiscent Brother. Tradition says there was a scion of a good family who gave his heart to the Buddha's doctrine and joined the Brotherhood. But one day as he was going his round for alms in Sāvatthi, he was there stirred to concupiscence by the sight of a beautifully dressed woman. Being brought by his teachers and directors before the Master, he admitted in answer to the enquiries of the Blessed One that the spirit of concupiscence had entered into him. Then said the Master, "Verily the five lusts of the senses are sweet in the hour of actual enjoyment, Brother; but this enjoyment of them (in that it entails the miseries of re-birth in hell and the other evil states) is like the eating of the fruit of the What-fruit tree. Very fair to view is the What-fruit, very fragrant and sweet; but when eaten, it racks the inwards and brings death. In other days, through ignorance [368] of its evil nature, a multitude of men, seduced by the beauty, fragrance and sweetness of the fruit, ate thereof so that they died." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the leader of a caravan. Once when journeying with five hundred carts from East to West, he came to the outskirts of a forest. Assembling his men, he said to them:—"In this forest grow trees that bear poisonous fruit. Let no man eat any unfamiliar fruit without first asking me." When they had traversed the forest, they came at the other border on a What-fruit tree with its boughs bending low with their burthen of fruit. In form, smell and taste, its trunk, boughs, leaves and fruit resembled a mango. Taking the tree, from its misleading appearance and so forth, to be a mango, some plucked the fruit and ate; but others said, "Let us speak to our leader before we eat." And these latter, plucking the fruit, waited for him to come up. When he came, he ordered them to fling away the fruit they had plucked, and had an emetic administered to those who had already eaten. Of these latter, some recovered; but such as had been the first to eat, died. The Bodhisatta reached his destination in safety, and sold his wares at a profit, after which he travelled home again. After a life spent in charity and other good works, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

It was when he had told this story, that the Master, as Buddha, uttered this stanza:—

As they who ate the What-fruit died, so Lusts,
When ripe, slay him who knowing not the woe
They breed hereafter, stoops to lustful deeds.

Having thus shewn that the Lusts, which are so sweet in the hour of fruition, end by slaying their votaries, the Master preached the Four Truths, at the close [369] whereof the concupiscent Brother was converted and won the Fruit of the First Path. Of the rest of the Buddha's following some won the First, some the Second, and some the Third Path, whilst others again became Arahats.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "My disciples were the people of the caravan in those days, and I their leader."

No. 86.

SĪLAVĪMAṀSANA-JĀTAKA.

"*Naught can compare.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a brahmin who put to the test his reputation for goodness. This Brother, who was maintained by the King of Kosala, had sought the Three Refuges; he kept the Five Commandments, and was versed in the Three Vedas. "This is a good man," thought the King, and shewed him great honour. But that Brother thought to himself, "The King shews honour to me beyond other brahmins, and has manifested his great regard by making me his spiritual director. But is his favour due to my goodness or only to my birth, lineage, family, country and accomplishments? I must clear this up without delay." Accordingly, one day when he was leaving the palace, he took unbidden a coin from a treasurer's counter, and went his way. Such was the treasurer's veneration for the brahmin that he sat perfectly still and said not a word. Next day the brahmin took two coins; but still the official made no remonstrance. The third day the brahmin took a whole handful of coins. "This is the third day," cried the treasurer, "that you have robbed his Majesty;" and he shouted out three times,—"I have caught the thief who robs the treasury." In rushed a crowd of people from every side, crying, "Ah, you've long been posing as a model of goodness." And dealing him two or three blows, they led him before the King. In great sorrow the King said to him, "What led you, brahmin, to do so wicked a thing?" And he gave orders, saying, "Off with him to punishment." "I am no thief, sire," said the brahmin. "Then why did you take money from the treasury?" "Because you shewed me such great honour, sire, and because I made up my mind to find out whether that honour was paid to my birth and the like or only to my goodness. That was my motive, and now I know for certain (inasmuch as you order me off to punishment) that it was my goodness and not my birth and other advantages, that won me your majesty's favour. Goodness I know to be the chief and supreme good; I know too that to goodness [370] I can

never attain in this life, whilst I remain a layman, living in the midst of sinful pleasures. Wherefore, this very day I would fain go to the Master at Jetavana and renounce the world for the Brotherhood. Grant me your leave, sire." The King consenting, the brahmin set out for Jetavana. His friends and relations in a body tried to turn him from his purpose, but, finding their efforts of no avail, left him alone. He came to the Master and asked to be admitted to the Brotherhood. After admission to the lower and higher orders, he won by application spiritual insight and became an Arahat, whereon he drew near to the Master, saying, "Sir, my joining the Order has borne the Supreme Fruit,"—thereby signifying that he had won Arahatship. Hearing of this, the Brethren, assembling in the Hall of Truth, spoke with one another of the virtues of the King's chaplain who tested his own reputation for goodness and who, leaving the King, had now risen to be an Arahat. Entering the Hall, the Master asked what the Brethren were discussing, and they told him. "Not without a precedent, Brethren," said he, "is the action of this brahmin in putting to the test his reputation for goodness and in working out his salvation after renouncing the world. The like was done by the wise and good of bygone days as well." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was his chaplain,—a man given to charity and other good works, whose mind was set on righteousness, always keeping unbroken the Five Commandments. And the King honoured him beyond the other brahmins; and everything came to pass as above.

But, as the Bodhisatta was being brought in bonds before the King, he came where some snake-charmers were exhibiting a snake, which they laid hold of by the tail and the throat, and tied round their necks. Seeing this, the Bodhisatta begged the men to desist, for the snake might bite them and cut their lives short. "Brahmin," replied the snake-charmers, "this is a good and well-behaved cobra; he's not wicked like you, who for your wickedness and misconduct are being hauled off in custody."

Thought the Bodhisatta to himself, "Even cobras, if they do not bite or wound, are called 'good.' How much more must this be the case with those who have come to be human beings! Verily it is just this goodness which is the most excellent thing in all the world, nor [371] does aught surpass it." Then he was brought before the King. "What is this, my friends?" said the King. "Here's a thief who has been robbing your majesty's treasury." "Away with him to execution." "Sire," said the brahmin, "I am no thief." "Then how came you to take the money?" Hereon the Bodhisatta made answer precisely as above, ending as follows:—"This then is why I have come to the conclusion that it is goodness which is the highest and most excellent thing in all the world. But be that as it may, yet, seeing that the cobra, when it does not bite or wound, must simply be called 'good' and nothing more, for this reason too it is

goodness alone which is the highest and most excellent of all things." Then in praise of goodness he uttered this stanza:—

Naught can compare with Goodness; all the world
Can not its equal show. The cobra fell,
If men account it 'good,' is saved from death.

After preaching the truth to the King in this stanza, the Bodhisatta, abjuring all Lusts, and renouncing the world for the hermit's life, repaired to the Himalayas, where he attained to the five Knowledges and the eight Attainments, earning for himself the sure hope of re-birth thereafter in the Brahma Realm.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "My disciples were the King's following in those days, and I myself the King's chaplain."

[*Note.* Compare Nos. 290, 330, and 362; and see Feer's *Études sur le Jâtaka.*]

No. 87.

MAṀGALA-JĀTAKA.

"*Whoso renounces.*"—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove about a brahmin who was skilled in the prognostications [372] which can be drawn from pieces of cloth[1]. Tradition says that at Rājagaha dwelt a brahmin who was superstitious and held false views, not believing in the Three Gems. This brahmin was very rich and wealthy, abounding in substance; and a female mouse gnawed a suit of clothes of his, which was lying by in a chest. One day after bathing himself all over, he called for this suit, and then was told of the mischief which the mouse had done. "If these clothes stop in the house," thought he to himself, "they'll bring ill-luck; such an ill-omened thing is sure to bring a curse. It is out of the question to give them to any of my children or servants; for whosoever has them will bring misfortune on all around him. I must have them thrown away in a charnel-ground[2]; but how? I cannot hand them to servants; for they might covet and keep them, to the ruin of my house. My son must take them." So he called his son, and telling him the whole matter bade him take his charge on a stick, without touching the clothes with his hand, and fling them away in a charnel-ground. Then the son was to bathe himself all over and return. Now that morning at dawn of day the Master looking

[1] Cf. *Tevijja Sutta* translated by Rhys Davids in "Buddhist Suttas," p. 197.

[2] An *āmaka-susāna* was an open space or grove in which corpses were exposed for wild-beasts to eat, in order that the earth might not be defiled. Cf. the Parsee 'Towers of Silence.'

round to see what persons could be led to the truth, became aware that the father and son were predestined to attain salvation. So he betook himself in the guise of a hunter on his way to hunt, to the charnel-ground, and sate down at the entrance, emitting the six-coloured rays that mark a Buddha. Soon there came to the spot the young brahmin, carefully carrying the clothes as his father had bidden him, on the end of his stick,—just as though he had a house-snake to carry.

"What are you doing, young brahmin?" asked the Master.

"My good Gotama[1]," was the reply, "this suit of clothes, having been gnawed by mice, is like ill-luck personified, and as deadly as though steeped in venom; wherefore my father, fearing that a servant might covet and retain the clothes, has sent me with them. I promised that I would throw them away and bathe afterwards; and that's the errand that has brought me here." "Throw the suit away, then," said the Master; and the young brahmin did so. "They will just suit me," said the Master, as he picked up the fate-fraught clothes before the young man's very eyes, regardless of the latter's earnest warnings and repeated entreaties to him not to take them; and he departed in the direction of the Bamboo-grove.

Home in all haste ran the young brahmin, to tell his father how the Sage Gotama had declared that the clothes would just suit him, and had persisted, in spite of all warnings to the contrary, in taking the suit away with him to the Bamboo-grove. "Those clothes," thought the brahmin to himself, "are bewitched and accursed. Even the sage Gotama cannot wear them without destruction befalling him; and that would bring me into disrepute. I will give the Sage abundance of other garments and get him to throw that suit away." So with a large number of robes he started in company of his son for the Bamboo-grove. When he came upon the Master he stood respectfully on one side and spoke thus, —"Is it indeed true, as I hear, that you, my good Gotama, [373] picked up a suit of clothes in the charnel-ground?" "Quite true, brahmin." "My good Gotama, that suit is accursed; if you make use of them, they will destroy you. If you stand in need of clothes, take these and throw away that suit." "Brahmin," replied the Master, "by open profession I have renounced the world, and am content with the rags that lie by the roadside or bathing-places, or are thrown away on dustheaps or in charnel-grounds. Whereas you have held your superstitions in bygone days, as well as at the present time." So saying, at the brahmin's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time there reigned in the city of Rājagaha, in the kingdom of Magadha, a righteous King of Magadha. In those days the Bodhisatta came to life again as a brahmin of the North-west. Growing up, he renounced the world for the hermit's life, won the Knowledges and the Attainments, and went to dwell in the Himalayas. On one occasion, returning from the Himalayas, and taking up his abode in the King's pleasaunce, he went on the second day into the city to collect alms. Seeing him, the King had him summoned into the palace and there provided with a seat and with food,—exacting a promise from him that he would take up his abode in the pleasaunce. So the Bodhisatta used to receive his food at the palace and dwell in the grounds.

[1] In Pāli *bho Gotama*,—a form of familiar address. Brahmins are always represented as presuming to say *bho* to the Buddha.

Now in those days there dwelt in that city a brahmin known as Cloth-omens. And he had in a chest a suit of clothes which were gnawed by mice, and everything came to pass just as in the foregoing story. But when the son was on his way to the charnel-ground the Bodhisatta got there first and took his seat at the gate; and, picking up the suit which the young brahmin threw away, he returned to the pleasaunce. When the son told this to the old brahmin, the latter exclaimed, "It will be the death of the King's ascetic"; and entreated the Bodhisatta to throw that suit away, lest he should perish. But the ascetic replied, "Good enough for us are the rags that are flung away in charnel-grounds. We have no belief in superstitions about luck, which are not approved by Buddhas, Pacceka Buddhas, or Bodhisattas; and therefore no wise man ought to be a believer in luck." Hearing the truth thus expounded, the brahmin forsook his errors and took refuge in the Bodhisatta. And the Bodhisatta, preserving his Insight unbroken, earned re-birth thereafter in the Brahma Realm. [374.]

Having told this story, the Master, as Buddha, taught the Truth to the brahmin in this stanza:—

Whoso renounces omens, dreams and signs,
That man, from superstition's errors freed,
Shall triumph o'er the paired Depravities
And o'er Attachments to the end of time.

When the Master had thus preached his doctrine to the brahmin in the form of this stanza, he proceeded further to preach the Four Truths, at the close whereof that brahmin, with his son, attained to the First Path. The Master identified the Birth by saying, "The father and son of to-day were also the father and son of those days, and I myself the ascetic."

No. 88.

SĀRAMBHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Speak kindly.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Sāvatthi, about the precept touching abusive language. The introductory story and the story of the past are the same as in the Nandivisāla-jātaka above[1].

But in this case [375] there is the difference that the Bodhisatta was an ox named Sārambha, and belonged to a brahmin of Takkasilā in the kingdom

[1] No. 28.

of Gandhāra. After telling the story of the past, the Master, as Buddha, uttered this stanza:—

Speak kindly, revile not your fellow;
Love kindness; reviling breeds sorrow.

When the Master had ended his lesson he identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the brahmin of those days, Uppalavaṇṇā his wife, and I Sārambha."

No. 89.

KUHAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*How plausible.*" This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about a knave. The details of his knavery will be related in the Uddāla-jātaka[1].

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there lived hard by a certain little village a shifty rascal of an ascetic, of the class which wears long, matted hair. The squire of the place had a hermitage built in the forest for him to dwell in, and used to provide excellent fare for him in his own house. Taking the matted-haired rascal to be a model of goodness, and living as he did in fear of robbers, the squire brought a hundred pieces of gold to the hermitage and there buried them, bidding the ascetic keep watch over them. "No need to say that, sir, to a man who has renounced the world; we hermits never covet other folks' goods." "It is well, sir," said the squire, who went off with full confidence in the other's protestations. Then the rascally ascetic thought to himself, "there's enough here [376] to keep a man all his life long." Allowing a few days to elapse first, he removed the gold and buried it by the wayside, returning to dwell as before in his hermitage. Next day, after a meal of rice at the squire's house, the ascetic said, "It is now a long time, sir, since I began to be supported by you; and to live long in one place is like living in the world,—which is forbidden to professed ascetics. Wherefore I must needs depart." And though the squire pressed him to stay, nothing could overcome this determination.

[1] No. 487.

"Well, then, if it must be so, go your way, sir," said the squire; and he escorted the ascetic to the outskirts before he left him. After going a little way the ascetic thought that it would be a good thing to cajole the squire; so, putting a straw in his matted hair, back he turned again. "What brings you back?" asked the squire. "A straw from your roof, sir, had stuck in my hair; and, as we hermits may not take anything which is not bestowed upon us, I have brought it back to you." "Throw it down, sir, and go your way," said the squire, who thought to himself, "Why, he won't take so much as a straw which does not belong to him! What a sensitive nature!" Highly delighted with the ascetic, the squire bade him farewell.

Now at that time it chanced that the Bodhisatta, who was on his way to the border-district for trading purposes, had halted for the night at that village. Hearing what the ascetic said, the suspicion was aroused in his mind that the rascally ascetic must have robbed the squire of something; and he asked the latter whether he had deposited anything in the ascetic's care.

"Yes,—a hundred pieces of gold."

"Well, just go and see if it's all safe."

Away went the squire to the hermitage, and looked, and found his money gone. Running back to the Bodhisatta, he cried, "It's not there." "The thief is none other than that long-haired rascal of an ascetic," said the Bodhisatta; "let us pursue and catch him." So away they hastened in hot pursuit. When they caught the rascal they kicked and cuffed him, till he discovered to them where he had hidden the money. When he procured the gold, the Bodhisatta, looking at it, scornfully remarked to the ascetic, "So a hundred pieces of gold didn't trouble your conscience so much as that straw!" And he rebuked him in this stanza:—

How plausible the story that the rascal told!
How heedful of the straw! How heedless of the gold!

[377] When the Bodhisatta had rebuked the fellow in this wise, he added,—"And now take care, you hypocrite, that you don't play such a trick again." When his life ended, the Bodhisatta passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master said, "Thus you see, Brethren, that this Brother was as knavish in the past as he is to-day." And he identified the Birth by saying, "This knavish Brother was the knavish ascetic of those days, and I the wise and good man."

No. 90.

AKATAÑÑU-JĀTAKA.

"*The man ungrateful.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about Anātha-piṇḍika.

On the borders, so the tale goes, there lived a merchant, who was a correspondent and a friend of Anātha-piṇḍika's, but they had never met. There came a time when this merchant loaded five hundred carts with local produce and gave orders to the men in charge to go to the great merchant Anātha-piṇḍika, and barter the wares in his correspondent's shop for their value, and bring back the goods received in exchange. So they came to Sāvatthi, and found Anātha-piṇḍika. First making him a present, they told him their business. "You are welcome," said the great man, and ordered them to be lodged there and provided with money for their needs. After kindly enquiries after their master's health, he bartered their merchandise and gave them the goods in exchange. Then they went back to their own district, and reported what had happened.

Shortly afterwards, Anātha-piṇḍika similarly despatched five hundred carts with merchandise to the very district in which they dwelt; and his people, when they had got there, went, present in hand, to call upon the border merchant. "Where do you come from?" said he. "From Sāvatthi," replied they; "from your correspondent, Anātha-piṇḍika." "Anyone can call himself Anātha-piṇḍika," said he with a sneer; and taking their present, he bade them begone, giving them neither lodging nor douceur. So they bartered their goods for themselves and brought back the wares in exchange to Sāvatthi, with the story of the reception they had had.

Now it chanced [378] that this border merchant despatched another caravan of five hundred carts to Sāvatthi; and his people came with a present in their hands to wait upon Anātha-piṇḍika. But, as soon as Anātha-piṇḍika's people caught sight of them, they said, "Oh, we'll see, sir, that they are properly lodged, fed, and supplied with money for their needs." And they took the strangers outside the city and bade them unyoke their carts at a suitable spot, adding that rice and a douceur would come from Anātha-piṇḍika's house. About the middle watch of the night, having collected a band of serving-men and slaves, they looted the whole caravan, carried off every garment the men had got, drove away their oxen, and took the wheels off the carts, leaving the latter but removing the wheels. Without so much as a shirt among the lot of them, the terrified strangers sped away and managed to reach their home on the border. Then Anātha-piṇḍika's people told him the whole story. "This capital story," said he, "shall be my gift to the Master to-day;" and away he went and told it to the Master.

"This is not the first time, sir," said the Master, "that this border merchant has shewn this disposition; he was just the same in days gone by." Then, at Anātha-piṇḍika's request, he told the following story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a very wealthy merchant in that city. And he too had as a correspondent a border merchant whom he had never seen and all came to pass as above.

Being told by his people what they had done, he said, "This trouble is the result of their ingratitude for kindness shewn them." And he went on to instruct the assembled crowd in this stanza :—

The man ungrateful for a kindly deed,
Thenceforth shall find no helper in his need.

After this wise did the Bodhisatta teach the truth in this stanza. After a life spent in charity and other good works, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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[379] His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The border merchant of to-day was the border merchant of those days also; and I was the merchant of Benares."

No. 91.

LITTA-JĀTAKA.

"*He bolts the die.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about using things thoughtlessly.

Tradition says that most of the Brethren of that day were in the habit of using robes and so forth, which were given them, in a thoughtless manner. And their thoughtless use of the Four Requisites as a rule barred their escape from the doom of re-birth in hell and the animal world. Knowing this, the Master set forth the lessons of virtue and shewed the danger of such thoughtless use of things, exhorting them to be careful in the use of the Four Requisites, and laying down this rule, "The thoughtful Brother has a definite object in view when he wears a robe, namely, to keep off the cold." After laying down similar rules for the other Requisites, he concluded by saying, "Such is the thoughtful use which should be made of the Four Requisites. Thoughtlessly to use them is like taking deadly poison; and there were those in bygone days who through their thoughtlessness did inadvertently take poison, to their exceeding hurt in due season." So saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a well-to-do family, and when he grew up, he became a dice-player. With him used to play a sharper, who kept on playing while he was winning, but, when luck turned, broke up the game by putting one of the dice in his mouth and pretending it was lost,—after which he would take himself off. [380] "Very good," said the Bodhisatta

when he realised what was being done; "we'll look into this." So he took some dice, anointed them at home with poison, dried them carefully, and then carried them with him to the sharper, whom he challenged to a game. The other was willing, the dice-board was got ready, and play began. No sooner did the sharper begin to lose than he popped one of the dice into his mouth. Observing him in the act, the Bodhisatta remarked, "Swallow away; you will not fail to find out what it really is in a little time." And he uttered this stanza of rebuke:

> He bolts the die quite boldly,—knowing not
> What burning poison thereon lurks unseen.
> —Aye, bolt it, sharper! Soon you'll burn within.

But while the Bodhisatta was talking away, the poison began to work on the sharper; he grew faint, rolled his eyes, and bending double with pain fell to the ground. "Now," said the Bodhisatta, "I must save the rascal's life." So he mixed some simples and administered an emetic until vomiting ensued. Then he administered a draught of ghee with honey and sugar and other ingredients, and by this means made the fellow all right again. Then he exhorted him not to do such a thing again. After a life spent in charity and other good works, the Bodhisatta passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master said, "Brethren, the thoughtless use of things is like the thoughtless taking of deadly poison." So saying, he identified the Birth in these words, "I was myself the wise and good gambler of those days."

(*Pali Note.* "No mention is made of the sharper,—the reason being that, here as elsewhere, no mention is made of persons who are not spoken of at this date.")

No. 92.

[381] MAHĀSĀRA-JĀTAKA.

"*For war men crave.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the venerable Ānanda.

Once the wives of the King of Kosala thought among themselves, as follows, "Very rare is the coming of a Buddha; and very rare is birth in a human form with all one's faculties in perfection. Yet, though we have happened on a human form in a Buddha's lifetime, we cannot go at will to the Monastery to hear the

truth from his own lips, to do obeisance, and to make offerings to him. We live here as in a box. Let us ask the King to send for a fitting Brother to come here and teach us the truth. Let us learn what we can from him, and be charitable and do good works, to the end that we may profit by our having been born at this happy juncture." So they all went in a body to the King, and told him what was in their minds; and the King gave his consent.

Now it fell out on a day that the King was minded to take his pleasure in the royal pleasaunce, and gave orders that the grounds should be made ready for his coming. As the gardener was working away, he espied the Master seated at the foot of a tree. So he went to the King and said, "The pleasaunce is made ready, sire; but the Blessed One is sitting there at the foot of a tree." "Very good," said the King, "we will go and hear the Master." Mounting his chariot of state, he went to the Master in the pleasaunce.

Now there was then seated at the Master's feet, listening to his teaching, a lay-brother named Chattapāṇi, who had entered the Third Path. On catching sight of this lay-brother, the King hesitated; but, on reflection that this must be a virtuous man, or he would not be sitting by the Master for instruction, he approached and with a bow seated himself on one side of the Master. Out of reverence for the supreme Buddha, the lay-brother neither rose in the King's honour nor saluted his majesty; and this made the King very angry. Noticing the King's displeasure, the Master proceeded to extol the merits of that lay-brother, saying, "Sire, this lay-brother is master of all tradition; he knows by heart the scriptures that have been handed down; and he has set himself free from the bondage of passion." "Surely," thought the King, "he whose praises the Master is telling can be no ordinary person." And he said to him, "Let me know, lay-brother, if you are in need of anything." "Thank you," said the man. Then the King listened to the Master's teaching, and at its close rose up and ceremoniously withdrew.

Another day, meeting that same lay-brother going after breakfast umbrella in hand to Jetavana, the King had him summoned to his presence and said, "I hear, lay-brother, that you are a man of great learning. Now my wives are very anxious to hear and learn the truth; I should be glad if you would teach them." "It is not meet, sire, that a layman [382] should expound or teach the truth in the King's harem; that is the prerogative of the Brethren."

Recognising the force of this remark, the King, after dismissing the layman, called his wives together and announced to them his intention of sending to the Master for one of the Brethren to come as their instructor in the doctrine. Which of the eighty chief disciples would they have? After talking it over together, the ladies with one accord chose Ānanda[1] the Elder, surnamed the Treasurer of the Faith. So the King went to the Master and with a courteous greeting sat down by his side, after which he proceeded to state his wives' wish, and his own hope, that Ānanda might be their teacher. The Master, having consented to send Ānanda, the King's wives now began to be regularly taught by the Elder and to learn from him.

One day the jewel out of the King's turban was missing. When the King heard of the loss he sent for his ministers and bade them seize everyone who had access to the precincts and find the jewel. So the Ministers searched everybody, women and all, for the missing jewel, till they had worried everybody almost out of their lives; but no trace of it could they find. That day Ānanda came to the palace, only to find the King's wives as dejected as they had hitherto been delighted when he taught them. "What has made you like this to-day?" asked the Elder. "Oh, sir," said they, "the King has lost the jewel out of his turban; and by his orders the ministers are worrying everybody, women and all, out of their lives, in order to find it. We can't say what may not happen to anyone of us; and that is why we are so sad." "Don't think

[1] Ānanda held 'advanced views on the woman question.' It was he who persuaded the reluctant Buddha into admitting women to the Order, as recorded in the *Vinaya* (*S.B.E.* xx, 320 et seqq.).

any more about it," said the Elder cheerily, as he went to find the King. Taking the seat set for him, the Elder asked whether it was true that his majesty had lost his jewel. "Quite true, sir," said the King. "And can it not be found?" "I have had all the inmates of the palaces worried out of their lives, and yet I can't find it." "There is one way, sire, to find it, without worrying people out of their lives." "What way is that, sir?" "By wisp-giving, sire." "Wisp-giving? What may that be, pray?" "Call together, sire, all the persons you suspect, and privately give each one of them separately a wisp of straw, or a lump of clay will do, saying, 'Take this and put it in such and such a place to-morrow at daybreak.' The man that took the jewel will put it in the straw or clay, and so bring it back. If it be brought back the very first day, well and good. If not, the same thing must be done on the second and third days. In this way, a large number of persons will escape worry, and you will get your jewel back." With these words the Elder departed.

Following the above counsel, the King caused the straw and clay to be dealt out for three successive days; but yet the jewel was not recovered. [383] On the third day the Elder came again, and asked whether the jewel had been brought back. "No, sir," said the King. "Then, sire, you must have a large water-pot set in a retired corner of your courtyard, and you must have the pot filled with water and a screen put up before it. Then give orders that all who frequent the precincts, men and women alike, are to put off their outer-garments, and one by one wash their hands behind the screen and then come back." With this advice the Elder departed. And the King did as he bade.

Thought the thief, "Ānanda has seriously taken the matter in hand; and, if he does not find the jewel, he'll not let things rest here. The time has really come to give the jewel up without more ado." So he secreted the jewel about his person, and going behind the screen, dropped it in the water before he went away. When everyone had gone, the pot was emptied, and the jewel found. "It's all owing to the Elder," exclaimed the King in his joy, "that I have got my jewel back, and that without worrying a host of people out of their lives." And all the persons about the precincts were equally grateful to Ānanda for the trouble he had saved them from. The story how Ānanda's marvellous powers had found the jewel, spread through all the city, till it reached the Brotherhood. Said the Brethren, "The great knowledge, learning, and cleverness of the Elder Ānanda have been the means at once of recovering the lost jewel and of saving many persons from being worried out of their lives." And as they sate together in the Hall of Truth, singing the praises of Ānanda, the Master entered and asked the subject of their conversation. Being told, he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that what had been stolen has been found, nor is Ānanda the only one who has brought about such a discovery. In bygone days too the wise and good discovered what had been stolen away, and also saved a host of people from trouble, shewing that the lost property had fallen into the hands of animals." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta, having perfected his education, became one of the King's ministers. One day the King with a large following went into his pleasaunce, and, after walking about the woods, felt a desire to disport himself in the water. So he went down into the royal tank and sent for his harem. The women of the harem, removing the jewels from their heads and necks and so forth, laid them aside with their upper garments in boxes under the charge of female slaves, and then went down into

the water. Now, as the queen was taking off her jewels and ornaments, and laying them with her upper robe on a box, she was watched by a female monkey, which was hidden in the branches of a tree hard by. Conceiving a longing to wear the queen's pearl necklace, this monkey watched for the slave in charge to be off her guard. At first the girl kept looking all about her in order to keep the jewels [384] safe; but as time wore on, she began to nod. As soon as the monkey saw this, quick as the wind she jumped down, and quick as the wind she was up the tree again, with the pearls round her own neck. Then, for fear the other monkeys should see it, she hid the string of pearls in a hole in the tree and sat on guard over her spoils as demurely as though nothing had happened. By and by the slave awoke, and, terrified at finding the jewels gone, saw nothing else to do but to scream out, "A man has run off with the queen's pearl necklace." Up ran the guards from every side, and hearing this story told it to the King. "Catch the thief," said his majesty; and away went the guards searching high and low for the thief in the pleasaunce. Hearing the din, a poor superstitious rustic[1] took to his heels in alarm. "There he goes," cried the guards, catching sight of the runaway; and they followed him up till they caught him, and with blows demanded what he meant by stealing such precious jewels.

Thought he, "If I deny the charge, I shall die with the beating I shall get from these ruffians. I'd better say I took it." So he confessed to the theft and was hauled off a prisoner to the King. "Did you take those precious jewels?" asked the King. "Yes, your majesty." "Where are they now?" "Please your majesty, I'm a poor man; I've never in my life owned anything, even a bed or a chair, of any value,—much less a jewel. It was the Treasurer who made me take that valuable necklace; and I took it and gave it to him. He knows all about it."

Then the King sent for the Treasurer, and asked whether the rustic had passed the necklace on to him. "Yes, sire," was the answer. "Where is it then?" "I gave it to your majesty's Chaplain." Then the Chaplain was sent for, and interrogated in the same way. And he said he had given it to the Chief Musician, who in his turn said he had given it to a courtesan [385] as a present. But she, being brought before the King, utterly denied ever having received it.

Whilst the five were thus being questioned, the sun set. "It's too late now," said the King; "we will look into this to-morrow." So he handed the five over to his ministers and went back into the city. Hereupon the Bodhisatta fell a-thinking. "These jewels," thought he, "were lost inside the grounds, whilst the rustic was outside. There was a strong guard at the gates, and it was impossible for anyone inside to get away

[1] Or perhaps "a taxpaying ryot."

with the necklace. I do not see how anyone, whether inside or out, could have managed to secure it. The truth is this poor wretched fellow must have said he gave it to the Treasurer merely in order to save his own skin; and the Treasurer must have said he gave it to the Chaplain, in the hope that he would get off if he could mix the Chaplain up in the matter. Further, the Chaplain must have said he gave it to the Chief Musician, because he thought the latter would make the time pass merrily in prison; whilst the Chief Musician's object in implicating the courtesan, was simply to solace himself with her company during imprisonment. Not one of the whole five has anything to do with the theft. On the other hand, the grounds swarm with monkeys, and the necklace must have got into the hands of one of the female monkeys."

When he had arrived at this conclusion, the Bodhisatta went to the King with the request that the suspects might be handed over to him and that he might be allowed to examine personally into the matter. "By all means, my wise friend," said the King; "examine into it."

Then the Bodhisatta sent for his servants and told them where to lodge the five prisoners, saying, "Keep strict watch over them; listen to everything they say, and report it all to me." And his servants did as he bade them. As the prisoners sat together, the Treasurer said to the rustic, "Tell me, you wretch, where you and I ever met before this day; tell me when you gave me that necklace." "Worshipful sir," said the other, "it has never been mine to own aught so valuable even as a stool or bedstead that wasn't rickety. I thought that with your help I should get out of this trouble, and that's why I said what I did. Be not angry with me, my lord." Said the Chaplain [386] in his turn to the Treasurer, "How then came you to pass on to me what this fellow had never given to you?" "I only said so because I thought that if you and I, both high officers of state, stand together, we can soon put the matter right." "Brahmin," now said the Chief Musician to the Chaplain, "when, pray, did you give the jewel to me?" "I only said I did," answered the Chaplain, "because I thought you would help to make the time pass more agreeably." Lastly the courtesan said, "Oh, you wretch of a musician, you know you never visited me, nor I you. So when could you have given me the necklace, as you say?" "Why be angry, my dear?" said the Musician, "we five have got to keep house together for a bit; so let us put a cheerful face on it and be happy together."

This conversation being reported to the Bodhisatta by his agents, he felt convinced the five were all innocent of the robbery, and that a female monkey had taken the necklace. "And I must find a means to make her drop it," said he to himself. So he had a number of bead necklaces made. Next he had a number of monkeys caught and turned loose again, with strings of beads on their necks, wrists and ancles. Meantime, the guilty

monkey kept sitting in the trees watching her treasure. Then the Bodhisatta ordered a number of men to carefully observe every monkey in the grounds, till they saw one wearing the missing pearl necklace, and then frighten her into dropping it.

Tricked out in their new splendour, the other monkeys strutted about till they came to the real thief, before whom they flaunted their finery. Jealousy overcoming her prudence, she exclaimed, "They're only beads!" and put on her own necklace of real pearls. This was at once seen by the watchers, who promptly made her drop the necklace, which they picked up and brought to the Bodhisatta. He took it to the King, saying, "Here, sire, is the necklace. The five prisoners are innocent; it was a female monkey in the pleasaunce that took it." "How came you to find that out?" asked the King; "and how did you manage to get possession of it again?" Then the Bodhisatta told the whole story, and the King thanked [387] the Bodhisatta, saying, "You are the right man in the right place." And he uttered this stanza in praise of the Bodhisatta:—

For war men crave the hero's might,
For counsel sage sobriety,
Boon comrades for their jollity,
But judgment when in parlous plight.

Over and above these words of praise and gratitude, the King showered treasures upon the Bodhisatta like a storm-cloud pouring rain from the heavens. After following the Bodhisatta's counsels through a long life spent in charity and good works, the King passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master, after extolling the Elder's merits, identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the King of those days and I his wise counsellor."

No. 93.

VISSĀSABHOJANA-JĀTAKA.

"*Trust not the trusted.*" This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about taking things on trust.

Tradition tells us that in those days the Brethren, for the most part, used to rest content if anything was given them by their mothers or fathers, brothers or sisters, or uncles or aunts, or other kinsfolk. Arguing that in their lay state they had as a matter of course received things from the same hands, they, as Brethren,

likewise shewed no circumspection or caution before using food, clothing and other requisites which their relations gave them. Observing this the Master felt that he must read the Brethren a lesson. So he called them together, and said, "Brethren, no matter whether [388] the giver be a relation or not, let circumspection accompany use. The Brother who without circumspection uses the requisites which are given to him, may entail on himself a subsequent existence as an ogre or as a ghost. Use without circumspection is like unto taking poison; and poison kills just the same, whether it be given by a relative or by a stranger. There were those who in bygone days actually did take poison because it was offered by those near and dear to them, and thereby they met their end." So saying, he told the following story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a very wealthy merchant. He had a herdsman who, when the corn was growing thick, drove his cows to the forest and kept them there at a shieling, bringing the produce from time to time to the merchant. Now hard by the shieling in the forest there dwelt a lion; and so afraid of the lion were the cows that they gave but little milk. So when the herdsman brought in his ghee one day, the merchant asked why there was so little of it. Then the herdsman told him the reason. "Well, has the lion formed an attachment to anything?" "Yes, master; he's fond of a doe." "Could you catch that doe?" "Yes, master." "Well, catch her, and rub her all over with poison and sugar, and let her dry. Keep her a day or two, and then turn her loose. Because of his affection for her, the lion will lick her all over with his tongue, and die. Take his hide with the claws and teeth and fat, and bring them back to me." So saying, he gave deadly poison to the herdsman and sent him off. With the aid of a net which he made, the herdsman caught the doe and carried out the Bodhisatta's orders.

As soon as he saw the doe again, the lion, in his great love for her, licked her with his tongue so that he died. And the herdsman took the lion's hide and the rest, and brought them to the Bodhisatta, who said, "Affection for others should be eschewed. Mark how, for all his strength, the king of beasts, the lion, was led by his sinful love for a doe to poison himself by licking her and so to die." So saying, he uttered this stanza for the instruction of those gathered around:—

> [389] Trust not the trusted, nor th' untrusted trust;
> Trust kills; through trust the lion bit the dust.

Such was the lesson which the Bodhisatta taught to those around him. After a life spent in charity and other good works, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "I was the merchant of those days."

[*Note.* Cf. Böhtlingk's "Indische Sprüche," (1st ed.) Nos. 1465—7 and 4346.]

No. 94.

LOMAHAṀSA-JĀTAKA.

"*Now scorched.*"—This story the Master told while at Pāṭikārāma near Vesāli, about Sunakkhatta.

For at that time Sunakkhatta, having become an adherent of the Master, was travelling about the country as a Brother with bowl and robes, when he was perverted to the tenets of Kora the Kshatriya[1]. So he returned to the Blessed Buddha his bowl and robes and reverted to a lay life by reason of Kora the Kshatriya, about the time when this latter had been re-born as the offspring of the Kālakañjaka Asura. And he went about within the three walls of Vesāli defaming the Master by affirming that there was nothing superhuman about the sage Gotama, who was not distinguished from other men by preaching a saving faith; that the sage Gotama had simply worked out a system which was the outcome of his own individual thought and study; and that the ideal for the attainment of which his doctrine was preached, did not lead to the destruction of sorrow in those who followed it[2].

Now the reverend Sāriputta was on his round for alms when he heard Sunakkhatta's blasphemies; and on his return from his round he reported this to the Blessed One. Said the Master, "Sunakkhatta is a hot-headed person, Sāriputta, and speaks idle words. His hot-headedness has led him to talk like this and to deny the saving grace of my doctrine. Unwittingly, this foolish person is extolling me; I say unwittingly, for he has no knowledge [390] of my efficacy. In me, Sāriputta, dwell the Six Knowledges, and herein am I more than human; the Ten Powers are within me, and the Four Grounds of Confidence. I know the limits of the four types of earthly existence and the five states of possible re-birth after earthly death. This too is a superhuman quality in me; and whoso denies it must retract his words, change his belief, and renounce his heresy, or he will without ado be cast into hell." Having thus magnified the superhuman nature and power which existed within him, the Master went on to say, "Sunakkhatta, I hear, Sāriputta, took delight in the misguided self-mortifications of the asceticism of Kora the Kshatriya; and therefore it was that he could take no pleasure in me. Ninety-one æons ago I lived the higher life in all its four forms[3], examining into that false asceticism to discover whether the truth abode therein. An ascetic was I, the chief of ascetics; worn and emaciated was I, beyond all others; loathing of comfort had I, a loathing surpassing that of all others; I dwelt apart, and unapproachable was my passion for solitude." Then, at the Elder's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time, ninety-one æons ago, the Bodhisatta set himself to examine into the false asceticism. So he became a recluse, according to the Naked Ascetics (Ājīvikas),—unclothed and covered with dust, solitary and lonely, fleeing like a deer from the face of men; his food was small

[1] See Hardy's *Manual of Budhism*, p. 330.

[2] This is a quotation from the *Majjhima Nikāya* I. 68.

[3] *i.e.* as a learner, householder, *réligieux*, and recluse.

fish, cowdung, and other refuse; and in order that his vigil might not be disturbed, he took up his abode in a dread thicket in the jungle. In the snows of winter, he came forth by night from the sheltering thicket to the open air, returning with the sun-rise to his thicket again; and, as he was wet with the driving snows by night, so in the day time he was drenched by the drizzle from the branches of the thicket. Thus day and night alike he endured the extremity of cold. In summer, he abode by day in the open air, and by night in the forest—scorched by the blazing sun by day, and fanned by no cooling breezes by night, so that the sweat streamed from him. And there presented itself to his mind this stanza, which was new and never uttered before:—

> Now scorched, now frore, lone in the lonesome woods,
> Beside no fire, but all afire within,
> Naked, the hermit wrestles for the Truth.

[391] But when after a life spent in the rigours of this asceticism, the vision of hell rose before the Bodhisatta as he lay dying, he realised the worthlessness of all his austerities, and in that supreme moment broke away from his delusions, laid hold of the real truth, and was re-born in the Heaven of Devas.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "I was the naked ascetic of those days."

[*Note.* For the 'story of the past'? cf. *Cariyā Piṭaka*, p. 102. For the introductory story see Sutta No. 12 of the Majjhima Nikāya.]

No. 95.

MAHĀSUDASSANA-JĀTAKA.

"*How transient.*"—This story was told by the Master as he lay on his death-bed, concerning Ānanda's words, "O Blessed One, suffer not your end to be in this sorry little town."

"When the Buddha was dwelling at Jetavana," thought the Master, "the Elder Sāriputta[1], who was born in Nāla village, died at Varaka in the month of Kattika, when the moon was at the full; and in the selfsame month, when the

[1] For the death of Sāriputta, see Bigandet's 'Legend of the Burmese Buddha.'

moon was on the wane, the great Moggallāna died[1]. My two chief disciples being dead, I too will pass away, in Kusinārā."—So thought the Blessed One; and coming in his alms-pilgrimage to Kusinārā, there upon the Northward bench between the twin Sāl-trees he lay down never to rise again. Then said the Elder Ānanda, "O Blessed One, suffer not your end to be in this sorry little town, this rough little town in the jungle, this little suburban town. Shall not Rājagaha or some other large city be the death-place of the Buddha?"

"Nay, Ānanda," said the Master; "call not this a sorry little town, a little town in the jungle, a little suburban town. In bygone days, in the days of Sudassana's universal monarchy, it was in this town that I had my dwelling. It was then a mighty city encompassed by jewelled walls [392] twelve leagues round." Therewithal, at the Elder's request, he told this story of the past and uttered the Mahā-Sudassana Sutta[2].

Then it was that Sudassana's queen Subhaddā marked how, after coming down from the Palace of Truth, her lord was lying hard by on his right side on the couch prepared for him in the Palm-grove[3] which was all of gold and jewels,—that couch from which he was not to rise again. And she said, "Eighty-four thousand cities, chief of which is the royal-city of Kusāvatī, own your sovereignty, sire. Set your heart on them."

"Say not so, my queen," said Sudassana; "rather exhort me, saying, 'Keep your heart set on this town, and yearn not after those others'."

"Why so, my lord?"

"Because I shall die to-day," answered the king.

In tears, wiping her streaming eyes, the queen managed to sob out the words the king bade her say. Then she broke into weeping and lamentation; and the other women of the harem, to the number of eighty-four thousand, also wept and wailed; nor could any of the courtiers forbear, but all alike joined in one universal lament.

"Peace!" said the Bodhisatta; and at his word their lamentation was stilled. Then, turning to the queen, he said,—"Weep not, my queen, nor wail. For, even down to a tiny seed of sesamum, there is no such thing as a compound thing which is permanent; all are transient, all must break up." Then, for the queen's behoof, he uttered this stanza:—

How transient are all component things!
Growth is their nature and decay:
They are produced, they are dissolved again:
And then is best,—when they have sunk to rest[4].

[1] For the death of Moggallāna, see Fausböll's *Dhammapada*, p. 298, and Bigandet, *op. cit.*

[2] The 17th Sutta of the Dīgha Nikāya, translated by Rhys Davids in Vol. XI. of the *S. B. E.*

[3] See pp. 267 and 277 of Vol. XI. of the *S. B. E.* for this palm-grove.

[4] This translation is borrowed from the *Hibbert Lectures* of Prof. Rhys Davids (2nd edition, p. 212), where a translation is given of the commentary on these "perhaps the most frequently quoted and most popular verses in Pāli Buddhist books."

[393] Thus did the great Sudassana lead his discourse up to ambrosial Nirvana as its goal. Moreover, to the rest of the multitude he gave the exhortation to be charitable, to obey the Commandments, and to keep hallowed the fast days. The destiny he won was to be re-born thereafter in the Realm of Devas.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The mother of Rāhula[1] was the Queen Subhaddā of those days; Rāhula was the King's eldest son; the disciples of the Buddha were his courtiers; and I myself the great Sudassana."

[*Note.* For the evolution of this Jātaka, see the *Mahā-parinibbāna Sutta* and the *Mahā-Sudassana Sutta*, translated by Prof. Rhys Davids in his volume of "Buddhist Suttas."]

No. 96.

TELAPATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*As one with care.*"--This story was told by the Master while dwelling in a forest near the town of Desaka in the Sumbha country, concerning the Janapada-Kalyāṇi Sutta[2]. For on that occasion the Blessed One said:—"Just as if, Brethren, a great crowd were to gather together, crying 'Hail to the Belle of the Land! Hail to the Belle of the Land!' and just as if in like manner a greater crowd were to gather together, crying 'The Belle of the Land is singing and dancing'; and then suppose there came a man fond of life, fearful of death, fond of pleasure, and averse to pain, and suppose such an one were addressed as follows,—'Hi, there! you are to carry this pot of oil, which is full to the brim, betwixt the crowd and the Belle of the Land: a man with a drawn sword will follow in your footsteps; and if you spill a single drop, he will cut off your head';—what think you, Brethren? Would that man, under these circumstances, be careless, and take no pains in carrying that pot of oil?" "By no manner of means, sir." "This is an allegory [394], which I framed to make my

[1] This is the general style in the canon of the wife of Gotama the Buddha. Cf. Oldenberg's *Vinaya*, Vol. I. page 82, and the translation in *Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. XIII. p. 208. It is not however correct to say that the *Vinaya* passage is "the only passage in the Pāli Piṭakas which mentions this lady." For she is mentioned in the *Buddhavaṁsa* (P. T. S. edition, page 65), and her name is there given as Bhaddakaccā.

[2] It is not yet known where this Sutta occurs. A Pāli summary of it has been left untranslated, as adding little or nothing to the above 'Introductory Story.'

meaning clear, Brethren; and here is its meaning:—The brimming pot of oil typifies a collected state of mind as regards things concerning the body, and the lesson to be learnt is that such mindfulness should be practised and perfected. Fail not in this, Brethren." So saying, the Master gave forth the Sutta concerning the Belle of the Land, with both text and interpretation. [395] Then, by way of application, the Blessed One went on to say,—"A Brother desirous of practising right mindfulness concerning the body, should be as careful not to let his mindfulness drop, as the man in the allegory was not to let drop the pot of oil."

When they had heard the Sutta and its meaning, the Brethren said:—"It was a hard task, sir, for the man to pass by with the pot of oil without gazing on the charms of the Belle of the Land." "Not hard at all, Brethren; it was quite an easy task,—easy for the very good reason that he was escorted along by one who threatened him with a drawn sword. But it was a truly hard task for the wise and good of bygone days to preserve right mindfulness and to curb their passions so as not to look at celestial beauty in all its perfection. Still they triumphed, and passing on won a kingdom." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was the youngest of the King's hundred sons, and grew up to manhood. Now in those days there were Pacceka Buddhas who used to come to take their meals at the palace, and the Bodhisatta ministered to them.

Thinking one day of the great number of brothers he had, the Bodhisatta asked himself whether there was any likelihood of his coming to the throne of his fathers in that city, and determined to ask the Pacceka Buddhas to tell him what should come to pass. Next day the Buddhas came, took the water-pot that was consecrated to holy uses, filtered the water, washed and dried their feet, and sate down to their meal. And as they sat, the Bodhisatta came and seating himself by them with a courteous salutation, put his question. And they answered and said, "Prince, you will never come to be king in this city. But in Gandhāra, two thousand leagues away, there stands the city of Takkasilā. If you can reach that city, in seven days you will become king there. But there is peril on the road thither, in journeying through a great forest. It is double the distance round the forest that it is to pass through it. Ogres have their dwelling therein, and ogresses make villages and houses arise by the wayside. Beneath a goodly canopy embroidered with stars overhead, their magic sets a costly couch shut in by fair curtains of wondrous dye. Arranged in celestial splendour the ogresses sit within their abodes, seducing wayfarers [396] with honied words. 'Weary you seem,' they say; 'come hither, and eat and drink before you journey further on your way.' Those that come at their bidding are given seats and fired to lust by the charm of their wanton beauty. But scarce have they sinned, before the ogresses slay them and eat them while the warm

blood is still flowing. And they ensnare men's senses,—captivating the sense of beauty with utter loveliness, the ear with sweet minstrelsy, the nostrils with heavenly odours, the taste with heavenly dainties of exquisite savour, and the touch with red-cushioned couches divinely soft. But if you can subdue your senses, and be strong in your resolve not to look upon them, then on the seventh day you will become king of the city of Takkasilā."

"Oh, sirs; how could I look upon the ogresses after your advice to me?" So saying, the Bodhisatta besought the Pacceka Buddhas to give him something to keep him safe on his journey. Receiving from them a charmed thread and some charmed sand, he first bade farewell to the Pacceka Buddhas and to his father and mother; and then, going to his own abode, he addressed his household as follows:—"I am going to Takkasilā to make myself king there. You will stop behind here." But five of them answered, "Let us go too."

"You may not come with me," answered the Bodhisatta; "for I am told that the way is beset by ogresses who captivate men's senses, and destroy those who succumb to their charms. Great is the danger, but I will rely on myself and go."

"If we go with you, prince, we should not gaze upon their baleful charms. We too will go to Takkasilā." "Then shew yourselves steadfast," said the Bodhisatta, and took those five with him on his journey.

The ogresses sat waiting by the way in their villages. And one of the five, the lover of beauty, looked upon the ogresses, and being ensnared by their beauty, lagged behind the rest. "Why are you dropping behind?" asked the Bodhisatta. "My feet hurt me, prince. I'll just sit down for a bit in one of these pavilions, and then catch you up." "My good man, these are ogresses; don't hanker after them." "Be that as it may, prince, I can't go any further." "Well, you will soon be shewn in your real colours," said the Bodhisatta, as he went on with the other four.

Yielding to his senses, the lover of beauty drew near to the ogresses, who [397] tempted him to sin, and killed him then and there. Thereon they departed, and further along the road raised by magic arts a new pavilion, in which they sat singing to the music of divers instruments. And now the lover of music dropped behind and was eaten. Then the ogresses went on further and sat waiting in a bazaar stocked with all sweet scents and perfumes. And here the lover of sweet-smelling things fell behind. And when they had eaten him, they went on further and sat in a provision-booth where a profusion of heavenly viands of exquisite savour was offered for sale. And here the gourmet fell behind. And when they had eaten him, they went on further, and sat on heavenly couches wrought by their magic arts. And here the lover of comfort fell behind. And him too they ate.

Only the Bodhisatta was left now. And one of the ogresses followed him, promising herself that for all his stern resolution she would succeed in devouring him ere she turned back. Further on in the forest, woodmen and others, seeing the ogress, asked her who the man was that walked on ahead.

"He is my husband, good gentlemen."

"Hi, there!" said they to the Bodhisatta; "when you have got a sweet young wife, fair as the flowers, to leave her home and put her trust in you, why don't you walk with her instead of letting her trudge wearily behind you?" "She is no wife of mine, but an ogress. She has eaten my five companions." "Alas! good gentlemen," said she, "anger will drive men to say their very wives are ogresses and ghouls."

Next, she simulated pregnancy and then the look of a woman who has borne one child; and child on hip, she followed after the Bodhisatta. Everyone they met asked just the same questions about the pair, and the Bodhisatta gave just the same answer as he journeyed on.

At last he came to Takkasilā, where the ogress made the child disappear, and followed alone. At the gates of the city the Bōdhisatta entered a Rest-house and sat down. Because of the Bodhisatta's efficacy and power, she could not enter too; so she arrayed herself in divine beauty and stood on the threshold.

The King of Takkasilā was at that moment passing by on his way to his pleasaunce, and was snared by her loveliness. "Go, find out," said he to an attendant, "whether she has a husband [398] with her or not." And when the messenger came and asked whether she had a husband with her, she said, "Yes, sir; my husband is sitting within in the chamber."

"She is no wife of mine," said the Bodhisatta. "She is an ogress and has eaten my five companions."

And, as before, she said, "Alas! good gentlemen, anger will drive men to say anything that comes into their heads."

Then the man went back to the King and told him what each had said. "Treasure-trove is a royal perquisite," said the King. And he sent for the ogress and had her seated on the back of his elephant. After a solemn procession round the city, the King came back to his palace and had the ogress lodged in the apartments reserved for a queen-consort. After bathing and perfuming himself, the King ate his evening meal and then lay down on his royal bed. The ogress too prepared herself a meal, and donned all her splendour. And as she lay by the side of the delighted King, she turned on to her side and burst into tears. Being asked why she wept, she said, "Sire, you found me by the wayside, and the women of the harem are many. Dwelling here among enemies I shall feel crushed when they say 'Who knows who your father and mother are, or anything about your family? You were picked up by the wayside.' But if your

majesty would give me power and authority over the whole kingdom, nobody would dare to annoy me with such taunts."

"Sweetheart, I have no power over those that dwell throughout my kingdom; I am not their lord and master. I have only jurisdiction over those who revolt or do iniquity[1]. So I cannot give you power and authority over the whole kingdom."

"Then, sire, if you cannot give me authority over the kingdom or over the city, at least give me authority within the palace, that I may have rule here over those that dwell in the palace."

Too deeply smitten with her charms to refuse, the King gave her authority over all within the palace and bade her have rule over them [399]. Contented, she waited till the King was asleep, and then making her way to the city of the ogres returned with the whole crew of ogres to the palace. And she herself slew the King and devoured him, skin, tendons and flesh, leaving only the bare bones. And the rest of the ogres entering the gate devoured everything as it came in their way, not leaving even a fowl or a dog alive. Next day when people came and found the gate shut, they beat on it with impatient cries, and effected an entrance,—only to find the whole palace strewn with bones. And they exclaimed, "So the man was right in saying she was not his wife but an ogress. In his unwisdom the King brought her home to be his wife, and doubtless she has assembled the other ogres, devoured everybody, and then made off."

Now on that day the Bodhisatta, with the charmed sand on his head and the charmed thread twisted round his brow, was standing in the Rest-house, sword in hand, waiting for the dawn. Those others, meantime, cleansed the palace, garnished the floors afresh, sprinkled perfumes on them, scattered flowers, hanging nosegays from the roof and festooning the walls with garlands, and burning incense in the place. Then they took counsel together, as follows:—

"The man that could so master his senses as not so much as to look at the ogress as she followed him in her divine beauty, is a noble and steadfast man, filled with wisdom. With such an one as king, it would be well with the whole kingdom. Let us make him our king."

And all the courtiers and all the citizens of the kingdom were one-minded in the matter. So the Bodhisatta, being chosen king, was escorted into the capital and there decked in jewels and anointed king of Takkasilā. Shunning the four evil paths, and following the ten paths of kingly duty, he ruled his kingdom in righteousness, and after a life spent in charity and other good works passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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[1] Cf. *Milinda-pañho* 359 for an exposition of the limited prerogative of kings.

His story told, the Master, as Buddha, uttered this stanza :— [400]

As one with care a pot of oil will bear,
  Full to the brim, that none may overflow,
So he who forth to foreign lands doth fare
  O'er his own heart like governaunce should shew.

[401] When the Master had thus led up to the highest point of instruction, which is Arahatship, he identified the Birth by saying, "The Buddha's disciples were in those days the king's courtiers, and I the prince that won a kingdom."

No. 97.

NĀMASIDDHI-JĀTAKA.

"*Seeing Quick dead.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who thought luck went by names. For we hear that a young man of good family, named 'Base,' had given his heart to the Faith, and joined the Brotherhood. [402] And the Brethren used to call to him, "Here, Brother Base!" and "Stay, Brother Base," till he resolved that, as 'Base' gave the idea of incarnate wickedness and ill-luck, he would change his name to one of better omen. Accordingly he asked his teachers and preceptors to give him a new name. But they said that a name only served to denote, and did not impute qualities; and they bade him rest content with the name he had. Time after time he renewed his request, till the whole Brotherhood knew what importance he attached to a mere name. And as they sat discussing the matter in the Hall of Truth, the Master entered and asked what it was they were speaking about. Being told, he said "This is not the first time this Brother has believed luck went by names; he was equally dissatisfied with the name he bore in a former age." So saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time the Bodhisatta was a teacher of world-wide fame at Takkasilā, and five hundred young brahmins learnt the Vedas from his lips. One of these young men was named Base. And from continually hearing his fellows say, "Go, Base" and "Come, Base," he longed to get rid of his name and to take one that had a less ill-omened ring about it. So he went to his master and asked that a new name of a respectable character might be given him. Said his master, "Go, my son, and travel through the land till you have found a name you fancy. Then come back and I will change your name for you."

The young man did as he was bidden, and taking provisions for the

journey wandered from village to village till he came to a certain town. Here a man named Quick had died, and the young brahmin seeing him borne to the cemetery asked what his name was.

"Quick," was the reply. "What, can Quick be dead?" "Yes, Quick is dead; both Quick and Dead die just the same. A name only serves to mark who's who. You seem a fool."

Hearing this he went on into the city, feeling neither satisfied nor dissatisfied with his own name.

Now a slave-girl had been thrown down at the door of a house, while her master and mistress beat her with rope-ends because she had not brought home her wages. And the girl's name was Rich. [403] Seeing the girl being beaten, as he walked along the street, he asked the reason, and was told in reply that it was because she had no wages to shew.

"And what is the girl's name?"

"Rich," said they. "And cannot Rich make good a paltry day's pay?" "Be she called Rich or Poor, the money's not forthcoming any the more. A name only serves to mark who's who. You seem a fool."

More reconciled to his own name, the young brahmin left the city and on the road found a man who had lost his way. Having learnt that he had lost his way, the young man asked what his name was. "Guide," was the reply. "And has Guide lost his way?" "Guide or Misguide, you can lose your way just the same. A name only serves to mark who's who. You seem a fool."

Quite reconciled now to his name, the young brahmin came back to his master.

"Well, what name have you chosen?" asked the Bodhisatta. "Master," said he, "I find that death comes to 'Quick' and 'Dead' alike, that 'Rich' and 'Poor' may be poor together, and that 'Guide' and 'Misguide' alike miss their way. I know now that a name serves only to tell who is who, and does not govern its owner's destiny. So I am satisfied with my own name, and do not want to change it for any other."

Then the Bodhisatta uttered this stanza, combining what the young brahmin had done with the sights he had seen:—

> Seeing Quick dead, Guide lost, Rich poor,
> Base learned content nor travelled more.

His story told, the Master said "So you see, Brethren, that in former days as now this Brother imagined there was a great deal in a name." And he identified the Birth by saying, "This Brother who is discontented with his name was the discontented young brahmin of those days; the Buddha's disciples were the pupils; and I myself their master."

No. 98.

KŪṬAVĀṆIJA-JĀTAKA.

[404] "*Wise rightly, Wisest wrongly.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a cheating merchant. There were two merchants in partnership at Sāvatthi, we are told, who travelled with their merchandise and came back with the proceeds. And the cheating merchant thought to himself, "My partner has been badly fed and badly lodged for so many days past that he will die of indigestion now he has got home again and can feast to his heart's content on dainties manifold. My plan is to divide what we have made into three portions, giving one to his orphans and keeping two for myself." And with this object he made some excuse day by day for putting off the division of the profits.

Finding that it was in vain to press for a division, the honest partner went to the Master at the monastery, made his salutation, and was received kindly. "It is a very long time," said the Buddha, "since you came last to see me." And hereupon the merchant told the Master what had befallen him.

"This is not the first time, lay-follower," said the Master, "that this man has been a cheating merchant; he was no less a cheat in times past. As he tries to defraud you now, so did he try to defraud the wise and good of other days." So saying, at the merchant's request, the Master told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a merchant's family and on name-day was named 'Wise.' When he grew up he entered into partnership with another merchant named 'Wisest,' and traded with him. And these two took five hundred waggons of merchandise from Benares to the country-districts, where they disposed of their wares, returning afterwards with the proceeds to the city. When the time for dividing came, Wisest said, "I must have a double share." "Why so?" asked Wise. "Because while you are only Wise, I am Wisest. And Wise ought to have only one share to Wisest's two." "But we both had an equal interest in the stock-in-trade and in the oxen and waggons. Why should you have two shares?" "Because I am Wisest." And so they talked away till they fell to quarrelling.

"Ah!" thought Wisest, "I have a plan." And he made his father hide in [405] a hollow tree, enjoining the old man to say, when the two came, "Wisest should have a double portion." This arranged, he went to the Bodhisatta and proposed to him to refer the claim for a double share to the competent decision of the Tree-Sprite. Then he made his appeal in these words: "Lord Tree-Sprite, decide our cause!" Hereupon the father, who was hidden in the tree, in a changed voice asked them to state the

case. The cheat addressed the tree as follows: "Lord, here stands Wise, and here stand I Wisest. We have been partners in trade. Declare what share each should receive."

"Wise should receive one share, and Wisest two," was the response.

Hearing this decision, the Bodhisatta resolved to find out whether it was indeed a Tree-Sprite or not. So he filled the hollow trunk with straw and set it on fire. And Wisest's father was half roasted by the rising flames and clambered up by clutching hold of a bough. Falling to the ground, he uttered this stanza:—

Wise rightly, Wisest wrongly got his name;
Through Wisest, I'm nigh roasted in the flame.

Then the two merchants made an equal division and each took half, and at their deaths passed away to fare according to their deserts.

"Thus you see," said the Master, "that your partner was as great a cheat in past times as now." Having ended his story, he identified the Birth by saying, "The cheating merchant of to-day was the cheating merchant in the story, and I the honest merchant named Wise."

No. 99.

PAROSAHASSA-JĀTAKA.

"*Far better than a thousand fools.*"—This story was told by the Master when at Jetavana, concerning the question of the unconverted. [406]

(The incidents will be related in the Sarabhaṅga-jātaka[1].)

On a certain occasion the Brethren met in the Hall of Truth and praised the wisdom of Sāriputta, the Captain of the Faith, who had expounded the meaning of the Buddha's pithy saying. Entering the hall, the Master asked and was told what the Brethren were talking about. "This is not the first time, Brethren," said he, "that the meaning of a pithy saying of mine has been brought out by Sāriputta. He did the like in times gone by." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a Northern brahmin and perfected his education at Takkasilā. Putting Lusts from him and renouncing the world for the hermit's life, he

[1] No. 522.

won the Five Knowledges and the Eight Attainments, and dwelt in the Himalayas, where five hundred hermits gathered round him. One rainy season, his chief disciple went with half the hermits to the haunts of men to get salt and vinegar. And that was the time when the Bodhisatta should die. And his disciples, wishing to know his spiritual attainment, said to him, "What excellence have you won?"

"Won?" said he; "I have won *Nothing*[1]." So saying, he died, but was reborn in the Brahma Realm of Radiant Devas. (For Bodhisattas even though they may have attained to the highest state are never reborn in the Formless World, because they are incapable of passing beyond the Realm of Form.) Mistaking his meaning, his disciples concluded that he had failed to win any spiritual attainment. So they did not pay the customary honours at cremation.

On his return the chief disciple learnt that the master was dead, and asked whether they had asked what he had won. "He said he had won nothing," said they. "So we did not pay him the usual honours at cremation."

"You understood not his meaning," said that chief disciple. "Our master meant that he had attained to the insight called the insight into the Nothingness of Things." But though he explained this again and again to the disciples, they believed him not.

Knowing their unbelief, the Bodhisatta cried, "Fools! they do not believe my chief disciple. I will make this thing plain unto them." And he came from the Brahma Realm and by virtue of his mighty powers rested in mid-air above the hermitage and uttered this stanza in praise of the wisdom of the chief disciple:—[407]

Far better than a thousand fools, though they
Cry out a hundred years unceasingly,
Is one who, hearing, straightway understands.

Thus did the Great Being from mid-air proclaim the Truth and rebuke the band of hermits. Then he passed back to the Brahma Realm, and all those hermits too qualified themselves for rebirth in the same Realm.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Sāriputta was the chief disciple of those days, and I Mahā-Brahmā."

[1] One of the highest Attainments was the insight into the nothingness of things; everything being a delusion.

No. 100.

ASĀTARŪPA-JĀTAKA.

"*In guise of joy.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Kuṇḍadhānavana near the city of Kuṇḍiya about Suppavāsā, a lay-sister, who was daughter to King Koliya. For at that time, she, who had carried a child seven years in her womb, was in the seventh day of her throes, and her pains were grievous. In spite of all her agony, she thought as follows:—"All-Enlightened is the Blessed One who preaches the Truth to the end that such suffering may cease; righteous are the Elect of the Blessed One who so walk that such suffering may cease; blessed is Nirvana wherein such suffering doth cease." These three thoughts were her consolation in her pangs. And she sent her husband to the Buddha to tell her state and bear a greeting for her.

Her message was given to the Blessed One, who said, [408] "May Suppavāsā, daughter of the king of the Koliyas, grow strong and well again, and bear a healthy child." And at the word of the Blessed One, Suppavāsā, daughter of the king of the Koliyas, became well and strong, and bore a healthy child. Finding on his return that his wife had been safely delivered, the husband marvelled greatly at the exalted powers of the Buddha. Now that her child was born, Suppavāsā was eager to shew bounty for seven days to the Brotherhood with the Buddha at its head, and sent her husband back to invite them. Now it chanced that at that time the Brotherhood with the Buddha at its head had received an invitation from the layman who supported the Elder Moggallāna the Great; but the Master, wishing to gratify Suppavāsā's charitable desires, sent to the Elder to explain the matter, and with the Brotherhood accepted for seven days the hospitality of Suppavāsā. On the seventh day she dressed up her little boy, whose name was Sīvali, and made him bow before the Buddha and the Brotherhood. And when he was brought in due course to Sāriputta, the Elder in all kindness greeted the infant, saying, "Well, Sīvali, is all well with you?" "How could it be, sir?" said the infant. "Seven long years have I had to wallow in blood."

Then in joy Suppavāsā exclaimed, "My child, only seven days old, is actually discoursing on religion with the apostle Sāriputta, the Captain of the Faith!"

"Would you like another such a child?" asked the Master. "Yes, sir;" said Suppavāsā, "seven more, if I could have them like him." In solemn phrase the Master gave thanks for Suppavāsā's hospitality and departed.

At seven years of age the child Sīvali gave his heart to the Faith and forsook the world to join the Brotherhood; at twenty he was admitted a full Brother. Righteous was he and won the crown of righteousness which is Arahatship, and the earth shouted aloud for joy.

So one day the assembled Brethren talked with one another in the Hall of Truth respecting the matter, saying, "The Elder Sīvali, who is now so shining a light, was the child of many prayers; seven long years was he in the womb and seven days in birth. How great must have been the pains of mother and child! Of what deeds were their pains the fruit?"

Entering the hall, the Master asked the subject of their discourse. "Brethren," said he, "the righteous Sīvali [409] was seven years in the womb and seven days in birth all because of his own past deeds. And similarly Suppavāsā's seven years' pregnancy and seven days' travail resulted from her own past deeds." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was the child of the queen-consort, and grew up and was educated at Takkasilā, and at his father's death became king and ruled righteously. Now in those days the King of Kosala came up with a great force against Benares and slew the king and bore off his queen to be his own wife.

When the king was slain, his son made his escape through the sewer. Afterwards he collected a mighty force and came to Benares. Encamping hard by, he sent a message to the king to either surrender the kingdom or give battle. And the king sent back the answer that he would give battle. But the mother of the young prince, hearing of this, sent a message to her son, saying, "There is no need to do battle. Let every approach to the city on every side be invested and barred, till lack of firewood and water and food wears out the people. Then the city will fall into your hands without any fighting." Following his mother's advice, the prince for seven days invested the city with so close a blockade that the citizens on the seventh day cut off their king's head and brought it to the prince. Then he entered the city and made himself king, and when his life ended he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

The result and consequence of his acts in blockading the city for those seven days was that for seven years he abode in the womb and was seven days in birth. But, inasmuch as he had fallen at the feet of the Buddha Padumuttara and had prayed with many gifts that the crown of Arahatship might be his; and, inasmuch as, in the days of the Buddha Vipassī, he had offered up the same prayer, he and his townsfolk, with gifts of great price;—[410] therefore, by his merit, he won the crown of Arahatship. And because Suppavāsā sent the message bidding her son take the city by blockade, she was doomed to a seven years' pregnancy and to a seven days' travail.

His story ended, the Master, as Buddha, repeated these verses:—

In guise of joy and blessings, sorrow comes
And trouble, sluggards' hearts to overwhelm.

And when he had taught this lesson, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Sīvali was the prince who in those days blockaded the city, and became king; Suppavāsā was his mother, and I his father, the king of Benares."

No. 101.

PAROSATA-JĀTAKA.

Far better than a hundred fools, though they
Think hard a hundred years unceasingly,
Is one who, hearing, straightway understands.

[411] This story is in all respects analogous to the Parosahassa-Jātaka (No. 99), with the sole difference that 'think hard' is read here.

No. 102.

PAṆṆIKA-JĀTAKA.

"*He that should prove.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a lay-brother who was a greengrocer in Sāvatthi and made a living by the sale of various roots and vegetables, and pumpkins and the like. Now he had a pretty daughter who was as good and virtuous as she was pretty, but was always laughing. And when she was asked in marriage by a family of his own station in life, he thought "She ought to be married, but she's always laughing; and a bad girl married into a strange family is her parents' shame. I must find out for certain whether she is a good girl or not."

So one day he made his daughter take a basket and come with him to the forest to gather herbs. Then to try her, he took her by the hand with whispered words of love. Straightway the girl burst into tears and began to cry out that such a thing would be as monstrous as fire rising out of water, and she besought him to forbear. Then he told her that his only intent was to try her, and asked whether she was virtuous. And she declared that she was and that she had never looked on any man with eyes of love. Calming her fears and taking her back home, he made a feast and gave her in marriage. Then feeling that he ought to go and pay his respects to the Master, he took perfumes and garlands in his hand and went to Jetavana. His salutations done and offerings made, he seated himself near the Master, who observed that it was a long time since his last coming. Then the man told the Blessed One the whole story.

"She has always been a good girl," said the Master. "You have put her to the test now just as you did in days gone by." Then at the greengrocer's request he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares [412], the Bodhisatta was a Tree-Sprite in a forest. And a lay-follower who was a greengrocer of Benares had just the same doubts of his daughter, and all fell out as in the introductory story. And as her father took hold of her hand the weeping girl repeated these verses:—

He that should prove my buckler strong,
My father, worketh me this wrong.
Forlorn in thickest wood I cry;
My helper proves my enemy.

Then her father calmed her fears, and asked whether she was a virgin. And when she declared that she was, he brought her home and made a feast and gave the girl in marriage.

His story ended, the Master preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof the greengrocer was established in the First Path of Salvation. Then the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The father and daughter of to-day were the father and daughter in the story, and I the Tree-Sprite who witnessed the scene."

[*Note.* Cf. No. 217.]

No. 103.

VERI-JĀTAKA.

"*If wise, thou 'lt loiter not.*"—This story was told by the Master at Jetavana about Anātha-piṇḍika. For we hear that Anātha-piṇḍika was returning from the village of which he was headman, when he saw robbers on the road. "It won't do to loiter by the way," thought he; "I must hurry on to Sāvatthi." So he urged his oxen to speed [413] and got safely into Sāvatthi. Next day he went to the monastery and told the Master what had befallen him. "Sir," said the Master, "in other times too the wise and good espied robbers on the road and hastened without delay to their homes." Then at the merchant's request he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a rich merchant, who had been to a village to collect his dues and was on his homeward way when he saw robbers on the road. At once he urged his oxen to their topmost speed and reached home in safety. And as he sat on his couch of state after a rich repast, he exclaimed, "I have escaped from the robbers' hand to mine own house, where fear dwells not." And in his thankfulness he uttered this stanza:—

If wise, thou 'lt loiter not 'mid enemies;
A night or two with such brings miseries.

So, from the fulness of his heart, spake the Bodhisatta, and after a life of charity and other good deeds he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His story ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "I was the merchant of Benares of those days."

No. 104.

MITTAVINDA-JĀTAKA.

"*From four to eight.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, concerning an unruly Brother. The incidents are the same as those in the previous story of Mittavindaka[1], but belong to the days of the Buddha Kassapa.

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[414] Now at that time one of the damned who had put on the circlet and was suffering the tortures of hell, asked the Bodhisatta—"Lord, what sin have I committed?" The Bodhisatta detailed the man's evil deeds to him and uttered this stanza:—

From four to eight, to sixteen thence, and so
To thirty-two insatiate greed doth go,
—Still pressing on till insatiety
Doth win the circlet's griding misery[2].

So saying he went back to the Realm of Devas, but the other abode in hell till his sin had been purged from him. Then he passed thence to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This unruly Brother was then Mittavindaka and I the Deva."

No. 105.

DUBBALAKAṬṬHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Fear'st thou the wind.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who lived in a perpetual state of nervous alarm. We learn that he came of a good family in Sāvatthi, and was led to give up the world by hearing the Truth preached, and that he was always in fear of his life

[1] No. 41.

[2] Part of these lines occur in the Pañca Tantra 98.

both by night and by day. The sough of the wind, the rustle of a fan, or the cry of bird or beast would inspire him with such abject terror that he would shriek and dash away. He never reflected that death was sure to come upon him; though, had he practised meditation on the certainty of death, he would not have feared it. [415] For only they that do not so meditate fear death. Now his constant fear of dying became known to the Brethren, and one day they met in the Hall of Truth and fell to discussing his fearfulness and the propriety of every Brother's taking death as a theme for meditation. Entering the Hall, the Master asked, and was told, what they were discussing. So he sent for that Brother and asked him whether it was true he lived in fear of death. The Brother confessed that he did. "Be not angry, Brethren," said the Master, "with this Brother. The fear of death that fills his breast now was no less strong in bygone times." So saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a Tree-Sprite near the Himalayas. And in those days the king put his state elephant in the elephant-trainers' hands to be broken in to stand firm. And they tied the elephant up fast to a post, and with goads in their hands set about training the animal. Unable to bear the pain whilst he was being made to do their bidding, the elephant broke the post down, put the trainers to flight, and made off to the Himalayas. And the men, being unable to catch it, had to come back empty-handed. The elephant lived in the Himalayas in constant fear of death. A breath of wind sufficed to fill him with fear and to start him off at full speed, shaking his trunk to and fro. And it was with him as though he was still tied to the post to be trained. All happiness of mind and body gone, he wandered up and down in constant dread. Seeing this, the Tree-Sprite stood in the fork of his tree and uttered this stanza:—

> Fear'st thou the wind that ceaselessly
> The rotten boughs doth rend alway?
> Such fear will waste thee quite away!

[416] Such were the Tree-Sprite's cheering words. And the elephant thenceforth feared no more.

His lesson ended, the Master taught the Four Truths (at the close whereof the Brother entered the Paths), and identified the Birth by saying, "This Brother was the elephant of those days and I the Tree-Sprite."

No. 106.

UDAÑCANI-JĀTAKA.

"*A happy life was mine.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a temptation by a fat girl. The incident will be related in the Culla-Nārada-Kassapa Jātaka[1] in the Thirteenth Book.

On asking the Brother, the Master was told that it was true he was in love, and in love with the fat girl. "Brother," said the Master, "she is leading you astray. So too in times gone by she led you into evil, and you were only restored to happiness by the wise and good of those days." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, those things came to pass which will be told in the Culla-Nārada-Kassapa Jātaka. But on this occasion the Bodhisatta at evening came with fruits to the hermitage, and, opening the door, said to his son, "Every other day you brought wood and victuals, and lit a fire. Why have you not done any of these things to-day, but sit sadly here pining away?"

"Father," said the young man, "while you were away gathering fruits, there came a woman who tried to lure me away with blandishments. But I would not go with her till I had your leave, and so left her sitting waiting for me. And now my wish is to depart."

Finding that the young man was too much in love to be able to give her up, the Bodhisatta bade him go, saying "But when she wants meat [417] or fish or ghee or salt or rice or any such thing to eat, and sends you hurrying to and fro on her errands, then remember this hermitage and flee away back to me."

So the other went off with the woman to the haunts of men; and when he was come to her house, she made him run about to fetch every single thing she wanted.

"I might just as well be her slave as this," thought he, and promptly ran away back to his father, and saluting him, stood and repeated this stanza:—

> A happy life was mine till that fell she,
> —That worrying, tiresome pitcher styled my wife—
> Set me to run the errands of her whims.

And the Bodhisatta commended the young man, and exhorted him to kindliness and mercy, setting forth the four forms of right feeling towards

[1] No. 477.

men and the modes of ensuring Insight. Nor was it long before the young man won the Knowledges and Attainments, and attained to right feeling towards his fellow-creatures, and with his father was re-born into the Brahma Realm.

His lesson ended, and the Four Truths preached (at the close whereof that Brother entered the First Path) the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The fat girl of to-day was also the fat girl of those days; this young Brother was the son; and I the father of those days."

No. 107.

SĀLITTAKA-JĀTAKA.

[418] "*Prize skill.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who threw and hit a swan. We are told that this Brother, who came of a good family in Sāvatthi, had acquired great skill in hitting things with stones; and that hearing the Truth preached one day he gave his heart to it and, giving up the world, was admitted to full Brotherhood. But neither in study nor practice did he excel as a Brother. One day, with a youthful Brother, he went to the river Aciravatī[1], and was standing on the bank after bathing, when he saw two white swans flying by. Said he to the younger Brother, "I'll hit the hinder swan in the eye and bring it down." "Bring it down indeed!" said the other; "you can't hit it." "Just you wait a moment. I'll hit it on the eye this side through the eye on the other." "Oh, nonsense." "Very well; you wait and see." Then he took a three-cornered stone in his hand and flung it after the swan. 'Whiz' went the stone through the air and the swan, suspecting danger, stopped to listen. At once the Brother seized a smooth round stone and as the resting swan was looking in another direction hit it full in the eye, so that the stone went in at one eye and came out at the other. And with a loud scream the swan fell to the ground at their feet. "That is a highly improper action," said the other Brother, and brought him before the Master, with an account of what had happened. After rebuking the Brother, the Master said, "The same skill was his, Brethren, in past times as now." And he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was one of the King's courtiers. And the royal chaplain of those days was so talkative and longwinded that, when he once started, no

[1] The modern Rāpti, in Oudh.

one else could get a word in. So the King cast about for someone to cut the chaplain short, and looked high and low for such an one. Now at that time there was a cripple in Benares who was a wonderful marksman with stones, and the boys used to put him on a little cart and [419] draw him to the gates of Benares, where there is a large branching banyan-tree covered with leaves. There they would gather round and give him half-pence, saying 'Make an elephant,' or 'Make a horse.' And the cripple would throw stone after stone till he had cut the foliage into the shapes asked for. And the ground was covered with fallen leaves.

On his way to his pleasaunce the King came to the spot, and all the boys scampered off in fear of the King, leaving the cripple there helpless. At the sight of the litter of leaves the King asked, as he rode by in his chariot, who had cut the leaves off. And he was told that the cripple had done it. Thinking that here might be a way to stop the chaplain's mouth, the King asked where the cripple was, and was shewn him sitting at the foot of the tree. Then the King had him brought to him and, motioning his retinue to stand apart, said to the cripple, "I have a very talkative chaplain. Do you think you could stop his talking?"

"Yes, sire,—if I had a peashooter full of dry goat's dung," said the cripple. Then the King had him taken to the palace and set with a peashooter full of dry goat's dung behind a curtain with a slit in it, facing the chaplain's seat. When the brahmin came to wait upon the King and was seated on the seat prepared for him, his majesty started a conversation. And the chaplain forthwith monopolized the conversation, and no one else could get a word in. Hereon the cripple shot the pellets of goat's dung one by one, like flies, through the slit in the curtain right into the chaplain's gullet. And the brahmin swallowed the pellets down as they came, like so much oil, till all had disappeared. When the whole peashooter-full of pellets was lodged in the chaplain's stomach, they swelled to the size of half a peck; and the King, knowing they were all gone, addressed the brahmin in these words: "Reverend sir, so talkative are you, that you have swallowed down a peashooter-full of goat's dung without noticing it. That's about as much as you will be able to take at a sitting. Now go home and take a dose of panick seed and water by way of emetic, and put yourself right again."

From that day [420] the chaplain kept his mouth shut and sat as silent during conversation as though his lips were sealed.

"Well, my ears are indebted to the cripple for this relief," said the King, and bestowed on him four villages, one in the North, one in the South, one in the West, and one in the East, producing a hundred thousand a year.

The Bodhisatta drew near to the King and said, "In this world, sire,

skill should be cultivated by the wise. Mere skill in aiming has brought this cripple all this prosperity." So saying he uttered this stanza:—

Prize skill, and note the marksman lame;
—Four villages reward his aim.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This Brother was the cripple of those days, Ānanda the King, and I the wise courtier."

No. 108.

BĀHIYA-JĀTAKA.

"*Learn thou betimes.*"—This story was told by the Master, while he was dwelling in the Gabled Chamber at the Great Grove near Vesāli, about a Licchavi, a pious prince who had embraced the Truth. He had invited the Brotherhood with the Buddha at their head to his house, and there had shewn great bounty towards them. Now his wife was a very fat woman, almost bloated in appearance, and she was badly dressed.

Thanking the King for his hospitality, the Master returned to the monastery and, after a discourse to the Brethren, retired to his perfumed chamber.

Assembled in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren expressed their surprise that a man like this Licchavi prince should have such a fat badly-dressed woman for his wife, and be so fond of her. Entering the Hall and hearing what they were discussing, the Master said, "Brethren, as now, so in former times he was fond of a fat woman." Then, at their request, he told this story of the past.

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[421] Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was one of his courtiers. And a fat and badly-dressed country woman, who worked for hire, was passing near the courtyard of the palace, when pressing need for an occasion came upon her. Bending down with her raiment decently gathered round her, she accomplished her purpose, and was erect again in a trice.

The King chanced to be looking out on to the courtyard through a window at the time and saw this. Thought he, "A woman who could manage this with so much decency must enjoy good health. She would be sure to be cleanly in her house; and a son born into a cleanly house would be sure to grow up cleanly and virtuous. I will make her my queen-consort." And accordingly the King, first assuring himself that she

was not another's, sent for her and made her his queen. And she became very near and dear to him. Not long afterwards a son was born, and this son became an Universal Monarch.

Observing her fortunes, the Bodhisatta took occasion to say to the King, "Sire, why should not care be taken duly to fulfil all proper observances, when this excellent woman by her modesty and decency in relieving nature won your majesty's favour and rose to such fortune?" And he went on to utter this stanza:—

Learn thou betimes, though headstrong folk there be;
The rustic pleased the King by modesty.

Thus did the Great Being commend the virtues of those who devoted themselves to the study of proper observances.

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[422] His story ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The husband and wife of to-day were also the husband and wife of those times, and I the wise courtier."

No. 109.

KUṆḌAKAPŪVA-JĀTAKA.

"*As fares his worshipper.*"—This story was told by the Master when at Sāvatthi, about a very poor man.

Now at Sāvatthi the Brotherhood with the Buddha at their head used to be entertained now by a single family, now by three or four families together. Or a body of people or a whole street would club together, or sometimes the whole city entertained them. But on the occasion now in question it was a street that was shewing the hospitality. And the inhabitants had arranged to provide rice-gruel followed by cakes.

Now in that street there lived a very poor man, a hired labourer, who could not see how he could give the gruel, but resolved to give cakes. And he scraped out the red powder from empty husks and kneaded it with water into a round cake. This cake he wrapped in a leaf of swallow-wort, and baked it in the embers. When it was done, he made up his mind that none but the Buddha should have it, and accordingly took his stand immediately by the Master. No sooner had the word been given to offer cakes, than he stepped forward quicker than anyone else and put his cake in the Master's alms-bowl. And the Master declined all other cakes offered him and ate the poor man's cake. Forthwith the whole city talked of nothing but how the All-Enlightened One had not disdained to eat the poor man's bran-cake. And from porters to nobles and King, all classes flocked to the spot, saluted the Master, and crowded round the poor man,

offering him food, or two to five hundred pieces of money if he would make over to them the merit of his act.

Thinking he had better ask the Master first, he went to him and stated his case. "Take what they offer," said the Master, "and impute your righteousness to all living creatures." So the man set to work to collect the offerings. Some gave twice as much as others, some four times as much, others eight times as much, and so on, till nine crores of gold were contributed.

Returning thanks for the hospitality, the Master went back to the monastery and after instructing the Brethren and imparting his blessed teaching to them, retired to his perfumed chamber.

In the evening the King sent for the poor man, and created him Lord Treasurer.

Assembling in the Hall of Truth the Brethren spoke together of how the Master, not disdaining the poor man's bran-cake, had eaten it as though it were ambrosia, and how the poor man had been enriched [423] and made Lord Treasurer to his great good fortune. And when the Master entered the Hall and heard what they were talking of, he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that I have not disdained to eat that poor man's cake of bran. I did the same when I was a Tree-sprite, and then too was the means of his being made Lord Treasurer." So saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a Tree-sprite dwelling in a castor-oil plant. And the villagers of those days were superstitious about gods. A festival came round and the villagers offered sacrifices to their respective Tree-sprites. Seeing this, a poor man shewed worship to the castor-oil tree. All the others had come with garlands, odours, perfumes, and cakes; but the poor man had only a cake of husk-powder and water in a cocoanut shell for his tree. Standing before it, he thought within himself, "Tree-sprites are used to heavenly food, and my Tree-sprite will not eat this cake of husk-powder. Why then should I lose it outright? I will eat it myself." And he turned to go away, when the Bodhisatta from the fork of his tree exclaimed, "My good man, if you were a great lord you would bring me dainty manchets; but as you are a poor man, what shall I have to eat if not that cake? Rob me not of my portion." And he uttered this stanza:—

> As fares his worshipper, a Sprite must fare.
> Bring me the cake, nor rob me of my share.

Then the man turned again, and, seeing the Bodhisatta, offered up his sacrifice. The Bodhisatta fed on the savour and said, "Why do you worship me?" "I am a poor man, my lord, and I worship you to be eased of my poverty." [424] "Have no more care for that. You have sacrificed to one who is grateful and mindful of kindly deeds. Round this tree, neck to neck, are buried pots of treasure. Go tell the King, and take the treasure away in waggons to the King's courtyard. There pile it in a heap, and the King shall be so well-pleased that he will make you Lord Treasurer." So saying, the Bodhisatta vanished from sight. The

man did as he was bidden, and the King made him Lord Treasurer. Thus did the poor man by aid of the Bodhisatta come to great fortune; and when he died, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The poor man of to-day was also the poor man of those times, and I the Tree-sprite who dwelt in the castor-oil tree."

No. 110.

SABBASAMHĀRAKA-PAÑHA.

"*There is no All-embracing.*"—This All-embracing Question will be set out at length in the Ummagga-jātaka[1]. This is the end of the All-embracing Question.

No. 111.

GADRABHA-PAÑHA.

"*Thou think'st thyself a swan.*"—This Question as to the Ass will also be set out at length in the Ummagga-jātaka. This is the end of the Question as to the Ass.

No. 112.

AMARĀDEVĪ-PAÑHA.

"*Cakes and gruel.*"—This question too will be found in the same Jātaka. This is the end of the Question of Queen Amarā[2].

[1] Not yet edited; it occurs at the end of the collection of Jātakas.

[2] Amarā was the wife of King Mahosadha; cf. *Milindapañho*, page 205. The Bodhisatta was Mahosadha, cf. Jātaka (text) I. p. 53.

No. 113.

SIGĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"*The drunken jackal.*"—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta. The Brethren had assembled [425] in the Hall of Truth and were telling how Devadatta had gone to Gayāsīsa with five hundred followers, whom he was leading into error by declaring that the Truth was manifest in him "and not in the ascetic Gotama"; and how by his lies he was breaking up the Brotherhood; and how he kept two fast-days a week. And as they sate there talking of the wickedness of Devadatta, the Master entered and was told the subject of their conversation. "Brethren," said he, "Devadatta was as great a liar in past times as he is now." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a Tree-sprite in a cemetery grove. In those days a festival was proclaimed in Benares, and the people resolved to sacrifice to the ogres. So they strewed fish and meat about courtyards, and streets, and other places, and set out great pots of strong drink. At midnight a jackal came into the town by the sewer, and regaled himself on the meat and liquor. Crawling into some bushes, he was fast asleep when morning dawned. Waking up and seeing it was broad daylight, he knew that he could not make his way back at that hour with safety. So he lay down quietly near the roadside where he could not be seen, till at last he saw a solitary brahmin on his way to rinse his mouth in the tank. Then the jackal thought to himself, "Brahmins are a greedy lot. I must so play on his greediness as to get him to carry me out of the city in his waist-cloth under his outer robe." So, with a human voice, he cried "Brahmin."

"Who calls me?" said the brahmin, turning round. "I, brahmin." "What for?" "I have two hundred gold pieces, brahmin; and if you will hide me in your waist-cloth under your outer robe and so get me out of the city without my being seen, you shall have them all."

Closing with the offer, the greedy brahmin hid the jackal and carried the beast a little way out of the city. "What place is this, brahmin?" said the jackal. "Oh, it's such and such a place," said the brahmin. "Go on a bit further," said the jackal and kept urging the brahmin on always a little further, till at last the cremation-park was reached. [426] "Put me down here," said the jackal; and the brahmin did so. "Spread your robe out on the ground, brahmin." And the greedy brahmin did so.

"And now dig up this tree by the roots," said he, and while the brahmin was at work he walked on to the robe, and dunged and staled on it in five places,—the four corners and the middle. This done, he made off into the wood.

Hereon the Bodhisatta, standing in the fork of the tree, uttered this stanza:—

The drunken jackal, brahmin, cheats thy trust!
Thou 'lt find not here a hundred cowry-shells,
Far less thy quest, two hundred coins of gold.

And when he had repeated these verses, the Bodhisatta said to the brahmin, "Go now and wash your robe and bathe, and go about your business." So saying, he vanished from sight, and the brahmin did as he was bidden, and departed very mortified at having been so tricked.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the jackal of those days, and I the Tree-sprite."

No. 114.

MITACINTI-JĀTAKA.

"*They twain in fisher's net.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about two aged Elders. After a rainy-season spent in a forest in the country they resolved to seek out the Master, and got together provisions for their journey. But they kept putting off their departure day by day, till a month flew by. Then they provided a fresh supply of provisions, and procrastinated till a second month was gone, and a third. When their indolence and sluggishness had lost them three months, they set out and came to Jetavana. Laying aside their bowls and robes in the common-room, they came into the Master's presence. The Brethren remarked on the length of the time since the two had visited the Master, and asked the reason. Then [427] they told their story and all the Brotherhood came to know of the laziness of these indolent Brethren.

Assembling in the Hall of Truth the Brethren talked together of this thing. And the Master entered and was told what they were discussing. Being asked whether they were really so indolent, those Brethren admitted their shortcoming. "Brethren," said he, "in former times, no less than now, they were indolent and loth to leave their abode." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there lived in the river of Benares three fishes, named Over-thoughtful, Thoughtful, and

Thoughtless. And they came down-stream from the wild country to where men dwelt. Hereupon Thoughtful said to the other two, "This is a dangerous and perilous neighbourhood, where fishermen catch fish with nets, basket-traps, and such like tackle. Let us be off to the wild country again." But so lazy were the other two fishes, and so greedy, that they kept putting off their going from day to day, until they had let three months slip by. Now fishermen cast their nets into the river; and Over-thoughtful and Thoughtless were swimming on ahead in quest of food when in their folly they blindly rushed into the net. Thoughtful, who was behind, observed the net, and saw the fate of the other two.

"I must save these lazy fools from death," thought he. So first he dodged round the net, and splashed in the water in front of it like a fish that has broken through and gone up stream; and then doubling back, he splashed about behind it, like a fish that has broken through and gone down stream. Seeing this, the fishermen thought the fish had broken the net and all got away; so they pulled it in by one corner and the two fishes escaped from the net into the open water again. In this way they owed their lives to Thoughtful.

His story told, the Master, as Buddha, recited this stanza:—

[428] They twain in fisher's nets are ta'en;
Them Thoughtful saves and frees again.

His lesson ended, and the Four Truths expounded (at the close whereof the aged Brethren gained fruition of the First Path), the Master identified the Birth by saying: "These two Brethren were then Over-thoughtful and Thoughtless, and I Thoughtful."

No. 115.

ANUSĀSIKA-JĀTAKA.

"*The greed-denouncing bird.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Sister who gave a warning to others. For we are told that she came of a good Sāvatthi family, but that from the day of her entrance into the Order she failed of her duty and was filled with a gluttonous spirit; she used to seek alms in quarters of the city unvisited by other Sisters. And dainty food was given her there. Now her gluttony made her afraid that other Sisters might go there too and take away from her part of the food. Casting about for a device to stop them from going and to keep everything to herself, she warned

the other Sisters that it was a dangerous quarter, troubled by a fierce elephant, a fierce horse, and a fierce dog. And she besought them not to go there for alms. Accordingly not a single Sister gave so much as a look in that direction.

Now one day on her way through this district for alms, as she was hurrying into a house there, a fierce ram butted her with such violence as to break her leg. Up ran the people and set her leg and brought her on a litter to the convent of the Sisterhood. And all the Sisters tauntingly said her broken leg came of her going where she had warned them not to go.

Not long after the Brotherhood came to hear of this; and one day in the Hall of Truth [429] the Brethren spoke of how this sister had got her leg broken by a fierce ram in a quarter of the city against which she had warned the other Sisters; and they condemned her conduct. Entering the Hall at this moment, the Master asked, and was told, what they were discussing. "As now, Brethren," said he, "so too in a past time she gave warnings which she did not follow herself; and then as now she came to harm." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a bird, and growing up became king of the birds and came to the Himalayas with thousands of birds in his train. During their stay in that place, a certain fierce bird used to go in quest of food along a highway where she found rice, beans, and other grain dropped by passing waggons. Casting about how best to keep the others from coming there too, she addressed them as follows:—"The highway is full of peril. Along it go elephants and horses, waggons drawn by fierce oxen, and such like dangerous things. And as it is impossible to take wing on the instant, don't go there at all." And because of her warning, the other birds dubbed her 'Warner'.

Now one day when she was feeding along the highway she heard the sound of a carriage coming swiftly along the road, and turned her head to look at it. "Oh it's quite a long way off," thought she and went on as before. Up swift as the wind came the carriage, and before she could rise, the wheel had crushed her and whirled on its way. At the muster, the King marked her absence and ordered search to be made for her. And at last she was found cut in two on the highway and the news was brought to the king. "Through not following her own caution to the other birds she has been cut in two," said he, and uttered this stanza:—

The greed-denouncing bird, to greed a prey,
The chariot wheels leave mangled on the way.

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[430] His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The warning sister was the bird 'Warner' of those times, and I the King of the birds."

No. 116.

DUBBAÇA-JĀTAKA.

"*Too much.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about an unruly Brother whose own story will be given in the Ninth Book in the Gijjha-jātaka[1].

The Master rebuked him in these words:—"As now, so in former days wert thou unruly, Brother, disregarding the counsels of the wise and good. Wherefore, by a javelin thou didst die." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into an acrobat's family. When he grew up, he was a very wise and clever fellow. From another acrobat he learned the javelin dance, and with his master used to travel about exhibiting his skill. Now this master of his knew the four javelin dance but not the five; but one day when performing in a certain village, he, being in liquor, had five javelins set up in a row and gave out that he would dance through the lot.

Said the Bodhisatta, "You can't manage all five javelins, master. Have one taken away. If you try the five, you will be run through by the fifth and die."

"Then you don't know what I can do when I try," said the drunken fellow; and paying no heed to the Bodhisatta's words, he danced through four of the javelins only to impale himself on the fifth like the Bassia flower on its stalk. And there he lay groaning. Said the Bodhisatta, "This calamity comes of your disregarding the counsels of the wise and good"; and he uttered this stanza:—

[431] Too much—though sore against my will—you tried;
Clearing the four, upon the fifth you died.

So saying, he lifted his master from off the javelin point and duly performed the last offices to his body.

His story done, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This unruly Brother was the master of those days, and I the pupil."

[1] No. 427.

No. 117.

TITTIRA-JĀTAKA.

"*As died the partridge.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about Kokālika, whose story will be found in the Thirteenth Book in the Takkāriya Jātaka[1].

Said the Master, "As now, Brethren, so likewise in former times, Kokālika's tongue has worked his destruction."

So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin in the North country. When he grew up, he received a complete education at Takkasilā, and, renouncing Lusts, gave up the world to become a hermit. He won the Five Knowledges and the Eight Attainments, and all the recluses of the Himalayas to the number of five hundred assembled together and followed him as their master.

Insight was his as he dwelt amid his disciples in the Himalayas.

In those days there was an ascetic suffering from jaundice who was chopping wood with an axe. And a chattering Brother came and sat by him, and directed his work, bidding him give here a chop and there a chop, [432] till the jaundiced ascetic lost his temper. In a rage he cried, "Who are you to teach me how to chop wood?" and lifting up his keen-edged axe stretched the other dead with a single blow. And the Bodhisatta had the body buried.

Now on an ant-hill hard by the hermitage there dwelt a partridge which early and late was always piping on the top of the ant-hill. Recognising the note of a partridge, a sportsman killed the bird and took it off with him. Missing the bird's note, the Bodhisatta asked the hermits why they did not hear their neighbour the partridge now. Then they told him what had happened, and he linked the two events together in this stanza:—

As died the partridge for her clamorous cry,
So prate and chatter doomed this fool to die.

Having developed within himself the four Perfect States, the Bodhisatta thus became destined to rebirth in the Brahma Realm.

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[1] No. 481. Kokālika was one of Devadatta's schismatics.

Said the Master, "Brethren, as now, so likewise in former days Kokālika's tongue has worked his destruction." And at the close of this lesson he identified the Birth by saying, "Kokālika was the meddling ascetic of those days, my followers the band of hermits, and I their master."

No. 118.

VAṬṬAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*The thoughtless man.*"—This story the Master told while at Jetavana, about the son of Over-Treasurer. This Over-Treasurer is said to have been a very rich man of Sāvatthi, and his wife became the mother of a righteous being from the realm of Brahma angels, who grew up as lovely as Brahmā. [433] Now one day when the Kattikā festival had been proclaimed in Sāvatthi, the whole city gave itself up to the festivities. His companions, sons of other rich men, had all got wives, but Over-Treasurer's son had lived so long in the Brahma Realm that he was purged from passion. His companions plotted together to get him too a sweetheart and make him keep the feast with them. So going to him they said, "Dear friend, it is the great feast of Kattikā. Can't we get a sweetheart for you too, and have a good time together?" At last his friends picked out a charming girl and decked her out, and left her at his house, with directions to make her way to his chamber. But when she entered the room, not a look or a word did she get from the young merchant. Piqued at this slight to her beauty, she put forth all her graces and feminine blandishments, smiling meantime so as just to shew her pretty teeth. The sight of her teeth suggested bones, and his mind was filled with the idea of bones, till the girl's whole body seemed to him nothing but a chain of bones. Then he gave her money and bade her begone. But as she came out of the house a nobleman saw her in the street and gave her a present to accompany him home.

At the end of seven days the festival was over, and the girl's mother, seeing her daughter did not come back, went to the young merchant's friends and asked where she was, and they in turn asked the young merchant. And he said he had paid her and sent her packing as soon as he saw her.

Then the girl's mother insisted on having her daughter restored to her, and brought the young man before the king, who proceeded to examine into the matter. In answer to the king's questions, the young man admitted that the girl had been passed on to him, but said he had no knowledge of her whereabouts, and no means of producing her. Then said the king, "If he fails to produce the girl, execute him." So the young man was forthwith hauled off with his hands tied behind his back to be executed, and the whole city was in an uproar at the news. With hands laid on their breasts the people followed after him with lamentations, saying, "What means this, sir? You suffer unjustly."

Then thought the young man [434] "All this sorrow has befallen me because I was living a lay life. If I can only escape this danger, I will give up the world and join the Brotherhood of the great Gotama, the All-Enlightened One."

Now the girl herself heard the uproar and asked what it meant. Being told, she ran swiftly out, crying, "Stand aside, sirs! let me pass! let the king's men see me." As soon as she had thus shewn herself, she was handed over to her mother by the king's men, who set the young man free and went their way.

Surrounded by his friends, the son of Over-Treasurer went down to the river and bathed. Returning home, he breakfasted and let his parents know his resolve to give up the world. Then taking cloth for his ascetic's robe, and followed by a great crowd, he sought out the Master and with due salutation asked to be admitted to the Brotherhood. A novice first, and afterwards a full Brother, he meditated on the idea of Bondage till he gained Insight, and not long afterwards won Arahatship.

Now one day in the Hall of Truth the assembled Brethren talked of his virtues, recalling how in the hour of danger he had recognized the excellence of the Truth, and, wisely resolving to give up the world for its sake, had won that highest fruit which is Arahatship. And as they talked, the Master entered, and, on his asking, was told what was the subject of their converse. Whereon he declared to them that, like the son of Over-Treasurer, the wise of former times, by taking thought in the hour of peril, had escaped death. So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta by change of existence was born a quail. Now in those days there was a quail-catcher who used to catch numbers of these birds in the forest and take them home to fatten. When they were fat, he used to sell them to people and so make a living. And one day he caught the Bodhisatta and brought him home with a number of other quails. Thought the Bodhisatta to himself, "If I take the food and drink he gives me, I shall be sold; whilst if I don't eat it, I shall get so thin, that people will notice it and pass me over, with the result that I shall be safe. This, then, is what I must do." So he fasted and fasted till he got so thin that he was nothing but skin and bone, and not a soul would have him at any price. Having disposed [435] of every one of his birds except the Bodhisatta, the bird-catcher took the Bodhisatta out of the cage and laid him on the palm of his hand to see what ailed the bird. Watching when the man was off his guard, the Bodhisatta spread his wings and flew off to the forest. Seeing him return, the other quails asked what had become of him so long, and where he had been. Then he told them he had been caught by a fowler, and, being asked how he had escaped, replied, that it was by a device he had thought of, namely, not to take either the food or the drink which the fowler supplied. So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

The thoughtless man no profit reaps.—But see
Thought's fruit in me, from death and bondage free.

In this manner did the Bodhisatta speak of what he had done.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "I was the quail that escaped death in those days."

No. 119.

AKĀLARĀVI-JĀTAKA.

"*No parents trained.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who used to be noisy at wrong seasons. He is said to have come of a good Sāvatthi family and to have given up the world for the Truth, but to have neglected his duties and despised instruction. He never took count of the hours for duties, for ministry or for reciting the texts. Throughout the three watches of the night, as well as the hours of waking, he was never quiet;—so that the other Brethren could not get a wink of sleep. Accordingly, the Brethren in the Hall of Truth censured his conduct. Entering the Hall and learning on enquiry what they were talking about, the Master said, "Brethren, as now, so in past times, this Brother was noisy out of season, and for his unseasonable conduct was strangled." So saying he told this story of the past.

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[436] Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a northern brahmin family, and when he grew up, learned all knowledge and became a teacher of world-wide fame with five hundred young brahmins studying under him. Now these young brahmins had a cock who crowed betimes and roused them to their studies. And this cock died. So they looked all about for another, and one of their number, when picking up firewood in the cemetery-grove, saw a cock there which he brought home and kept in a coop. But, as this second cock had been bred in a cemetery, he had no knowledge of times and seasons, and used to crow casually,—at midnight as well as at daybreak. Roused by his crowing at midnight, the young brahmins fell to their studies; by dawn they were tired out and could not for sleepiness keep their attention on the subject; and when he fell a-crowing in broad day they did not get a chance of quiet for repeating their lesson. And as it was the cock's crowing both at midnight and by day which had brought their studies to a standstill, they took the bird and wrung his neck. Then they told their teacher that they had killed the cock that crowed in and out of season.

Said their teacher, for their edification, "It was his bad bringing up that brought this cock to his end." So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

> No parents trained, no teacher taught this bird:
> Both in and out of season was he heard.

Such was the Bodhisatta's teaching on the matter; and when he had lived his allotted time on earth, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth as follows,—"This Brother was the cock of those times, who did not know when not to crow; my disciples were the young brahmins; and I their teacher."

No. 120.

[437] BANDHANAMOKKHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Whilst folly's speech.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the brahmin-girl Ciñcā, whose history will be given in the Twelfth Book in the Mahāpaduma-jātaka[1]. On this occasion the Master said, "Brethren, this is not the first time Ciñcā has laid false accusations against me. She did the like in other times." So saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into the chaplain's family, and on his father's death succeeded to the chaplaincy.

Now the king promised to grant whatsoever boon his queen should ask of him, and she said,—"The boon I ask is an easy one; henceforth you must not look on any other woman with eyes of love." At first he refused, but, wearied by her unceasing importunity, was obliged to give way at last. And from that day forward he never cast a glance of love at any one of his sixteen thousand nautch-girls.

Now a disturbance arose on the borders of his kingdom, and after two or three engagements with the robbers, the troops there sent a letter to the king saying that they were unable to carry the matter through. Then the king was anxious to go in person and assembled a mighty host. And he said to his wife, "Dear one, I go to the frontier, where battles will rage ending in victory or defeat. The camp is no place for a woman, and you must stay behind here."

"I can't stop if you go, my lord," said she. But finding the king firm in his decision she made the following request instead,—"Every league,

[1] No. 472. Cf. note, page 143.

send a messenger to enquire how I fare." And the king promised to do so. Accordingly, when he marched out with his host, leaving the Bodhisatta in the city, the king sent back a messenger at the end of every league to let the queen know how he was, and to find out how she fared. Of each man as he came she asked what brought him back. And on receiving the answer that he was come to learn how she fared, the queen beckoned the messenger to her and sinned with him. Now the king journeyed two and thirty leagues and sent two and thirty messengers [438], and the queen sinned with them all. And when he had pacified the frontier, to the great joy of the inhabitants, he started on his homeward journey, despatching a second series of thirty-two messengers. And the queen misbehaved with each one of these, as before. Halting his victorious army near the city, the king sent a letter to the Bodhisatta to prepare the city for his entry. The preparations in the city were done, and the Bodhisatta was preparing the palace for the king's arrival, when he came to the queen's apartments. The sight of his great beauty so moved the queen that she called to him to satisfy her lust. But the Bodhisatta pleaded with her, urging the king's honour, and protesting that he shrank from all sin and would not do as she wished. "No thoughts of the king frightened sixty-four of the king's messengers," said she; "and will you for the king's sake fear to do my will?"

Said the Bodhisatta, "Had these messengers thought with me, they would not have acted thus. As for me that know the right, I will not commit this sin."

"Don't talk nonsense," said she. "If you refuse, I will have your head chopped off."

"So be it. Cut off my head in this or in a hundred thousand existences; yet will I not do your bidding."

"All right; I will see," said the queen menacingly. And retiring to her chamber, she scratched herself, put oil on her limbs, clad herself in dirty clothes and feigned to be ill. Then she sent for her slaves and bade them tell the king, when he should ask after her, that she was ill.

Meantime the Bodhisatta had gone to meet the king, who, after marching round the city in solemn procession, entered his palace. Not seeing the queen, he asked where she was, and was told that she was ill. Entering the royal bed-chamber, the king caressed the queen and asked what ailed her. She was silent; but when the king asked the third time, she looked at him and said, "Though my lord the king still lives, yet poor women like me have to own a master."

"What do you mean?"

"The chaplain whom you left to watch over the city came here on pretence of seeing after the palace; and because I would not yield to his will, [439] he beat me to his heart's content and went off."

Then the king fumed with rage, like the crackling of salt or sugar in the fire; and he rushed from the chamber. Calling his servants, he bade them bind the chaplain with his hands behind him, like one condemned to death, and cut off his head at the place of execution. So away they hurried and bound the Bodhisatta. And the drum was beaten to announce the execution.

Thought the Bodhisatta, "Doubtless that wicked queen has already poisoned the king's mind against me, and now must I save myself from this peril." So he said to his captors, "Bring me into the king's presence before you slay me." "Why so?" said they. "Because, as the king's servant, I have toiled greatly on the king's business, and know where great treasures are hidden which I have discovered. If I am not brought before the king, all this wealth will be lost. So lead me to him, and then do your duty."

Accordingly, they brought him before the king, who asked why reverence had not restrained him from such wickedness.

"Sire," answered the Bodhisatta, "I was born a brahmin, and have never taken the life so much as of an emmet or ant. I have never taken what was not my own, even to a blade of grass. Never have I looked with lustful eyes upon another man's wife. Not even in jest have I spoken falsely, and not a drop of strong drink have I ever drunk. Innocent am I, sire; but that wicked woman took me lustfully by the hand, and, being rebuffed, threatened me, nor did she retire to her chamber before she had told me her secret evil-doing. For there were sixty-four messengers who came with letters from you to the queen. Send for these men and ask each whether he did as the queen bade him or not." Then the king had the sixty-four men bound and sent for the queen. And she confessed to having had guilty converse with the men. Then the king ordered off all the sixty-four to be beheaded.

But at this point [440] the Bodhisatta cried out, "Nay, sire, the men are not to blame; for they were constrained by the queen. Wherefore pardon them. And as for the queen:—she is not to blame, for the passions of women are insatiate, and she does but act according to her inborn nature. Wherefore, pardon her also, O king."

Upon this entreaty the king was merciful, and so the Bodhisatta saved the lives of the queen and the sixty-four men, and he gave them each a place to dwell in. Then the Bodhisatta came to the king and said, "Sire, the baseless accusations of folly put the wise in unmerited bonds, but the words of the wise released the foolish. Thus folly wrongfully binds, and wisdom sets free from bonds." So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

Whilst folly's speech doth bind unrighteously,
At wisdom's word the justly bound go free.

When he had taught the king the Truth in these verses, he exclaimed, "All this trouble sprang from my living a lay life. I must change my mode of life, and crave your permission, sire, to give up the world." And with the king's permission he gave up the world and quitted his tearful relations and his great wealth to become a recluse. His dwelling was in the Himalayas, and there he won the Higher Knowledges and the Attainments and became destined to rebirth in the Brahma Realm.

His teaching ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Ciñcā was the wicked queen of those days, Ānanda the king, and I his chaplain."

No. 121.

[441] KUSANĀḶI-JĀTAKA.

"*Let great and small.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about Anātha-piṇḍika's true friend. For his acquaintances and friends and relations came to him and tried hard to stop his intimacy with a certain man, saying that neither in birth nor wealth was he Anātha-piṇḍika's equal. But the great merchant replied that friendship should not depend on equality or inequality of externals. And when he went off to his zemindary, he put this friend in charge of his wealth. Everything came to pass as in the Kālakaṇṇi-jātaka[1]. But, when in this case Anātha-piṇḍika related the danger his house had been in, the Master said, "Layman, a friend rightly so-called is never inferior. The standard is ability to befriend. A friend rightly so-called, though only equal or inferior to one's self, should be held a superior, for all such friends fail not to grapple with trouble which befalls one's self. It is your real friend that has now saved you your wealth. So in days gone by a like real friend saved a Sprite's mansion." Then at Anātha-piṇḍika's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a Sprite in the king's pleasaunce, and dwelt in a clump of kusa-grass. Now in the same grounds near the king's seat there grew a beautiful Wishing Tree (also called the Mukkhaka) with straight stem and spreading branches, which received great favour from the king. Here dwelt one who had been a mighty deva-king and had been reborn a Tree-sprite. And the Bodhisatta was on terms of intimate friendship with this Tree-sprite.

Now the king's dwelling had only one pillar to support the roof

[1] No. 83.

and that pillar grew shaky. Being told of this, the king sent for carpenters and ordered them to put in a sound pillar and make it secure. So the carpenters [442] looked about for a tree that would do and, not finding one elsewhere, went to the pleasaunce and saw the Mukkhaka. Then away they went back to the king. "Well," said he, "have you found a tree that will do?" "Yes, sire," said they; "but we don't like to fell it." "Why not?" said the king. Then they told him how they had in vain looked everywhere for a tree and did not dare to cut down the sacred tree. "Go and cut it down," said he, "and make the roof secure. I will look out for another tree."

So they went away. And they took a sacrifice to the pleasaunce and offered it to the tree, saying among themselves that they would come and cut it down next day. Hearing their words, the Tree-sprite knew that her home would be destroyed on the morrow, and burst into tears as she clasped her children to her breast, not knowing whither to fly with them. Her friends, the spirits of the forest, came and asked what the matter was. But not one of them could devise how to stay the carpenters' hand, and all embraced her with tears and lamentations. At this moment up came the Bodhisatta to call upon the Tree-sprite and was told the news. "Have no fear," said the Bodhisatta cheerfully. "I will see that the tree is not cut down. Only wait and see what I will do when the carpenters come to-morrow."

Next day when the men came, the Bodhisatta, assuming the shape of a chameleon, was at the tree before they were, and got in at the roots and worked his way up till he got out among the branches, making the tree look full of holes. Then the Bodhisatta rested among the boughs with his head rapidly moving to and fro. Up came the carpenters; and at sight of the chameleon their leader struck the tree with his hand, and exclaimed that the tree was rotten and that they didn't look carefully before making their offerings the day before. And off he went full of scorn for the great strong tree. In this way the Bodhisatta saved the Tree-sprite's home. And when all her friends [443] and acquaintances came to see her, she joyfully sang the praises of the Bodhisatta, as the saviour of her home, saying, "Sprites of the Trees, for all our mighty power we knew not what to do; while a humble Kusa-sprite had wit to save my home for me. Truly we should choose our friends without considering whether they are superiors, equals, or inferiors, making no distinction of rank. For each according to his strength can help a friend in the hour of need." And she repeated this stanza about friendship and its duties:—

Let great and small and equals, all,
Do each their best, if harm befal,
And help a friend in evil plight,
As I was helped by Kusa-sprite.

Thus did she teach the assembled devas, adding these words, "Wherefore, such as would escape from an evil plight must not merely consider whether a man is an equal or a superior, but must make friends of the wise whatsoever their station in life." And she lived her life and with the Kusa-sprite finally passed away to fare according to her deserts.

His lesson ended the Master identified the birth by saying, "Ānanda was then the Tree-sprite, and I the Kusa-sprite."

No. 122.

[444] DUMMEDHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Exalted station breeds a fool great woe.*"—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta. For the Brethren had met together in the Hall of Truth, and were talking of how the sight of the Buddha's perfections and all the distinctive signs of Buddhahood[1] maddened Devadatta; and how in his jealousy he could not bear to hear the praises of the Buddha's utter wisdom. Entering the Hall, the Master asked what was the subject of their converse. And when they told him, he said, "Brethren, as now, so in former times Devadatta was maddened by hearing my praises." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when King Magadha was ruling in Rājagaha in Magadha, the Bodhisatta was born an elephant. He was white all over and graced with all the beauty of form described above[2]. And because of his beauty the king made him his state elephant.

One festal day the king adorned the city like a city of the devas and, mounted on the elephant in all its trappings, made a solemn procession round the city attended by a great retinue. And all along the route the people were moved by the sight of that peerless elephant to exclaim, "Oh what a stately gait! what proportions! what beauty! what grace! such a white elephant is worthy of an universal monarch." All this praise of his

[1] See p. 2, and (e.g.) the Sela Sutta (No. 33 of the Sutta Nipāta and No. 92 of the Majjhima Nikāya).

[2] Apparently the reference is to p. 175.

elephant awoke the king's jealousy and he resolved to have it cast over a precipice and killed. So he summoned the mahout and asked whether he called that a trained elephant.

"Indeed he is well trained, sire," said the mahout. "No, he is very badly trained." "Sire, he is well trained." [445] "If he is so well trained, can you get him to climb to the summit of Mount Vepulla?" "Yes, sire." "Away with you, then," said the king. And he got down from the elephant, making the mahout mount instead, and went himself to the foot of the mountain, whilst the mahout rode on the elephant's back up to the top of Mount Vepulla. The king with his courtiers also climbed the mountain, and had the elephant halted at the brink of a precipice. "Now," said he to the man, "if he is so well trained as you say, make him stand on three legs."

And the mahout on the elephant's back just touched the animal with his goad by way of sign and called to him, "Hi! my beauty, stand on three legs." "Now make him stand on his two fore-legs," said the king. And the Great Being raised his hind-legs and stood on his fore-legs alone. "Now on the hind-legs," said the king, and the obedient elephant raised his fore-legs till he stood on his hind-legs alone. "Now on one leg," said the king, and the elephant stood on one leg.

Seeing that the elephant did not fall over the precipice, the king cried, "Now if you can, make him stand in the air."

Then thought the mahout to himself, "All India cannot shew the match of this elephant for excellence of training. Surely the king must want to make him tumble over the precipice and meet his death." So he whispered in the elephant's ear, "My son, the king wants you to fall over and get killed. He is not worthy of you. If you have power to journey through the air, rise up with me upon your back and fly through the air to Benares."

And the Great Being, endowed as he was with the marvellous powers which flow from Merit, straightway rose up into the air. Then said the mahout, "Sire, this elephant, possessed as he is with the marvellous powers which flow from Merit, is too good for such a worthless fool as you: none but a wise and good king is worthy to be his master. When those who are so worthless as you get an elephant like this, they don't know his value, and so they lose their elephant, and all the rest of their glory and splendour." So saying the mahout, seated on the elephant's neck, recited this stanza:—

> Exalted station breeds a fool great woe;
> He proves his own and others' mortal foe.

[446] "And now, goodbye," said he to the king as he ended this rebuke; and rising in the air, he passed to Benares and halted in mid-air

over the royal courtyard. And there was a great stir in the city and all cried out, "Look at the state-elephant that has come through the air for our king and is hovering over the royal courtyard." And with all haste the news was conveyed to the king too, who came out and said, "If your coming is for my behoof, alight on the earth." And the Bodhisatta descended from the air. Then the mahout got down and bowed before the king, and in answer to the king's enquiries told the whole story of their leaving Rājagaha. "It was very good of you," said the king, "to come here"; and in his joy he had the city decorated and the elephant installed in his state-stable. Then he divided his kingdom into three portions, and made over one to the Bodhisatta, one to the mahout, and one he kept himself. And his power grew from the day of the Bodhisatta's coming till all India owned his sovereign sway. As Emperor of India, he was charitable and did other good works till he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying "Devadatta was in those days the king of Magadha, Sāriputta the king of Benares, Ānanda the mahout, and I the elephant."

[*Note.* Cf. Milinda-pañho, 201.]

No. 123.

NAṄGALĪSA-JĀTAKA.

"*For universal application.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the Elder Lāḷudāyi who is said to have had a knack of always saying the wrong thing. He never knew the proper occasion for the several teachings. For instance, if it was a festival, he would croak out the gloomy text[1], "Without the walls they lurk, and where four cross-roads meet." If it was a funeral, he would burst out with "Joy filled the hearts of gods and men," or with "Oh may you see [447] a hundred, nay a thousand such glad days!"

Now one day the Brethren in the Hall of Truth commented on his singular infelicity of subject and his knack of always saying the wrong thing. As they sat talking, the Master entered, and, in answer to his question, was told the subject of their talk. "Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that Lāḷudāyi's folly has made him say the wrong thing. He has always been as inept as now." So saying he told this story of the past.

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[1] For this quotation see the Khuddaka Pātha edited by Childers (J. R. A. S. 1870, p. 319).

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a rich brahmin's family, and when he grew up, was versed in all knowledge and was a world-renowned professor with five hundred young brahmins to instruct.

At the time of our story there was among the young brahmins one who always had foolish notions in his head and always said the wrong thing; he was engaged with the rest in learning the scriptures as a pupil, but because of his folly could not master them. He was the devoted attendant of the Bodhisatta and ministered to him like a slave.

Now one day after supper the Bodhisatta laid himself on his bed and there was washed and perfumed by the young brahmin on hands, feet and back. And as the youth turned to go away, the Bodhisatta said to him, "Prop up the feet of my bed before you go." And the young brahmin propped up the feet of the bed on one side all right, but could not find anything to prop it up with on the other side. Accordingly he used his leg as a prop and passed the night so. When the Bodhisatta got up in the morning and saw the young brahmin, he asked why he was sitting there. "Master," said the young man, "I could not find one of the bed supports; so I've got my leg under to prop it up instead."

Moved at these words, the Bodhisatta thought, "What devotion! And to think it should come from the veriest dullard of all my pupils. Yet how can I impart learning to him?" And the thought came to him that the best way was to question the young brahmin on his return from gathering firewood and leaves, as to something he had seen or done that day; and then to ask what it was like. [448] "For," thought the master, "this will lead him on to making comparisons and giving reasons, and the continuous practice of comparing and reasoning on his part will enable me to impart learning to him."

Accordingly he sent for the young man and told him always on his return from picking up firewood and leaves to say what he had seen or eaten or drunk. And the young man promised he would. So one day having seen a snake when out with the other pupils picking up wood in the forest, he said, "Master, I saw a snake." "What did it look like?" "Oh, like the shaft of a plough." "That is a very good comparison. Snakes are like the shafts of ploughs," said the Bodhisatta, who began to have hopes that he might at last succeed with his pupil.

Another day the young brahmin saw an elephant in the forest and told his master. "And what is an elephant like?" "Oh, like the shaft of a plough." His master said nothing, for he thought that, as the elephant's trunk and tusks bore a certain resemblance to the shaft of a plough, perhaps his pupil's stupidity made him speak thus generally (though he was thinking of the trunk in particular), because of his inability to go into accurate detail.

A third day he was invited to eat sugar-cane, and duly told his master. "And what is a sugar-cane like?" "Oh, like the shaft of a plough." "That is scarcely a good comparison," thought his master, but said nothing. Another day, again, the pupils were invited to eat molasses with curds and milk, and this too was duly reported. "And what are curds and milk like?" "Oh, like the shaft of a plough." Then the master thought to himself, "This young man was perfectly right in saying a snake was like the shaft of a plough, and was more or less right, though not accurate, in saying an elephant and a sugar-cane had the same similitude. But milk and curds (which are always white in colour) take the shape of whatever vessel they are placed in; [449] and here he missed the comparison entirely. This dullard will never learn." So saying he uttered this stanza:—

For universal application he
Employs a term of limited import.
Plough-shaft and curds to him alike unknown,
—The fool asserts the two things are the same.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Lāḷudāyi was the dullard of those days, and I the professor of world-wide renown."

No. 124.

AMBA-JĀTAKA.

"*Toil on, my brother.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a good brahmin belonging to a noble Sāvatthi family who gave his heart to the Truth, and, joining the Brotherhood, became constant in all duties. Blameless in his attendance on teachers; scrupulous in the matter of foods and drinks; zealous in the performance of the duties of the chapter-house, bath-house, and so forth; perfectly punctual in the observance of the fourteen major and of the eighty minor disciplines; he used to sweep the monastery, the cells, the cloisters, and the path leading to their monastery, and gave water to thirsty folk. And because of his great goodness folk gave regularly five hundred meals a day to the Brethren; and great gain and honour accrued to the monastery, the many prospering for the virtues of one. And one day in the Hall of Truth the Brethren fell to talking of how that Brother's goodness had brought them gain and honour, and filled many lives with joy. Entering the Hall, [450] the Master asked, and

was told, what their talk was about. "This is not the first time, Brethren," said he, "that this Brother has been regular in the fulfilment of duties. In days gone by five hundred hermits going out to gather fruits were supported on the fruits that his goodness provided." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin in the North, and, growing up, gave up the world and dwelt at the head of five hundred hermits at the foot of the mountains. In those days there came a great drought upon the Himalaya country, and everywhere the water was dried up, and sore distress fell upon all beasts. Seeing the poor creatures suffering from thirst, one of the hermits cut down a tree which he hollowed into a trough; and this trough he filled with all the water he could find. In this way he gave the animals to drink. And they came in herds and drank and drank till the hermit had no time left to go and gather fruits for himself. Heedless of his own hunger, he worked away to quench the animals' thirst. Thought they to themselves, "So wrapt up is this hermit in ministering to our wants that he leaves himself no time to go in quest of fruits. He must be very hungry. Let us agree that everyone of us who comes here to drink must bring such fruits as he can to the hermit." This they agreed to do, every animal that came bringing mangoes or jambus or bread-fruits or the like, till their offerings would have filled two hundred and fifty waggons; and there was food for the whole five hundred hermits with abundance to spare. Seeing this, the Bodhisatta exclaimed, "Thus has one man's goodness been the means of supplying with food all these hermits. Truly, we should always be stedfast in right-doing." So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

Toil on, my brother; still in hope stand fast;
Nor let thy courage flag and tire;
Forget not him, who by his grievous fast[1]
Reaped fruits beyond his heart's desire.

[451] Such was the teaching of the Great Being to the band of hermits.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This Brother was the good hermit of those days, and I the hermits' master."

[1] Cf. Vol. iv. 269 (text), and *supra* page 133.

No. 125.

KAṬĀHAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*If he 'mid strangers.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a boastful Brother. The introductory story about him is like what has been already related[1].

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a rich Treasurer, and his wife bore him a son. And the selfsame day a female slave in his house gave birth to a boy, and the two children grew up together. And when the rich man's son was being taught to write, the young slave used to go with his young master's tablets and so learned at the same time to write himself. Next he learned two or three handicrafts, and grew up to be a fair-spoken and handsome young man; and his name was Kaṭāhaka. Being employed as private secretary, he thought to himself, "I shall not always be kept at this work. The slightest fault and I shall be beaten, imprisoned, branded, and fed on slave's fare. On the border there lives a merchant, a friend of my master's. Why should I not go to him with a letter purporting to come from my master, and, passing myself off as my master's son, marry the merchant's daughter and live happily ever afterwards?"

So he wrote a letter, [452] saying, "The bearer of this is my son. It is meet that our houses should be united in marriage, and I would have you give your daughter to this my son and keep the young couple near you for the present. As soon as I can conveniently do so, I will come to you." This letter he sealed with his master's private seal, and came to the border-merchant's with a well-filled purse, handsome dresses, and perfumes and the like. And with a bow he stood before the merchant. "Where do you come from?" said the merchant. "From Benares." "Who is your father?" "The Treasurer of Benares." "And what brings you here?" "This letter will tell you," said Kaṭāhaka, handing it to him. The merchant read the letter and exclaimed, "This gives me new life." And in his joy he gave his daughter to Kaṭāhaka and set up the young couple, who lived in great style. But Kaṭāhaka gave himself airs, and used to find fault with the victuals and the clothes that were brought him, calling them "provincial." "These misguided provincials," he would say, "have

[1] No. 80, probably.

no idea of dressing. And as for taste in scents and garlands, they've got none."

Missing his slave, the Bodhisatta said, "I don't see Kaṭāhaka. Where has he gone? Find him." And off went the Bodhisatta's people in quest of him, and searched far and wide till they found him. Then back they came, without Kaṭāhaka recognizing them, and told the Bodhisatta.

"This will never do," said the Bodhisatta on hearing the news. "I will go and bring him back." So he asked the King's permission, and departed with a great following. And the tidings spread everywhere that the Treasurer was on his way to the borders. Hearing the news Kaṭāhaka fell to thinking of his course of action. He knew that he was the sole reason of the Treasurer's coming, and he saw that to run away now was to destroy all chance of returning. So he decided to go to meet the Treasurer, and conciliate him by acting as a slave towards him as in the old days. Acting on this plan, he made a point of proclaiming in [453] public on all occasions his disapprobation of the lamentable decay of respect towards parents which shewed itself in children's sitting down to meals with their parents, instead of waiting upon them. "When my parents take their meals," said Kaṭāhaka, "I hand the plates and dishes, bring the spittoon, and fetch their fans for them. Such is my invariable practice." And he explained carefully a slave's duty to his master, such as bringing the water and ministering to him when he retired. And having already schooled folk in general, he had said to his father-in-law shortly before the arrival of the Bodhisatta, "I hear that my father is coming to see you. You had better make ready to entertain him, while I will go and meet him on the road with a present." "Do so, my dear boy," said his father-in-law.

So Kaṭāhaka took a magnificent present and went out with a large retinue to meet the Bodhisatta, to whom he handed the present with a low obeisance. The Bodhisatta took the present in a kindly way, and at breakfast time made his encampment and retired for the purposes of nature. Stopping his retinue, Kaṭāhaka took water and approached the Bodhisatta. Then the young man fell at the Bodhisatta's feet and cried, "Oh, sir, I will pay any sum you may require; but do not expose me."

"Fear no exposure at my hands," said the Bodhisatta, pleased at his dutiful conduct, and entered into the city, where he was fêted with great magnificence. And Kaṭāhaka still acted as his slave.

As the Treasurer sat at his ease, the border-merchant said, "My Lord, upon receipt of your letter I duly gave my daughter in marriage to your son." And the Treasurer made a suitable reply about 'his son' in so kindly a way that the merchant was delighted beyond measure. But from that time forth the Bodhisatta could not bear the sight of Kaṭāhaka.

One day the Great Being sent for the merchant's daughter and said, "My dear, please look my head over." She did so, and he thanked her for

her much-needed services, [454] adding, "And now tell me, my dear, whether my son is a reasonable man in weal and woe, and whether you manage to get on well with him."

"My husband has only one fault. He will find fault with his food."

"He has always had his faults, my dear; but I will tell you how to stop his tongue. I will tell you a text which you must learn carefully and repeat to your husband when he finds fault again with his food." And he taught her the lines and shortly afterwards set out for Benares. Kaṭāhaka accompanied him part of the way, and took his leave after offering most valuable presents to the Treasurer. Dating from the departure of the Bodhisatta, Kaṭāhaka waxed prouder and prouder. One day his wife ordered a nice dinner, and began to help him to it with a spoon, but at the first mouthful Kaṭāhaka began to grumble. Thereon the merchant's daughter remembering her lesson, repeated the following stanza:—

If he 'mid strangers far from home talks big[1],
Back comes his visitor to spoil it all.
—Come, eat your dinner then, Kaṭāhaka[2].

"Dear me," thought Kaṭāhaka, "the Treasurer must have informed her of my name, and have told her the whole story." And from that day forth he gave himself no more airs, but humbly ate what was set before him, and at his death passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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[455] His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This bumptious Brother was the Kaṭāhaka of those days, and I the Treasurer of Benares."

No. 126.

ASILAKKHAṆA-JĀTAKA.

"*Our diverse fates.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a brahmin retained by the King of Kosala because of his power of telling whether swords were lucky or not. We are told that when the king's smiths had forged a sword, this brahmin could by merely smelling it tell whether it was

[1] Cf. Upham Mahāv. 3. 301.

[2] The scholiast explains that the wife had no understanding of the meaning of the verse, but only repeated the words as she was taught them. That is to say, the *gāthā* was not in the vernacular, but in a learned tongue intelligible to the educated Kaṭāhaka, but not to the woman, who repeated it parrot-fashion.

a lucky one or not. And he made it a rule only to commend the work of those smiths who gave him presents, while he rejected the work of those who did not bribe him.

Now a certain smith made a sword and put into the sheath with it some finely-ground pepper, and brought it in this state to the King, who at once handed it over to the brahmin to test. The brahmin unsheathed the blade and sniffed at it. The pepper got up his nose and made him sneeze, and that so violently that he slit his nose on the edge of the sword[1].

This mishap of the brahmin came to the Brethren's ears, and one day they were talking about it in the Hall of Truth when the Master entered. On learning the subject of their talk, he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that this brahmin has slit his nose sniffing swords. The same fate befell him in former days." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, he had in his service a brahmin who professed to tell whether swords were lucky or not, and all came to pass as in the Introductory Story. And the king called in the surgeons and had him fitted with a false tip to his nose which was cunningly painted for all the world like a real nose; and then the brahmin resumed his duties again about the king. Now Brahmadatta had no son, only a daughter and a nephew, whom he had brought up under his own eye. And when these two grew up, they fell in love with one another. So the king sent for his councillors and said to them, "My nephew is heir to the throne. If I give him my daughter to wife, he shall be anointed king."

[456] But, on second thoughts, he decided that as in any case his nephew was like a son, he had better marry him to a foreign princess, and give his daughter to a prince of another royal house. For, he thought, this plan would give him more grandchildren and vest in his line the sceptres of two several kingdoms. And, after consulting with his councillors, he resolved to separate the two, and they were accordingly made to dwell apart from one another. Now they were sixteen years old and very much in love, and the young prince thought of nothing but how to carry off the princess from her father's palace. At last the plan struck him of sending for a wise woman, to whom he gave a pocketful of money.

"And what's this for?" said she.

Then he told her of his passion, and besought the wise woman to convey him to his dear princess.

And she promised him success, and said that she would tell the king that his daughter was under the influence of witchcraft, but that, as the demon had possessed her so long that he was off his guard, she would take

[1] Cf. Rogers' "Buddhaghosha's Parables," p. 1:9, where this Introductory Story is given.

the princess one day in a carriage to the cemetery with a strong escort under arms, and there in a magic circle lay the princess on a bed with a dead man under it, and with a hundred and eight douches of scented water wash the demon out of her. "And when on this pretext I bring the princess to the cemetery," continued the wise woman, "mind that you just reach the cemetery before us in your carriage with an armed escort, taking some ground pepper with you. Arrived at the cemetery, you will leave your carriage at the entrance, and despatch your men to the cemetery grove, while you will yourself go to the top of the mound and lie down as though dead. Then I will come and set up a bed over you on which I will lay the princess. Then will come the time when you must sniff at the pepper till you sneeze two or three times, and [457] when you sneeze we will leave the princess and take to our heels. Thereon you and the princess must bathe all over, and you must take her home with you." "Capital," said the prince; "a most excellent device."

So away went the wise woman to the king, and he fell in with her idea, as did the princess when it was explained to her. When the day came, the old woman told the princess their errand, and said to the guards on the road in order to frighten them, "Listen. Under the bed that I shall set up, there will be a dead man; and that dead man will sneeze. And mark well that, so soon as he has sneezed, he will come out from under the bed and seize on the first person he finds. So be prepared, all of you."

Now the prince had already got to the place and got under the bed as had been arranged.

Next the crone led off the princess and laid her upon the bed, whispering to her not to be afraid. At once the prince sniffed at the pepper and fell a-sneezing. And scarce had he begun to sneeze before the wise woman left the princess and with a loud scream was off, quicker than any of them. Not a man stood his ground;—one and all they threw away their arms and bolted for dear life. Hereon the prince came forth and bore off the princess to his home, as had been before arranged. And the old woman made her way to the king and told him what had happened.

"Well," thought the king, "I always intended her for him, and they've grown up together like ghee in rice-porridge." So he didn't fly into a passion, but in course of time made his nephew king of the land, with his daughter as queen-consort.

Now the new king kept on in his service the brahmin who professed to tell the temper of swords, and one day as he stood in the sun, the false tip to the brahmin's nose got loose and fell off. And there he stood, hanging his head for very shame. "Never mind, never mind," laughed the king. "Sneezing is good for some, but bad for others. One sneeze

lost you your nose [458]; whilst I have to thank a sneeze for both my throne and queen." So saying he uttered this stanza:—

Our diverse fates this moral show,
—What brings me weal, may work you woe.

So spake the king, and after a life spent in charity and other good works, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

In this wise did the Master teach the lesson that the world was wrong in thinking things were definitely and absolutely good or bad in all cases alike. Lastly, he identified the Birth by saying, "The same man that now professes to understand whether swords are lucky or not, professed the same skill in those days; and I was myself the prince who inherited his uncle's kingdom."

No. 127.

KALAṆḌUKA-JĀTAKA.

"*You vaunt.*"—This story was told by the Master once at Jetavana, about a boastful Brother. (The introductory story and the story of the past in this case are like those of Kaṭāhaka related above[1].)

Kalaṇḍuka was in this case the name of the slave of the Treasurer of Benares. And when he had run away and was living in luxury with the daughter of the border-merchant, the Treasurer missed him and could not discover his whereabouts. So he sent a young pet parrot to search for the runaway. And off flew the parrot in quest of Kalaṇḍuka, and searched for him far and wide, till at last the bird came to the town where he dwelt. And just at that very time Kalaṇḍuka was enjoying himself on the river with his wife in a boat well-stocked with dainty fare and with flowers and perfumes. Now the nobles of that land at their water-parties make a point of taking milk with a pungent drug to drink, and so escape suffering from cold after their pastime on the water. [459] But when our Kalaṇḍuka tasted this milk, he hawked and spat it out; and in so doing spat on the head of the merchant's daughter. At this moment up flew the parrot, and saw all this from the bough of a fig-tree on the bank. "Come, come,

[1] No. 125.

slave Kalaṇḍuka," cried the bird; "remember who and what you are, and don't spit on the head of this young gentlewoman. Know your place, fellow." So saying, he uttered the following stanza:—

You vaunt your high descent, your high degree,
With lying tongue. Though but a bird, I know
The truth. You'll soon be caught, you runaway.
Scorn not the milk then, slave Kalaṇḍuka.

Recognizing the parrot, Kalaṇḍuka grew afraid of being exposed, and exclaimed, "Ah! good master, when did you arrive?"

Thought the parrot, "It is not friendliness, but a wish to wring my neck, that prompts this kindly interest." So he replied that he did not stand in need of Kalaṇḍuka's services, and flew off to Benares, where he told the Lord Treasurer everything he had seen.

"The rascal!" cried the Treasurer, and ordered Kalaṇḍuka to be hauled back to Benares where he had once moré to put up with a slave's fare.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This Brother was Kalaṇḍuka in the story, and I the Treasurer of Benares."

[460] No. 128.

BIḶĀRA-JĀTAKA.

"*Where saintliness.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a hypocrite. When the Brother's hypocrisy was reported to him, the Master said, "This is not the first time he has shewn himself a hypocrite; he was just the same in times gone by." So saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a rat, perfect in wisdom, and as big as a young boar. He had his dwelling in the forest and many hundreds of other rats owned his sway.

Now there was a roving jackal who espied this troop of rats and fell to scheming how to beguile and eat them. And he took up his stand near their home with his face to the sun, snuffing up the wind, and standing on one leg. Seeing this when out on his road in quest of food, the Bodhisatta conceived the jackal to be a saintly being, and went up and asked his name.

"'Godly' is my name," said the jackal. "Why do you stand only on one leg?" "Because if I stood on all four at once, the earth could not bear my weight. That is why I stand on one leg only." "And why do you keep your mouth open?" "To take the air. I live on air; it is my only food." "And why do you face the sun?" "To worship him." "What uprightness!" thought the Bodhisatta, and thenceforward he made a point of going, attended by the other rats, to pay his respects morning and evening to the saintly jackal. And when the rats were leaving, the jackal seized and devoured the hindermost one of them, wiped his lips, and looked as though nothing had happened. In consequence of this the rats grew fewer and fewer, till they noticed the gaps in their ranks, and wondering why this was so, asked the Bodhisatta the reason. He could not make it out, but suspecting the jackal, [461] resolved to put him to the test. So next day he let the other rats go out first and himself brought up the rear. The jackal made a spring on the Bodhisatta who, seeing him coming, faced round and cried, "So this is your saintliness, you hypocrite and rascal!" And he repeated the following stanza:—

Where saintliness is but a cloak
Whereby to cozen guileless folk
And screen a villain's treachery,
—The cat-like nature there we see[1].

So saying, the king of the rats sprang at the jackal's throat and bit his windpipe asunder just under the jaw, so that he died. Back trooped the other rats and gobbled up the body of the jackal with a 'crunch, crunch, crunch';—that is to say, the foremost of them did, for they say there was none left for the last-comers. And ever after the rats lived happily in peace and quiet.

His lesson ended, the Master made the connection by saying, "This hypocritical Brother was the jackal of those days, and I the king of the rats."

[1] Though the foregoing prose relates to a jackal, the stanza speaks of a cat, as does the *Mahābhārata* in its version of this story.

No. 129.

AGGIKA-JĀTAKA.

"'*Twas greed.*"...This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about another hypocrite.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was King of the Rats and dwelt in the forest. Now a fire broke out in the forest, and a jackal who could not run away put his head against a tree [462] and let the flames sweep by him. The fire singed the hair off his body everywhere, and left him perfectly bald, except for a tuft like a scalp-knot[1] where the crown of his head was pressed against the tree. Drinking one day in a rocky pool, he caught sight of this top-knot reflected in the water. "At last I've got wherewithal to go to market," thought he. Coming in the course of his wanderings in the forest to the rats' cave, he said to himself, "I'll hoodwink those rats and devour them;" and with this intent he took up his stand hard by, just as in the foregoing story.

On his way out in quest of food, the Bodhisatta observed the jackal and, crediting the beast with virtue and goodness, came to him and asked what his name was.

"Bhāradvāja[2], Votary of the Fire-God."

"Why have you come here?"

"In order to guard you and yours."

"What will you do to guard us?"

"I know how to count on my fingers, and will count your numbers both morning and evening, so as to be sure that as many came home at night, as went out in the morning. That's how I'll guard you."

"Then stay, uncle, and watch over us."

And accordingly, as the rats were starting in the morning he set about counting them "One, two, three;" and so again when they came back at night. And every time he counted them, he seized and ate the hindmost. Everything came to pass as in the foregoing story, except that here the King of the Rats turned and said to the jackal, "It is not sanctity,

[1] The Buddhist 'Brother' shaves his crown, except for a tuft of hair on the top, which is the analogue of the tonsure of Roman Catholic priests.

[2] Bhāradvāja was the name of a clan of great Rishis, or religious teachers, to whom the sixth book of the Rigveda is ascribed.

Bhāradvāja, Votary of the Fire-God, but gluttony that has decked your crown with that top-knot." So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

'Twas greed, not virtue, furnished you this crest.
Our dwindling numbers fail to work out right;
We've had enough, Fire-votary, of you.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This Brother was the jackal of those days, and I the King of the Rats."

No. 130.

KOSIYA-JĀTAKA[1].

[463] "*You may ail or eat.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a woman of Sāvatthi. She is said to have been the wicked wife of a good and virtuous brahmin, who was a lay-brother. Her nights she spent in gadding about; whilst by day she did not a stroke of work, but made out to be ill and lay abed groaning.

"What is the matter with you, my dear?" said her husband.

"Wind troubles me."

"What can I get for you?"

"Sweets, savouries, rich food, rice-gruel, boiled-rice, oil, and so forth."

The obedient husband did as she wished, and toiled like a slave for her. She meantime kept her bed while her husband was about the house; but no sooner saw the door shut on him, than she was in the arms of her paramours.

"My poor wife doesn't seem to get any better of the wind," thought the brahmin at last, and betook himself with offerings of perfumes, flowers, and the like, to the Master at Jetavana. His obeisance done, he stood before the Blessed One, who asked him why he had been absent so long.

"Sir," said the brahmin, "I'm told my wife is troubled with the wind, and I toil away to keep her supplied with every conceivable dainty. And now she is stout and her complexion quite clear, but the wind is as troublesome as ever. It is through ministering to my wife that I have not had any time to come here, sir."

Said the Master, who knew the wife's wickedness, "Ah! brahmin, the wise and good of days gone by taught you how to physic a woman suffering like your wife from so stubborn an ailment. But re-birth has confused your memory so that you forget." So saying, he told the following story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin in a very distinguished family. After perfecting

[1] See also No. 226.

his education at Takkasilā, he became a teacher of world-wide fame in Benares. To him flocked as pupils the young nobles and brahmins from all the princely and wealthy families. Now a country brahmin, who had learned from the Bodhisatta the three Vedas, and the eighteen Sciences, and who stopped on in Benares to look after his estate, came two or three times every day to listen to the Bodhisatta's teachings. [464] And this brahmin had a wife who was a bad, wicked woman. And everything came to pass as above. When the brahmin explained how it was that he could not get away to listen to his master's teachings, the Bodhisatta, who knew that the brahmin's wife was only feigning sickness, thought to himself, "I will tell him what physic will cure the creature." So he said to the brahmin, "Get her no more dainties, my son, but collect the stalings of cows and therein souse five kinds of fruit and so forth, and let the lot pickle in a new copper pot till the whole savours of the metal. Then take a rope or cord or stick and go to your wife, and tell her plainly she must either swallow the safe cure you have brought her, or else work for her food. (And here you will repeat certain lines which I will tell you.) If she refuses the remedy, then threaten to let her have a taste of the rope or stick, and to drag her about for a time by the hair, while you pummel her with your fists. You will find that at the mere threat she will be up and about her work."

So off went the brahmin and brought his wife a mess prepared as the Bodhisatta had directed.

"Who prescribed this?" said she.

"The master," said her husband.

"Take it away, I won't have it."

"So you won't have it, eh?" said the young brahmin, taking up the rope-end; "well then, you've either got to swallow down that safe cure or else to work for honest fare." So saying he uttered this stanza:—

You may ail or eat; which shall it be?
For you can't do both, my Kosiyā.

[465] Terrified by this, the woman Kosiyā realised from the moment the master interfered how impossible it was to deceive him, and, getting up, went about her work. And the consciousness that the master knew her wickedness made her repent, and become as good as she had formerly been wicked.

(So ended the story, and the brahmin's wife, feeling that the All-enlightened Buddha knew what she was, stood in such awe of him that she sinned no more.)

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The husband and wife of today were the husband and wife of the story, and I was the master."

No. 131.

ASAMPADĀNA-JĀTAKA.

"*If a friend.*"—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta. For at that time the Brethren were discussing in the Hall of Truth the ingratitude of Devadatta and his inability to recognise the Master's goodness, when the Master himself entered and on enquiry was told the subject of their talk. "Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that Devadatta has been ungrateful; he was just as ungrateful in bygone days." So saying, he told this story of the past.

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[466] Once on a time, when a certain king of Magadha was reigning in Rājagaha, the Bodhisatta was his Treasurer, worth eighty crores, and known as the 'Millionaire.' In Benares there dwelt a Treasurer also worth eighty crores, who was named Piliya, and was a great friend of the Millionaire. For some reason or other Piliya of Benares got into difficulties, and lost all his property, and was reduced to beggary. In his need he left Benares, and with his wife journeyed on foot to Rājagaha, to see the Millionaire, the last hope left him. And the Millionaire embraced his friend and treated him as an honoured guest, asking, in due course, the reason of the visit. "I am a ruined man," answered Piliya, "I have lost everything, and have come to ask you to help me."

"With all my heart! Have no fear on that score," said the Millionaire. He had his strong-room opened, and gave to Piliya forty crores. Also he divided into two equal parts the whole of his property, live stock and all, and bestowed on Piliya the just half of his entire fortune. Taking his wealth, Piliya went back to Benares, and there dwelt.

Not long after a like calamity overtook the Millionaire, who, in his turn, lost every penny he had. Casting about whither to turn in the hour of need, he bethought him how he had befriended Piliya to the half of his possessions, and might go to him for assistance without fear of being thrown over. So he set out from Rājagaha with his wife, and came to Benares. At the entrance to the city he said to her, "Wife, it is not befitting for you to trudge along the streets with me. Wait here a little till I send a carriage with a servant to bring you into the city in proper state." So saying, he left her under shelter, and went on alone into the town, till he came to Piliya's house, where he bade himself be announced as the Millionaire from Rājagaha, come to see his friend.

"Well, show him in," said Piliya; but at sight of the other's condition he neither rose to meet him, nor greeted him with words of welcome, but only demanded what brought him here.

"To see you," was the reply.

[467] "Where are you stopping?"

"Nowhere, as yet. I left my wife under shelter and came straight to you."

"There's no room here for you. Take a dole of rice, find somewhere to cook and eat it, and then begone and never come to visit me again." So saying, the rich man despatched a servant with orders to give his unfortunate friend half-a-quartern of pollard to carry away tied up in the corner of his cloth;—and this, though that very day he had had a thousand waggon-loads of the best rice threshed out and stored up in his overflowing granaries. Yes, the rascal, who had coolly taken four hundred millions, now doled out half-a-quartern of pollard to his benefactor! Accordingly, the servant measured out the pollard in a basket, and brought it to the Bodhisatta, who argued within himself whether or no he should take it. And he thought, "This ingrate breaks off our friendship because I am a ruined man. Now, if I refuse his paltry gift, I shall be as bad as he. For the ignoble, who scorn a modest gift, outrage the first idea of friendship. Be it, therefore, mine to fulfil friendship so far as in me lies, by taking his gift of pollard." So he tied up the pollard in the corner of his cloth, and made his way back to where he had housed his wife.

"What have you got, dear?" said she.

"Our friend Piliya gives us this pollard, and washes his hands of us."

"Oh, why did you take it? Is this a fit return for the forty crores?"

"Don't cry, dear wife," said the Bodhisatta. "I took it simply because I wanted not to violate the principle of friendship. Why these tears?" So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

If a friend plays the niggard's part,
A simpleton is cut to th' heart;
[468] His dole of pollard I will take,
And not for this our friendship break.

But still the wife kept on crying.

Now, at that moment a farm-servant whom the Millionaire had given to Piliya was passing by and drew near on hearing the weeping of his former mistress. Recognising his master and mistress, he fell at their feet, and with tears and sobs asked the reason of their coming. And the Bodhisatta told him their story.

"Keep up your spirits," said the man, cheerily; and, taking them to his own dwelling, there made ready perfumed baths, and a meal for them. Then he let the other slaves know that their old master and mistress had come, and after a few days marched them in a body to the King's palace, where they made quite a commotion.

The King asked what the matter was, and they told him the whole

story. So he sent forthwith for the two, and asked the Millionaire whether the report was true that he had given four hundred millions to Piliya.

"Sir," said he, "when in his need my friend confided in me, and came to seek my aid, I gave him the half, not only of my money, but of my live stock and of everything that I possessed."

"Is this so?" said the king to Piliya.

"Yes, sire," said he.

"And when, in his turn, your benefactor confided in you and sought you out, did you show him honour and hospitality?"

Here Piliya was silent.

"Did you have a half-quartern of pollard doled out into the corner of his cloth?"

[469] Still Piliya was silent.

Then the king took counsel with his ministers as to what should be done, and finally, as a judgment on Piliya, ordered them to go to Piliya's house and give the whole of Piliya's wealth to the Millionaire.

"Nay, sire," said the Bodhisatta; "I need not what is another's. Let me be given nothing beyond what I formerly gave him."

Then the king ordered that the Bodhisatta should enjoy his own again; and the Bodhisatta, with a large retinue of servants, came back with his regained wealth to Rājagaha, where he put his affairs in order, and after a life spent in charity and other good works, passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the Treasurer Piliya of those days, and I myself the Millionaire."

No. 132.

PAÑCAGARU-JĀTAKA.

"*Wise counsels heeding.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the Sutta concerning the Temptation by the Daughters of Māra[1] at the Goat-herds' Banyan-tree. The Master quoted the Sutta, beginning with its opening words—

In all their dazzling beauty on they came,
—Craving and Hate and Lust. Like cotton-down
Before the wind, the Master made them fly.

[1] See pp. 78 and 79 of Volume I. of the text for the temptation. I have not been able to trace the Palobhana Sutta referred to.

After he had recited the Sutta right through to the end, the Brethren met together in the Hall of Truth and spoke of how the Daughters of Māra drew near in all their myriad charms yet failed to seduce the All-Enlightened One. For he did not as much as open his eyes to look upon them, so marvellous was he! Entering the hall, the Master asked, and was told, what they were discussing. "Brethren," said he, "it is no marvel that I did not so much as look upon the Daughters of Māra in this life when I have put sin from me and have won enlightenment. In former days when I was but in quest of Wisdom, when sin still dwelt within me, I found strength not to gaze even upon loveliness divine by way of lust in violation of virtue; and by that continence I won a kingdom." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was the youngest of a hundred brothers, and his adventures are to be detailed here, as above [470] in the Takkasilā-Jātaka[1]. When the kingdom had been offered to the Bodhisatta by the people, and when he had accepted it and been anointed king, the people decorated the town like a city of the gods and the royal palace like the palace of Indra. Entering the city the Bodhisatta passed into the spacious hall of the palace and there seated himself in all his godlike beauty on his jewelled throne beneath the white umbrella of his Kingship. Round him in glittering splendour stood his ministers and brahmins and nobles, whilst sixteen thousand nautch girls, fair as the nymphs of heaven, sang and danced and made music, till the palace was loud with sounds like the ocean when the storm bursts in thunder on its waters[2]. Gazing round on the pomp of his royal state, the Bodhisatta thought how, had he looked upon the charms of the ogresses, he would have perished miserably, nor ever have lived to see his present magnificence, which he owed to his following the counsels of the Pacceka Buddhas. And as these thoughts filled his heart, his emotion found vent in these verses:

Wise counsels heeding, firm in my resolve,
With dauntless heart still holding on my course,
I shunned the Sirens' dwellings and their snares,
And found a great salvation in my need.

[471] So ended the lesson which these verses taught. And the Great Being ruled his kingdom in righteousness, and abounded in charity and other good works till in the end he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "I was the prince of those days who went to Takkasilā and won a kingdom."

[1] Apparently the reference is to No. 96. For a like confusion of title see note, p. 112.

[2] Or is the meaning 'like the vault of heaven filled with thunder-clouds'? Cf. *arṇava* in the Ṛigveda.

No. 133.

GHATĀSANA-JĀTAKA.

"*Lo! in your stronghold.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain Brother who was given by the Master a subject for meditation, and, going to the borders, took up his abode in the forest near a hamlet. Here he hoped to pass the rainy season, but during the very first month his hut was burnt down whilst he was in the village seeking alms. Feeling the loss of its sheltering roof, he told his lay friends of his misfortune, and they readily undertook to build him another hut. But, in spite of their protestations, three months slipped away without its being rebuilt. Having no roof to shelter him, the Brother had no success in his meditation. Not even the dawn of the Light had been vouchsafed to him when at the close of the rainy season he went back to Jetavana and stood respectfully before the Master. In the course of talk the Master asked whether the Brother's meditation had been successful. Then that Brother related from the beginning the good and ill that had befallen him. Said the Master, "In days gone by, even brute beasts could discern between what was good and what bad for them and so quitted betimes, ere they proved dangerous, the habitations that had sheltered them in happier days. And if beasts were so discerning, how could you fall so far short of them in wisdom?" So saying, at that Brother's request, the Master told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a bird. When he came to years of discretion, good fortune attended him and he became king of the birds, taking up his abode with his subjects in a giant tree which stretched its leafy branches over the waters of a lake. And all these birds, [472] roosting in the boughs, dropped their dung into the waters below. Now that lake was the abode of Caṇḍa, the Nāga King, who was enraged by this fouling of his water and resolved to take vengeance on the birds and burn them out. So one night when they were all roosting along the branches, he set to work, and first he made the waters of the lake to boil, then he caused smoke to arise, and thirdly he made flames dart up as high as a palm-tree.

Seeing the flames shooting up from the water, the Bodhisatta cried to the birds, "Water is used to quench fire; but here is the water itself on fire. This is no place for us; let us seek a home elsewhere." So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

Lo! in your stronghold stands the foe,
  And fire doth water burn;
So from your tree make haste to go,
  Let trust to trembling turn.

And hereupon the Bodhisatta flew off with such of the birds as followed his advice; but the disobedient birds, who stopped behind, all perished.

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Four Truths (at the close whereof that Brother won Arahatship) and identified the Birth by saying, "The loyal and obedient birds of those days are now become my disciples, and I myself was then the king of the birds."

No. 134.

[473] JHĀNASODHANA-JĀTAKA.

"*With conscious.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the interpretation by Sāriputta, Captain of the Faith, at the gate of Saṁkassa town, of a problem tersely propounded by the Master. And the following was the story of the past he then told.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares,...&c.... the Bodhisatta, as he expired in his forest-home, exclaimed, "Neither conscious nor unconscious."......And the recluses did not believe the interpretation which the Bodhisatta's chief disciple gave of the Master's words. Back came the Bodhisatta from the Radiant Realm, and from mid-air recited this stanza:—

With conscious, with unconscious, too,
Dwells sorrow. Either ill eschew.
Pure bliss, from all corruption free,
Springs but from Insight's ecstasy.

His lesson ended, the Bodhisatta praised his disciple and went back to the Brahma Realm. Then the rest of the recluses believed the chief disciple.

His lesson taught, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "In those days Sāriputta was the chief disciple, and I Mahā-Brahmā."

No. 135.

[474] CANDĀBHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Who sagely meditates.*"—This story too was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the interpretation of a problem by the Elder Sāriputta at the gate of Saṁkassa.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta, as he expired in his forest-home, answered his disciples' enquiries with the words—"Moonlight and Sunlight." With these words he died and passed to the Radiant Realm.

Now when the chief disciple interpreted the Master's words his fellows did not believe him. Then back came the Bodhisatta and from mid-air recited this stanza:—

Who sagely meditates on sun and moon,
Shall win (when Reason unto Ecstasy
Gives place) his after-lot in Radiant Realms[1].

Such was the Bodhisatta's teaching, and, first praising his disciple, he went his way back to the Brahma Realm.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Sāriputta was the chief disciple of those days, and I Mahā-Brahmā."

No. 136.

SUVAṆṆAHAṀSA-JĀTAKA.

"*Contented be.*"—This story was told by the Master about a Sister named Fat Nandā.

A lay-brother at Sāvatthi had offered the Sisterhood a supply of garlic, and, sending for his bailiff, had given orders that, if they should come, each Sister was to receive two or three handfuls. After that they made a practice [475] of coming

[1] These technical lines imply that, by taking the Sun and Moon as his *kammaṭṭhāna*, or subject for meditation, a Buddhist, by attaining Jhāna (or Insight) in the second (i.e. supra-rational) degree, can save himself from re-birth in a lower sphere of existence than the Ābhassaraloka or Radiant Realm of the corporeal Brahma-world.

to his house or field for their garlic. Now one holiday the supply of garlic in the house ran out, and the Sister Fat Nandā, coming with others to the house, was told, when she said she wanted some garlic, that there was none left in the house, it had all been used up out of hand, and that she must go to the field for it. So away to the field she went and carried off an excessive amount of garlic. The bailiff grew angry and remarked what a greedy lot these Sisters were! This piqued the more moderate Sisters; and the Brethren too were piqued at the taunt when the Sisters repeated it to them, and they told the Blessed One. Rebuking the greed of Fat Nandā, the Master said, "Brethren, a greedy person is harsh and unkind even to the mother who bore him; a greedy person cannot convert the unconverted, or make the converted grow in grace, or cause alms to come in, or save them when come in; whereas the moderate person can do all these things." In such wise did the Master point the moral, ending by saying, "Brethren, as Fat Nandā is greedy now, so she was greedy in times gone by." And thereupon he told the following story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin, and growing up was married to a bride of his own rank, who bore him three daughters named Nandā, Nanda-vatī and Sundari-nandā. The Bodhisatta dying, they were taken in by neighbours and friends, whilst he was born again into the world as a golden mallard endowed with consciousness of its former existences. Growing up, the bird viewed its own magnificent size and golden plumage, and remembered that previously it had been a human being. Discovering that his wife and daughters were living on the charity of others, the mallard bethought him of his plumage like hammered and beaten gold and how by giving them a golden feather at a time he could enable his wife and daughters to live in comfort. So away he flew to where they dwelt and alighted on the top of the central beam of the roof. Seeing the Bodhisatta, [476] the wife and girls asked where he had come from; and he told them that he was their father who had died and been born a golden mallard, and that he had come to visit them and put an end to their miserable necessity of working for hire. "You shall have my feathers," said he, "one by one, and they will sell for enough to keep you all in ease and comfort." So saying, he gave them one of his feathers and departed. And from time to time he returned to give them another feather, and with the proceeds of their sale these brahmin-women grew prosperous and quite well-to-do. But one day the mother said to her daughters, "There's no trusting animals, my children. Who's to say your father might not go away one of these days and never come back again? Let us use our time and pluck him clean next time he comes, so as to make sure of all his feathers." Thinking this would pain him, the daughters refused. The mother in her greed called the golden mallard to her one day when he came, and then took him with both hands and plucked him. Now the Bodhisatta's feathers had this property that if

they were plucked out against his wish, they ceased to be golden and became like a crane's feathers. And now the poor bird, though he stretched his wings, could not fly, and the woman flung him into a barrel and gave him food there. As time went on his feathers grew again (though they were plain white ones now), and he flew away to his own abode and never came back again.

At the close of this story the Master said, "Thus you see, Brethren, how Fat Nandā was as greedy in times past as she is now. And her greed then lost her the gold in the same way as her greed now will lose her the garlic. Observe, moreover, how her greed has deprived the whole Sisterhood of their supply of garlic, and learn therefrom to be moderate in your desires and to be content with what is given you, however small that may be." So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

Contented be, nor itch for further store.
They seized the swan—but had its gold no more.

So saying, the Master soundly rebuked the erring Sister and laid down the precept that any Sister who should eat garlic would have to do penance. Then, [477] making the connexion, he said, "Fat Nandā was the brahmin's wife of the story, her three sisters were the brahmin's three daughters, and I myself the golden mallard."

[*Note.* The story occurs at pp. 258–9 of Vol. iv. of the Vinaya. Cf. *La poule aux œufs d'or* in La Fontaine (v. 13) &c.]

No. 137.

BABBU-JĀTAKA.

"*Give food to one cat.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the precept respecting Kāṇā's mother. She was a lay-sister at Sāvatthi known only as Kāṇā's mother, who had entered the Paths of Salvation and was of the Elect. Her daughter Kāṇā[1] was married to a husband of the same caste in another village, and some errand or other made her go to see her mother. A few days went by, and her husband sent a messenger to say he wished her to come back. The girl asked her mother whether she should go, and the mother said she could not go back empty-handed after so long an absence, and set about making a cake. Just then up came a Brother going his round for alms, and the mother sat him down to the cake she had just baked. Away he went

[1] The name Kāṇā means 'one-eyed'.

and told another Brother, who came up just in time to get the second cake that was baked for the daughter to take home with her. He told a third, and the third told a fourth, and so each fresh cake was taken by a fresh comer. The result of this was that the daughter did not start on her way home, and the husband sent a second and a third messenger after her. And the message he sent by the third was that if his wife did not come back, he should get another wife. And each message had exactly the same result. So the husband took another wife, and at the news his former wife fell a-weeping. Knowing all this, the Master put on his robes early in the morning and went with his alms-bowl to the house of Kāṇā's mother and sat down on the seat set for him. Then he asked why the daughter was crying, and, being told, spoke words of consolation to the mother, and arose and went back to the Monastery.

Now the Brethren came to know how Kāṇā had been stopped three times from going back to her husband owing to the action of the four Brothers; and one day they met in the Hall of Truth and began to talk about the matter. The Master came into the Hall [478] and asked what they were discussing, and they told him. "Brethren," said he, "think not this is the first time those four Brothers have brought sorrow on Kāṇā's mother by eating of her store; they did the like in days gone by too." So saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a stone-cutter, and growing up became expert in working stones. Now in the Kāsi country there dwelt a very rich merchant who had amassed forty crores in gold. And when his wife died, so strong was her love of money that she was re-born a mouse and dwelt over the treasure. And one by one the whole family died, including the merchant himself. Likewise the village became deserted and forlorn. At the time of our story the Bodhisatta was quarrying and shaping stones on the site of this deserted village; and the mouse used often to see him as she ran about to find food. At last she fell in love with him; and, bethinking her how the secret of all her vast wealth would die with her, she conceived the idea of enjoying it with him. So one day she came to the Bodhisatta with a coin in her mouth. Seeing this, he spoke tc her kindly, and said, "Mother, what has brought you here with this coin?" "It is for you to lay out for yourself, and to buy meat with for me as well, my son." Nowise loth, he took the money and spent a halfpenny of it on meat which he brought to the mouse, who departed and ate to her heart's content. And this went on, the mouse giving the Bodhisatta a coin every day, and he in return supplying her with meat. But it fell out one day that the mouse was caught by a cat.

"Don't kill me," said the mouse.

"Why nct?" said the cat. "I'm as hungry as can be, and really must kill you to allay the pangs."

"First, tell me whether you're always hungry, or only hungry today."

"Oh, every day finds me hungry again."

"Well then, if this be so, I will find you always in meat; [479] only let me go."

"Mind you do then," said the cat, and let the mouse go.

As a consequence of this the mouse had to divide the supplies of meat she got from the Bodhisatta into two portions and gave one half to the cat, keeping the other for herself.

Now, as luck would have it, the same mouse was caught another day by a second cat and had to purchase her release on the same terms. So now the daily food was divided into three portions. And when a third cat caught the mouse and a like arrangement had to be made, the supply was divided into four portions. And later a fourth cat caught her, and the food had to be divided among five, so that the mouse, reduced to such short commons, grew so thin as to be nothing but skin and bone. Remarking how emaciated his friend was getting, the Bodhisatta asked the reason. Then the mouse told him all that had befallen her.

"Why didn't you tell me all this before?" said the Bodhisatta. "Cheer up, I'll help you out of your troubles." So he took a block of the purest crystal and scooped out a cavity in it and made the mouse get inside. "Now stop there," said he, "and don't fail to fiercely threaten and revile all who come near."

So the mouse crept into the crystal cell and waited. Up came one of the cats and demanded his meat. "Away, vile grimalkin," said the mouse; "why should I supply you? go home and eat your kittens!" Infuriated at these words, and never suspecting the mouse to be inside the crystal, the cat sprang at the mouse to eat her up; and so furious was its spring that it broke the walls of its chest and its eyes started from its head. So that cat died and its carcase tumbled down out of sight. And the like fate in turn befell all four cats. And ever after the grateful mouse brought the Bodhisatta two or three coins instead of one as before, and by degrees she thus gave him the whole of the hoard. In unbroken friendship the two lived together, till their lives ended and they passed away to fare according to their deserts.

The story told, the Master, as Buddha, uttered this stanza:—[480]

Give food to one cat, Number Two appears:
A third and fourth succeed in fruitful line;
—Witness the four that by the crystal died.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "These four Brethren were the four cats of those days, Kāṇā's mother was the mouse, and I the stone-cutter."

[*Note.* See *Vinaya* IV. 79 for the Introductory Story.]

No. 138.

GODHA-JĀTAKA.

"*With matted hair.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a hypocrite. The incidents were like those above related[1].

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a lizard; and in a hut hard by a village on the borders there lived a rigid ascetic who had attained the Five Knowledges, and was treated with great respect by the villagers. In an ant-hill at the end of the walk where the recluse paced up and down, dwelt the Bodhisatta, and twice or thrice each day he would go to the recluse and hear words of edification and holiness. Then with due obeisance to the good man, the Bodhisatta would depart to his own abode. After a certain time the ascetic bade farewell to the villagers and went away. In his stead there came another ascetic, a rascally fellow, to dwell in the hermitage. Assuming the holiness of the new-comer, the Bodhisatta acted towards him as to the first ascetic. One day an unexpected storm in the dry season brought out the ants on their hills[2], and the lizards, coming abroad to eat them, were caught in great numbers [481] by the village folk; and some were served up with vinegar and sugar for the ascetic to eat. Pleased with so savoury a dish, he asked what it was, and learned that it was a dish of lizards. Hereon he reflected that he had a remarkably fine lizard as his neighbour, and resolved to dine off him. Accordingly he made ready the pot for cooking and sauce to serve the lizard in, and sat at the door of his hut with a mallet hidden under his yellow robe, awaiting the Bodhisatta's coming, with a studied air of perfect peace. At evening the Bodhisatta came, and as he drew near, marked that the hermit did not seem quite the same, but had a look about him that boded no good. Snuffing up the wind which was blowing towards him from the hermit's cell, the Bodhisatta smelt the smell of lizard's flesh, and at once realised how the taste of lizard had made the ascetic want to kill him with a mallet and eat him up. So he retired homeward without calling on the ascetic. Seeing that the Bodhisatta did not come, the ascetic judged that the lizard must have divined his plot, but marvelled how he could have discovered it. Determined that the lizard should not escape, he drew out the mallet and threw

[1] Apparently No. 128. Cf. No. 325.

[2] Cf. p. 303.

it, just hitting the tip of the lizard's tail. Quick as thought the Bodhisatta dashed into his fastness, and putting his head out by a different hole to that by which he had gone in, cried, "Rascally hypocrite, your garb of piety led me to trust you, but now I know your villainous nature. What has a thief like you to do with hermit's clothing?" Thus upbraiding the false ascetic, the Bodhisatta recited this stanza :—

With matted hair and garb of skin
Why ape th' ascetic's piety?
A saint without, thy heart within
Is choked with foul impurity[1].

[482] In this wise did the Bodhisatta expose the wicked ascetic, after which he retired into his ant-hill. And the wicked ascetic departed from that place.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The hypocrite was the wicked ascetic of those days, Sāriputta the good ascetic who lived in the hermitage before him, and I myself the lizard."

No. 139.

UBHATOBHAṬṬHA-JĀTAKA.

"*His blinding and her beating.*"—This story the Master told while at the Bamboo Grove, about Devadatta. We hear that the Brethren, meeting together in the Hall of Truth, spoke one with another, saying that even as a torch from a pyre, charred at both ends and bedunged in the middle, does not serve as wood either in forest-tree or village-hearth, so Devadatta by giving up the world to follow this saving faith had only achieved a twofold shortcoming and failure, seeing that he had missed the comforts of a lay life yet had fallen short of his vocation as a Brother.

Entering the Hall, the Master asked and was told what the Brethren were talking of together. "Yes, Brethren," said he, "and so too in days gone by Devadatta came to just such another two-fold failure." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a Tree-Sprite, and there was a certain village where

[1] Dhammapada v. 394.

line-fishermen dwelt in those days. And one of these fishermen taking his tackle went off with his little boy, and cast his hook into the most likely waters known to his fellow-fishermen. Now [483] a snag caught his hook and the fisherman could not pull it up. "What a fine fish!" thought he. "I'd better send my boy off home to my wife and tell her to get up a quarrel and keep the others at home, so that there'll be none to want to go shares in my prize." Accordingly he told the lad to run off home and tell his mother what a big fish he had hooked and how she was to engage the neighbours' attention. Then, fearing his line might break, he flung off his coat and dashed into the water to secure his prize. But as he groped about for the fish, he struck against the snag and put out both his eyes. Moreover a robber stole his clothes from the bank. In an agony of pain, with his hands pressed to his blinded eyes, he clambered out trembling in every limb and tried to find his clothes.

Meantime his wife, to occupy the neighbours by a quarrel on purpose, had tricked herself out with a palm-leaf behind one ear, and had blacked one eye with soot from the saucepan. In this guise, nursing a dog, she came out to call on her neighbours. "Bless me, you've gone mad," said one woman to her. "Not mad at all," retorted the fisherman's wife; "you abuse me without cause with your slanderous tongue. Come your ways with me to the zemindar and I'll have you fined eight pieces[1] for slander."

So with angry words they went off to the zemindar. But when the matter was gone into, it was the fisherman's wife who was fined; and she was tied up and beaten to make her pay the fine. Now when the Tree-Sprite saw how misfortune had befallen both the wife in the village and the husband in the forest, he stood in the fork of his tree and exclaimed, "Ah fisherman, both in the water and on land thy labour is in vain, and twofold is thy failure." So saying he uttered this stanza:—

His blinding, and her beating, clearly show
A twofold failure and a twofold woe[2].

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[484] His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the fisherman of those days, and I the Tree-Sprite."

[1] The Pāli word here, as in No. 137, is *kahāpaṇa*. But there it is shewn by the context to be a golden coin; whereas here the poverty of the fisher-folk supports the view that the coin was of copper, as commonly. The fact seems to be that the word *kahāpaṇa*, like some other names of Indian coins, primarily indicated a weight of any coined metal,—whether gold, silver or copper.

[2] Cf. *Dhammapada*, page 147.

No. 140.

KĀKA-JĀTAKA.

"*In ceaseless dread.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a sagacious counsellor. The incidents will be related in the twelfth book in connection with the Bhaddasāla-jātaka[1].

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a crow. One day the King's chaplain went out from the city to the river, bathed there, and having perfumed and garlanded himself, donned his bravest array and came back to the city. On the archway of the city gate there sat two crows; and one of them said to his mate, "I mean to foul this brahmin's head." "Oh, don't do any such thing," said the other; "for this brahmin is a great man, and it is an evil thing to incur the hatred of the great. If you anger him, he may destroy the whole of our kind." "I really must," said the first. "Very well, you're sure to be found out," said the other, and flew quickly away. Just when the brahmin was under the battlements, down dropped the filth upon him as if the crow were dropping a festoon. The enraged brahmin forthwith conceived hatred against all crows.

Now at this time it chanced that a female slave in charge of a granary spread the rice out in the sun at the granary door and was sitting there to watch it, when she fell asleep. Just then up came a shaggy goat and fell to eating the rice till the girl woke up and drove it away. Twice or three times the goat came back, as soon as she fell asleep, and ate the rice. [485] So when she had driven the creature away for the third time she bethought her that continued visits of the goat would consume half her store of rice and that steps must be taken to scare the animal away for good and so save her from so great a loss. So she took a lighted torch, and, sitting down, pretended to fall asleep as usual. And when the goat was eating, she suddenly sprang up and hit its shaggy back with her torch. At once the goat's shaggy hide was all ablaze, and to ease its pain, it dashed into a hay-shed near the elephant's stable and rolled in the hay. So the shed caught fire and the flames spread to the stables. As these stables caught fire, the elephants began to suffer, and many of them were badly burnt beyond the skill of the elephant-doctors to cure. When this

[1] No. 465.

was reported to the King, he asked his chaplain whether he knew what would cure the elephants. "Certainly I do, sire," said the chaplain, and being pressed to explain, said his nostrum was crows' fat. Then the King ordered crows to be killed and their fat taken. And forthwith there was a great slaughter of crows, but never was any fat found on them, and so they went on killing till dead crows lay in heaps everywhere. And a great fear was upon all crows.

Now in those days the Bodhisatta had his dwelling in a great cemetery, at the head of eighty thousand crows. One of these brought tidings to him of the fear that was upon the crows. And the Bodhisatta, feeling that there was none but him who could essay the task, resolved to free his kinsfolk from their great dread. Reviewing the Ten Perfections, and selecting therefrom Kindness as his guide, he flew without stopping right up to the King's palace, and entering in at the open window alighted underneath the King's throne. Straightway a servant tried to catch the bird, but the King entering the chamber forbade him.

Recovering himself in a moment, the Great Being, remembering Kindness, came forth from beneath the King's throne and spoke thus to the King;—"Sire, a king should remember the maxim that kings should not walk according to lust and other evil passions in ruling their kingdoms. Before taking action, it is meet first to examine and know the whole matter, and then only to do that which being done is salutary. If kings do that which being done is not salutary, they fill thousands with a great fear, even the fear of death. [486] And in prescribing crows' fat, your chaplain was prompted by revenge to lie; for crows have no fat."

By these words the King's heart was won, and he bade the Bodhisatta be set on a throne of gold and there anointed beneath the wings with the choicest oils and served in vessels of gold with the King's own meats and drink. Then when the Great Being was filled and at ease, the King said, "Sage, you say that crows have no fat. How comes it that they have none?"

"In this wise," answered the Bodhisatta with a voice that filled the whole palace, and he proclaimed the Truth in this stanza:—

In ceaseless dread, with all mankind for foes,
Their life is passed; and hence no fat have crows.

This explanation given, the Great Being taught the King, saying, "Sire, kings should never act without examining and knowing the whole matter." Well pleased, the King laid his kingdom at the Bodhisatta's feet, but the Bodhisatta restored it to the King, whom he established in the Five Precepts, beseeching him to shield all living creatures from harm. And the King was moved by these words to grant immunity to all living

creatures, and in particular he was unceasingly bountiful to crows. Every day he had six bushels of rice cooked for them and delicately flavoured, and this was given to the crows. But to the Great Being there was given food such as the King alone ate.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was King of Benares in those days, and I myself the king of the crows.'

No. 141.

GODHA-JĀTAKA.

[487] "*Bad company.*"—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about a traitorous Brother. The introductory incident is the same as that told in the Mahilā-mukha-jātaka[1].

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born an iguana. When he grew up he dwelt in a big burrow in the river bank with a following of many hundreds of other iguanas. Now the Bodhisatta had a son, a young iguana, who was great friends with a chameleon, whom he used to clip and embrace. This intimacy being reported to the iguana king, he sent for his young son and said that such friendship was misplaced, for chameleons were low creatures, and that if the intimacy was persisted in, calamity would befall the whole of the tribe of iguanas. And he enjoined his son to have no more to do with the chameleon. But the son continued in his intimacy. Again and again did the Bodhisatta speak with his son, but finding his words of no avail, and foreseeing danger to the iguanas from the chameleon, he had an outlet cut on one side of their burrow, so that there might be a means of escape in time of need.

Now as time went on, the young iguana grew to a great size, whilst the chameleon never grew any bigger. And as these mountainous embraces of the young giant grew painful indeed, the chameleon foresaw

[1] No. 26,

that they would be the death of him if they went on a few days longer, and he resolved to combine with a hunter to destroy the whole tribe of iguanas.

One day in the summer the ants came out after a thunder-storm[1], and [488] the iguanas darted hither and thither catching them and eating them. Now there came into the forest an iguana trapper with spade and dogs to dig out iguanas; and the chameleon thought what a haul he would put in the trapper's way. So he went up to the man, and, lying down before him, asked why he was about in the forest. "To catch iguanas," was the reply. "Well, I know where there's a burrow of hundreds of them," said the chameleon; "bring fire and brushwood and follow me." And he brought the trapper to where the iguanas dwelt. "Now," said the chameleon, "put your fuel in there and smoke the iguanas out. Meantime let your dogs be all round and take a big stick in your hand. Then as the iguanas dash out, strike them down and make a pile of the slain." So saying, the treacherous chameleon withdrew to a spot hard by, where he lay down, with his head up, saying to himself,—"This day I shall see the rout of my enemy."

The trapper set to work to smoke the iguanas out; and fear for their lives drove them helter-skelter from their burrow. As they came out, the trapper knocked them on the head, and if he missed them, they fell a prey to his dogs. And so there was great slaughter among the iguanas. Realising that this was the chameleon's doing, the Bodhisatta cried, "One should never make friends of the wicked, for such bring sorrow in their train. A single wicked chameleon has proved the bane of all these iguanas." So saying, he escaped by the outlet he had provided, uttering this stanza:—

Bad company can never end in good.
Through friendship with one sole chameleon
The tribe of iguanas met their end.

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[489] His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the chameleon of those days; this traitorous Brother was the disobedient young iguana, the son of the Bodhisatta; and I myself the king of the iguanas."

[1] *Makkhikā* may refer to the wings which the ants get in India at the beginning of the rainy season; cf. p. 297.

No. 142.

SIGĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"*Thy tightening grip.*"—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta's going about to kill him. For, hearing the Brethren talking together as to this in the Hall of Truth, the Master said that, as Devadatta acted now, so he acted in times gone by, yet failed—to his own grievous hurt—of his wicked purpose. And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a jackal, and dwelt in a charnel-grove with a great following of jackals of whom he was king. And at that time there was a festival held at Rājagaha, and a very wet festival it was, with everybody drinking hard. Now a parcel of rogues got hold of victual and drink in abundance, and putting on their best clothes sang and made merry over their fare. By midnight the meat was all gone, though the liquor still held out. Then on one asking for more meat and being told there was none left, said the fellow, "Victuals never lack while I am about. I'll off to the charnel-grove, kill a jackal prowling about to eat the corpses, and bring back some meat." So saying he snatched up a club and made his way out of the city by the sewer to the place, where he lay down, club in hand, feigning to be dead. Just then, followed by the other jackals, the Bodhisatta came up and marked the pretended corpse. Suspecting the fraud, he determined to sift the matter. So he went round to the lee side and knew by the scent that the man was not really dead. Resolving to make the man look foolish before leaving him, the Bodhisatta stole near and took hold of the club with his teeth and tugged at it. The rascal did not leave go: not perceiving the Bodhisatta's approach, he [490] took a tighter grip. Hereon the Bodhisatta stepped back a pace or two and said, "My good man, if you had been dead, you would not have tightened your grip on your club when I was tugging at it, and so have betrayed yourself." So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

Thy tightening grip upon thy club doth show
Thy rank imposture--thou'rt no corpse, I trow.

Finding that he was discovered, the rogue sprang to his feet and flung his club at the Bodhisatta, but missed his aim. "Be off, you brute," said

he, "I've missed you this time." Turning round, the Bodhisatta said, "True you have missed me, but be assured you will not miss the torments of the Great Hell and the sixteen Lesser Hells."

Empty-handed, the rogue left the cemetery and, after bathing in a ditch, went back into the city by the way he had come.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the rogue of those times, and I the king of the jackals."

No. 143.

VIROCANA-JĀTAKA.

"*Your mangled corpse.*"—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta's efforts to pose as a Buddha at Gayāsīsa[1]. For when his spiritual Insight left him and he lost the honour and profit which once were his, he in his perplexity asked the Master to concede the Five Points. This being refused, he made a schism in the Brotherhood and departed to Gayāsīsa with five hundred young Brethren, pupils of the Buddha's two chief disciples, but as yet unversed in the Law and the Rule. With this following he performed the acts of a separate Brotherhood gathered together within the same precincts. Knowing well the time when the knowledge of these young Brethren should ripen, the Master sent the two Elders to them. Seeing these, [491] Devadatta joyfully set to work expounding far into the night with (as he flattered himself) the masterly power of a Buddha. Then posing as a Buddha he said, "The assembly, reverend Sāriputta, is still alert and sleepless. Will you be so good as to think of some religious discourse to address to the Brethren? My back is aching with my labours, and I must rest it awhile." So saying he went away to lie down. Then those two chief disciples taught the Brethren, enlightening them as to the Fruitions and the Paths, till in the end they won them all over to go back to the Bamboo-grove.

Finding the Monastery emptied of the Brethren, Kokālika went to Devadatta and told him how the two disciples had broken up his following and left the Monastery empty; "and yet here you still lie asleep," said he. So saying he stripped off Devadatta's outer cloth and kicked him on the chest with as little compunction as if he were knocking a roof-peg into a mud-wall. The blood gushed out of Devadatta's mouth, and ever after he suffered from the effects of the blow[2].

[1] See pp. 34 and 35 *supra*.

[2] The *Vinaya* account (*Cullavagga* vii. 4) omits the kicking, simply stating that Kokālika "awoke" Devadatta, and that, at the news of the defection, "warm blood gushed out of Devadatta's mouth." In other accounts (Spence Hardy and Bigandet) it is stated that Devadatta died then and there.

Said the Master to Sāriputta, "What was Devadatta doing when you got there?" And Sāriputta answered that, though posing as a Buddha, evil had befallen him. Said the Master, "Even as now, Sāriputta, so in former times too has Devadatta imitated me to his own hurt." Then, at the Elder's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a maned lion and dwelt at Gold Den in the Himalayas. Bounding forth one day from his lair, he looked North and West, South and East, and roared aloud as he went in quest of prey. Slaying a large buffalo, he devoured the prime of the carcass, after which he went down to a pool, and having drunk his fill of crystal water turned to go towards his den. Now a hungry jackal, suddenly meeting the lion, and being unable to make his escape, threw himself at the lion's feet. Being asked what he wanted, the jackal replied, "Lord, let me be thy servant." "Very well," said the lion; "serve me and you shall feed on prime meat." So saying, he went with the jackal following to Gold Den. Thenceforth the lion's leavings fell to the jackal, and he grew fat.

Lying one day in his den, the lion told the jackal to scan the valleys from the mountain top, to see whether there were any elephants or horses or buffalos about, or any other animals [492] of which he, the jackal, was fond. If any such were in sight, the jackal was to report and say with due obeisance, "Shine forth in thy might, Lord." Then the lion promised to kill and eat, giving a part to the jackal. So the jackal used to climb the heights, and whenever he espied below beasts to his tasté, he would report it to the lion, and falling at his feet, say, "Shine forth in thy might, Lord." Hereon the lion would nimbly bound forth and slay the beast, even if it were a rutting elephant, and share the prime of the carcass with the jackal. Glutted with his meal, the jackal would then retire to his den and sleep.

Now as time went on, the jackal grew bigger and bigger till he grew haughty. "Have not I too four legs?" he asked himself. "Why am I a pensioner day by day on others' bounty? Henceforth *I* will kill elephants and other beasts, for my own eating. The lion, king of beasts, only kills them because of the formula, 'Shine forth in thy might, Lord.' I'll make the lion call out to me, 'Shine forth in thy might, jackal,' and then I'll kill an elephant for myself." Accordingly he went to the lion, and pointing out that he had long lived on what the lion had killed, told his desire to eat an elephant of his own killing, ending with a request to the lion to let him, the jackal, couch in the lion's corner in Gold Den whilst the lion was to climb the mountain to look out for an elephant. The quarry found, he asked that the lion should come to him in the den and say, 'Shine forth in

thy might, jackal.' He begged the lion not to grudge him this much. Said the lion, "Jackal, only lions can kill elephants, nor has the world ever seen a jackal able to cope with them. Give up this fancy, and continue to feed on what I kill." But say what the lion could, the jackal would not give way, and still pressed his request. So at last the lion gave way, and bidding the jackal couch in the den, climbed the peak and thence espied an elephant in rut. Returning to the mouth of the cave, he said, "Shine forth in thy might, jackal." Then from Gold Den the jackal [493] nimbly bounded forth, looked around him on all four sides, and, thrice raising its howl, sprang at the elephant, meaning to fasten on its head. But missing his aim, he alighted at the elephant's feet. The infuriated brute raised its right foot and crushed the jackal's head, trampling the bones into powder. Then pounding the carcass into a mass, and dunging upon it, the elephant dashed trumpeting into the forest. Seeing all this, the Bodhisatta observed, "Now shine forth in thy might, jackal," and uttered this stanza:—

Your mangled corpse, your brains mashed into clay,
Prove how you've shone forth in your might to-day.

Thus spake the Bodhisatta, and living to a good old age he passed away in the fulness of time to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the jackal of those days, and I the lion."

No. 144.

NAṄGUṬṬHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Vile Jātaveda.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, touching the false austerity of the Ājīvikas, or naked ascetics. Tradition tells us that behind Jetavana they used to practise false austerities[1]. A number of the Brethren seeing them there painfully squatting on their heels, swinging in the air like bats, reclining on thorns, scorching themselves with five fires, and so forth in

[1] See (*e.g.*) *Majjhima Nikāya*, pp. 77–8, for a catalogue of ascetic austerities, to which early Buddhism was strongly opposed.

their various false austerities,—were moved to ask the Blessed One whether any good resulted therefrom. "None whatsoever," answered the Master. "In days gone by, the wise and good went into the forest with their birth-fire, thinking to profit by such austerities; but, finding themselves no better for all their sacrifices to Fire and for all similar practices, straightway doused the birth-fire with water till it went out. By an act of Meditation the Knowledges and Attainments were gained and a title won to the Brahma Realm." So saying he told this story of the past.

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[494] Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin in the North country, and on the day of his birth his parents lit a birth-fire.

In his sixteenth year they addressed him thus, "Son, on the day of your birth we lit a birth-fire for you. Now therefore choose. If you wish to lead a family life, learn the Three Vedas; but if you wish to attain to the Brahma Realm, take your fire with you into the forest and there tend it, so as to win Mahā-Brahmā's favour and hereafter to enter into the Brahma Realm."

Telling his parents that a family life had no charms for him, he went into the forest and dwelt in a hermitage tending his fire. An ox was given him as a fee one day in a border-village, and when he had driven it home to his hermitage, the thought came to him to sacrifice a cow to the Lord of Fire. But finding that he had no salt, and feeling that the Lord of Fire could not eat his meat-offering without it, he resolved to go back and bring a supply from the village for the purpose. So he tied up the ox and set off again to the village.

While he was gone, a band of hunters came up and, seeing the ox, killed it and cooked themselves a dinner. And what they did not eat they carried off, leaving only the tail and hide and the shanks. Finding only these sorry remains on his return, the brahmin exclaimed, "As this Lord of Fire cannot so much as look after his own, how shall he look after me? It is a waste of time to serve him, bringing neither good nor profit." Having thus lost all desire to worship Fire, he said—"My Lord of Fire, if you cannot manage to protect yourself, how shall you protect me? The meat being gone, you must make shift to fare on this offal." So saying, he threw on the fire the tail and the rest of the robbers' leavings and uttered this stanza:—

Vile Jātaveda[1], here's the tail for you;
And think yourself in luck to get so much! [495]
The prime meat's gone; put up with tail to-day.

[1] See No. 35, p. 90.

So saying the Great Being put the fire out with water and departed to become a recluse. And he won the Knowledges and Attainments, and ensured his re-birth in the Brahma Realm.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "I was the ascetic who in those days quenched the fire."

No. 145.

RĀDHA-JĀTAKA.

"*How many more?*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about hankering after the wife of one's mundane life. The incidents of the introductory story will be told in the Indriya-jātaka[1].

The Master spoke thus to the Brother, "It is impossible to keep a guard over a woman; no guard can keep a woman in the right path. You yourself found in former days that all your safeguards were unavailing; and how can you now expect to have more success?"

And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a parrot. A certain brahmin in the Kāsi country was as a father to him and to his younger brother, treating them like his own children. Poṭṭhapāda was the Bodhisatta's name, and Rādha his brother's.

Now the brahmin had a bold bad wife. And as he was leaving home on business, he said to the two brothers, "If your mother, my wife, is minded to be naughty, stop her." "We will, papa," said the Bodhisatta, "if we can; [496] but if we can't, we will hold our peace."

Having thus entrusted his wife to the parrots' charge, the brahmin set out on his business. Every day thenceforth his wife misconducted herself; there was no end to the stream of her lovers in and out of the house. Moved by the sight, Rādha said to the Bodhisatta, "Brother, the parting injunction of our father was to stop any misconduct on his wife's part, and now she does nothing but misconduct herself. Let us stop her."

[1] No. 423.

"Brother," said the Bodhisatta, "your words are the words of folly. You might carry a woman about in your arms and yet she would not be safe. So do not essay the impossible." And so saying he uttered this stanza:—

> How many more shall midnight bring? Your plan
> Is idle. Naught but wifely love could curb
> Her lust; and wifely love is lacking quite.

And for the reasons thus given, the Bodhisatta did not allow his brother to speak to the brahmin's wife, who continued to gad about to her heart's content during her husband's absence. On his return, the brahmin asked Poṭṭhapāda about his wife's conduct, and the Bodhisatta faithfully related all that had taken place.

"Why, father," he said, "should you have anything more to do with so wicked a woman?" And he added these words,—"My father, now that I have reported my mother's wickedness, we can dwell here no longer." So saying, he bowed at the brahmin's feet and flew away with Rādha to the forest.

His lesson ended, the Master taught the Four Truths, at the close whereof the Brother who hankered after the wife of his mundane life was established in the fruition of the first Path.

"This husband and wife," said the Master, "were the brahmin and his wife of those days, Ānanda was Rādha, and I myself Poṭṭhapāda."

No. 146.

[497] KĀKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Our throats are tired.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a number of aged Brethren. Whilst they were still of the world, they were rich and wealthy squires of Sāvatthi, all friends of one another; and tradition tells us that while they were engaged in good works they heard the Master preach. At once they cried, "We are old; what to us are house and home? Let us join the Brotherhood, and following the Buddha's lovely doctrine make an end of sorrow."

So they shared all their belongings amongst their children and families, and, leaving their tearful kindred, they came to ask the Master to receive them into the Brotherhood. But when admitted, they did not live the life of Brethren;

and because of their age they failed to master the Truth[1]. As in their life as householders, so now too when they were Brethren they lived together, building themselves a cluster of neighbouring huts on the skirts of the Monastery. Even when they went in quest of alms, they generally made for their wives' and children's houses and ate there. In particular, all these old men were maintained by the bounty of the wife of one of their number, to whose house each brought what he had received and there ate it, with sauces and curries which she furnished. An illness having carried her off, the aged Brethren went their way back to the monastery, and falling on one another's necks walked about bewailing the death of their benefactress, the giver of sauces. The noise of their lamentation brought the Brethren to the spot to know what ailed them. And the aged men told how their kind benefactress was dead, and that they wept because they had lost her and should never see her like again. Shocked at such impropriety, the Brethren talked together in the Hall of Truth about the cause of the old men's sorrow, and they told the Master too, on his entering the Hall and asking what they were discussing. "Ah, Brethren," said he, "in times past, also, this same woman's death made them go about weeping and wailing; in those days she was a crow and was drowned in the sea, and these were toiling hard to empty all the water out of the sea in order to get her out, when the wise of those days saved them."

And so saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a sea-sprite. Now a crow with his mate came down in quest of food to the sea-shore [498] where, just before, certain persons had been offering to the Nāgas a sacrifice of milk, and rice, and fish, and meat and strong drink and the like. Up came the crow and with his mate ate freely of the elements of the sacrifice, and drank a great deal of the spirits. So they both got very drunk. Then they wanted to disport themselves in the sea, and were trying to swim on the surf, when a wave swept the hen-crow out to sea and a fish came and gobbled her up.

"Oh, my poor wife is dead," cried the crow, bursting into tears and lamentations. Then a crowd of crows were drawn by his wailing to the spot to learn what ailed him. And when he told them how his wife had been carried out to sea, they all began with one voice to lament. Suddenly the thought struck them that they were stronger than the sea and that all they had to do was to empty it out and rescue their comrade! So they set to work with their bills to empty the sea out by mouthfuls, betaking themselves to dry land to rest so soon as their throats were sore with the salt water. And so they toiled away till their mouths and jaws were dry and inflamed and their eyes bloodshot, and they were ready to drop for weariness. Then in despair they turned to one another and said that it was in vain they laboured to empty the sea,

[1] Buddhism combined reverence for age with mild contempt for aged novices who, after a mundane life, vouchsafed the selvage of their days and faculties to a creed only to be mastered by hard thinking and ardent zeal.

for no sooner had they got rid of the water in one place than more flowed in, and there was all their work to do over again; they would never succeed in baling the water out of the sea. And, so saying, they uttered this stanza:—

> Our throats are tired, our mouths are sore;
> The sea refilleth evermore.

Then all the crows fell to praising the beauty of her beak and eyes, her complexion, figure and sweet voice, saying that it was her excellencies that had provoked the sea to steal her from them. But [499] as they talked this nonsense, the sea-sprite made a bogey appear from the sea and so put them all to flight. In this wise they were saved.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The aged Brother's wife was the hen-crow of those days, and her husband the male crow; the other aged Brethren were the rest of the crows, and I the sea-sprite."

No. 147.

PUPPHARATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*I count it not as pain.*"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who was passion-tost. Being questioned by the Master, he admitted his frailty, explaining that he longed for the wife of his mundane life, "For, oh sir!" said he, "she is so sweet a woman that I cannot live without her."

"Brother," said the Master, "she is harmful to you. She it was that in former days was the means whereby you were impaled on a stake; and it was for bewailing her at your death that you were reborn in hell. Why then do you now long after her?" And so saying, he told the following story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a Spirit of the Air. Now in Benares there was held the night-festival of Kattikā; the city was decorated like a city of the gods, and the whole people kept holiday. And a poor man had only a couple of coarse cloths which he had washed and pressed till they were in a hundred, nay, a thousand creases. But his wife said, "My husband, I want

a safflower-coloured cloth to wear outside and one to wear underneath, as I go about at the festival hanging round your neck."

"How are poor people like us to get safflowers?" said he. "Put on your nice clean attire and come along."

"If I can't have them dyed with safflower, I don't want to go at all," said his wife. "Get some other woman to go to the festival with you."

"Now why torment me like this? How are we to get safflowers?"

"Where there's a will, there's a way," retorted the woman. "Are there no safflowers in the king's conservatories?" [500]

"Wife," said he, "the king's conservatories are like a pool haunted by an ogre. There's no getting in there, with such a strong guard on the watch. Give over this fancy, and be content with what you've got."

"But when it's night-time and dark," said she, "what's to stop a man's going where he pleases?"

As she persisted in her entreaties, his love for her at last made him give way and promise she should have her wish. At the hazard of his own life, he sallied out of the city by night and got into the conservatories by breaking down the fence. The noise he made in breaking the fence roused the guard, who turned out to catch the thief. They soon caught him and with blows and curses put him in fetters. In the morning he was brought before the king, who promptly ordered him to be impaled alive. Off he was hauled, with his hands tied behind his back, and led out of the city to execution to the sound of the execution-drum, and was impaled alive. Intense were his agonies; and, to add to them, the crows settled on his head and pecked out his eyes with their dagger-like beaks. Yet, heedless of his pain, and thinking only of his wife, the man murmured to himself, "Alas, I shall miss going to the festival with you arrayed in safflower-coloured cloths, with your arms twined round my neck." So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

I count it not as pain that, here impaled,
By crows I'm torn. My heartfelt pain is this,
That my dear wife will not keep holiday
Attired in raiment gay of ruddy dye.

And as he was babbling thus about his wife, he died and was reborn in hell.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This husband and wife were the husband and wife of those days also, and I was the Spirit of the Air who made their story known."

No. 148.

[501] SIGĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"*Once bitten, twice shy.*"—This story was told by the Master when at Jetavana, about subduing desires.

We are told that some five hundred rich friends, sons of merchants of Sāvatthi, were led by listening to the Master's teachings to give their hearts to the Truth, and that joining the Brotherhood they lived in Jetavana in the part that Anāthapiṇḍika paved with gold pieces laid side by side[1].

Now in the middle of a certain night thoughts of lust took hold of them, and, in their distress, they set themselves to lay hold once again of the lusts they had renounced. In that hour the Master raised aloft the lamp of his omniscience to discover what manner of passion had hold of the Brethren in Jetavana, and, reading their hearts, perceived that lust and desire had sprung up within them. Like as a mother watches over her only child, or as a one-eyed man is careful of the one eye left him, even so watchful is the Master over his disciples;—at morn or even, at whatsoever hour their passions war against them, he will not let his faithful be overpowered but in that self-same hour subdues the raging lusts that beset them. Wherefore the thought came to him, "This is like as when thieves break into the city of an emperor; I will unfold the Truth straightway to these Brethren, to the end that, subduing their lusts, I may raise them to Arahatship."

So he came forth from his perfumed chamber, and in sweet tones called by name for the venerable Elder, Ānanda, Treasurer of the Faith. And the Elder came and with due obeisance stood before the Master to know his pleasure. Then the Master bade him assemble together in his perfumed chamber all the Brethren who dwelt in that quarter of Jetavana. Tradition says that the Master's thought was that if he summoned only those five hundred Brethren, they would conclude that he was aware of their lustful mood, and would be debarred by their agitation from receiving the Truth; accordingly he summoned all the Brethren who dwelt there. And the Elder took a key and went from cell to cell summoning the Brethren till all were assembled in the perfumed chamber. Then he made ready the Buddha-seat. In stately dignity like Mount Sineru resting on the solid earth, the Master seated himself on the Buddha-seat, making a glory shine round him of paired garlands upon garlands of six-coloured light, which divided and divided into masses of the size of a platter, of the size of a canopy, and of the size of a tower, until, like shafts of lightning, the rays reached to the heavens above. It was even as when the sun rises, stirring the ocean to the depths.

With reverent obeisance and reverent hearts, the Brethren entered and took their seats around him, encompassing him as it were within an orange curtain. Then in tones as of Mahā-Brahmā the Master [502] said, "Brethren, a Brother should not harbour the three evil thoughts,—lust, hatred and cruelty. Never let it be imagined that wicked desires are a trivial matter. For such desires are like an enemy; and an enemy is no trivial matter, but, given opportunity, works only destruction. Even so a desire, though small at its first arising, has only to be allowed to grow, in order to work utter destruction. Desire is like poison in food, like the itch in the skin, like a viper, like the thunderbolt of Indra, ever to be shunned, ever to be feared. Whensoever desire arises, forthwith, without

[1] Or 'paved with crores.' See *Vinaya*, *Cullav.* vi. 4. 9, translated in *S. B. E.*, Volume xx., page 188. Cf. also *Jātaka* (text) I. 92.

finding a moment's harbourage in the heart, it should be expelled by thought and reflection,—like as a raindrop rolls at once off the leaf of the lotus. The wise of former times so hated even a slight desire that they crushed it out before it could grow larger." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was re-born into life as a jackal and dwelt in the forest by the river-side. Now an old elephant died by the banks of the Ganges, and the jackal, finding the carcass, congratulated himself on lighting upon such a store of meat. First he bit the trunk, but that was like biting a plough-handle. "There's no eating here," said the jackal and took a bite at a tusk. But that was like biting bones. Then he tried an ear, but that was like chewing the rim of a winnowing-basket. So he fell to on the stomach, but found it as tough as a grain-basket. The feet were no better, for they were like a mortar. Next he tried the tail, but that was like the pestle. "That won't do either," said the jackal; and having failed elsewhere to find a toothsome part, he tried the rear and found that like eating a soft cake. "At last," said he, "I've found the right place," and ate his way right into the belly, where he made a plenteous meal off the kidneys, heart and the rest, quenching his thirst with the blood. And when night came on, he lay down inside. As he lay there, the thought came into the jackal's mind, "This carcass is both meat and house to me, and wherefore should I leave it?" So there he stopped, and dwelt in the elephant's inwards, eating away. Time wore on till the summer sun and the summer winds dried and shrank the elephant's hide, [503] until the entrance by which the jackal had got in was closed and the interior was in utter darkness. Thus the jackal was, as it were, cut off from the world and confined in the interspace between the worlds. After the hide, the flesh dried up and the blood was exhausted. In a frenzy of despair, he rushed to and fro beating against his prison walls in the fruitless endeavour to escape. But as he bobbed up and down inside like a ball of rice in a boiling saucepan, soon a tempest broke and the downpour moistened the shell of the carcass and restored it to its former state, till light shone like a star through the way by which the jackal had got in. "Saved! saved!" cried the jackal, and, backing into the elephant's head made a rush head-first at the outlet. He managed to get through, it is true, but only by leaving all his hair on the way. And first he ran, then he halted, and then sat down and surveyed his hairless body, now smooth as a palm-stem. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "this misfortune has befallen me because of my greed and my greed alone. Henceforth I will not be greedy nor ever again get into

the carcass of an elephant." And his terror found expression in this stanza:—

> Once bitten, twice shy. Ah, great was my fear!
> Of elephants' inwards henceforth I'll steer clear.

And with these words the jackal made off, nor did he ever again so much as look either at that or at any other elephant's carcass. And thenceforth he was never greedy again.

His lesson ended, the Master said, "Brethren, never let desires take root in the heart but pluck them out wheresoever they spring up." [504] Having preached the Four Truths (at the close whereof those five hundred Brethren won Arahatship and the rest won varying lesser degrees of salvation), the Master identified the Birth as follows:—"I was myself the jackal of those days."

No. 149.

EKAPAṆṆA-JĀTAKA.

"*If poison lurk.*"—This story was told about the Licchavi Prince Wicked of Vesālī by the Master when he was living in the gabled house in the great forest near Vesālī. In those days Vesālī enjoyed marvellous prosperity. A triple wall encompassed the city, each wall a league distant from the next, and there were three gates with watch-towers. In that city there were always seven thousand seven hundred and seven kings to govern the kingdom, and a like number of viceroys, generals, and treasurers. Among the kings' sons was one known as Wicked Licchavi Prince, a fierce, passionate and cruel young man, always punishing, like an enraged viper. Such was his passionate nature that no one could say more than two or three words in his presence; and neither parents, kindred, nor friends could make him better. So at last his parents resolved to bring the ungovernable youth to the All-Wise Buddha, realising that none but he could possibly tame their son's fierce spirit. So they brought him to the Master, whom, with due obeisance, they besought to read the youth a lecture.

Then the Master addressed the prince and said:—"Prince, human beings should not be passionate or cruel or ferocious. The fierce man is one who is harsh and unkind alike to the mother that bore him, to his father and child, to his brothers and sisters, and to his wife, friends and kindred; inspiring terror like a viper darting forward to bite, like a robber springing on his victim in the forest, like an ogre advancing to devour,—the fierce man straightway will be re-born after this life in hell or other place of punishment; and even in this life,

however much adorned he is, he looks ugly. Be his face beautiful as the orb of the moon at the full, yet is it loathly as a lotus scorched by flames, as a disc of gold overworn with filth. It is such rage that drives men to slay themselves with the sword, to take poison, to hang themselves, and to throw themselves from precipices; and so it comes to pass that, meeting their death by reason of their own rage, they are re-born into torment. So too they who injure others, are hated even in this life and shall for their sins pass at the body's death to hell and punishment; and when once more they are born as men, [505] disease and sickness of eye and ear and of every kind ever beset them from their birth onward. Wherefore let all men shew kindness and be doers of good, and then assuredly hell and punishment have no fears for them."

Such was the power of this one lecture upon the prince that his pride was humbled forthwith; his arrogance and selfishness passed from him, and his heart was turned to kindness and love. Nevermore did he revile or strike, but became gentle as a snake with drawn fangs, as a crab with broken claws, as a bull with broken horns.

Marking this change of mood, the Brethren talked together in the Hall of Truth of how the Licchavi Prince Wicked, whom the ceaseless exhortations of his parents could not curb, had been subdued and humbled with a single exhortation by the All-Wise Buddha, and how this was like taming six rutting elephants at once. Well had it been said that, 'The elephant-tamer, Brethren, guides the elephant he is breaking in, making it to go to right or left, backward or forward, according to his will; in like manner the horse-tamer and the ox-tamer with horses and oxen; and so too the Blessed One, the All-wise Buddha, guides the man he would train aright, guides him whithersoever he wills along any of the eight directions, and makes his pupil discern shapes external to himself. Such is the Buddha and He alone,'—and so forth, down to the words,—'He that is hailed as chief of the trainers of men, supreme in bowing men to the yoke of Truth[1].' "For, sirs," said the Brethren, "there is no trainer of men like unto the Supreme Buddha."

And here the Master entered the Hall and questioned them as to what they were discussing. Then they told him, and he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that a single exhortation of mine has conquered the prince; the like happened before."

And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life again as a brahmin in the North country, and when he grew up he first learned the Three Vedas and all learning, at Takkasilā, and for some time lived a mundane life. But when his parents died he became a recluse, dwelling in the Himalayas, and attained the mystic Attainments and Knowledges. There he dwelt a long time, till need of salt and other necessaries of life brought him back to the paths of men, and he came to Benares, where he took up his quarters in the royal pleasaunce. Next day he dressed himself with care and pains, and in the best garb of an ascetic went in quest of alms to the city [506] and came to the king's gate. The king was sitting down and saw the Bodhisatta from the window and marked within himself how the hermit, wise in heart and soul, fixing his gaze immediately before him, moved on in lion-like majesty, as though at every

[1] The quotation has not been traced in published texts.

footstep he were depositing a purse of a thousand pieces. "If goodness dwell anywhere," thought the king, "it must be in this man's breast." So summoning a courtier, he bade him bring the hermit into the presence. And the courtier went up to the Bodhisatta and with due obeisance, took his alms-bowl from his hand. "How now, your excellency?" said the Bodhisatta. "The king sends for your reverence," replied the courtier. "My dwelling," said the Bodhisatta, "is in the Himalayas, and I have not the king's favour."

So the courtier went back and reported this to the king. Bethinking him that he had no confidential adviser at the time, the king bade the Bodhisatta be brought, and the Bodhisatta consented to come.

The king greeted him on his entrance with great courtesy and bade him be seated on a golden throne beneath a royal parasol. And the Bodhisatta was fed on dainty food which had been made ready for the king's own eating.

Then the king asked where the ascetic lived and learned that his home was in the Himalayas.

"And where are you going now?"

"In search, sire, of a habitation for the rainy season."

"Why not take up your abode in my pleasaunce?" suggested the king. Then, having gained the Bodhisatta's consent, and having eaten food himself, he went with his guest to the pleasaunce and there had a hermitage built with a cell for the day, and a cell for the night. This dwelling was provided with the eight requisites of an ascetic. Having thus installed the Bodhisatta, the king put him under the charge of the gardener and went back to the palace. So it came to pass that the Bodhisatta dwelt thenceforward in the king's pleasaunce, and twice or thrice every day the king came to visit him.

Now the king had a fierce and passionate son who was known as Prince Wicked, who was beyond the control of his father and kinsfolk. Councillors, brahmins and citizens all pointed out to the young man the error of his ways, but in vain. He paid no heed to their counsels. And the king felt that the only hope of reclaiming his son lay with the virtuous ascetic. So as a last chance [507] he took the prince and handed him over to the Bodhisatta to deal with. Then the Bodhisatta walked with the prince in the pleasaunce till they came to where a seedling Nimb tree was growing, on which as yet grew but two leaves, one on one side, one on the other.

"Taste a leaf of this little tree, prince," said the Bodhisatta, "and see what it is like."

The young man did so; but scarce had he put the leaf in his mouth, when he spat it out with an oath, and hawked and spat to get the taste out of his mouth.

"What is the matter, prince?" asked the Bodhisatta.

"Sir, to-day this tree only suggests a deadly poison; but, if left to grow, it will prove the death of many persons," said the prince, and forthwith plucked up and crushed in his hands the tiny growth, reciting these lines:—

If poison lurk in the baby tree,
What will the full growth prove to be?

Then said the Bodhisatta to him, "Prince, dreading what the poisonous seedling might grow to, you have torn it up and rent it asunder. Even as you acted to the tree, so the people of this kingdom, dreading what a prince so fierce and passionate may become when king, will not place you on the throne but uproot you like this Nimb tree and drive you forth to exile. Wherefore take warning by the tree and henceforth shew mercy and abound in loving-kindness."

From that hour the prince's mood was changed. He grew humble and meek, merciful and overflowing with kindness. Abiding by the Bodhisatta's counsel, [508] when at his father's death he came to be king, he abounded in charity and other good works, and in the end passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master said, "So, Brethren, this is not the first time that I have tamed Prince Wicked; I did the same in days gone by." Then he identified the Birth by saying, "The Licchavi Prince Wicked of to-day was the Prince Wicked of the story, Ānanda the king, and I the ascetic who exhorted the prince to goodness."

No. 150.

SAÑJĪVA-JĀTAKA.

"*Befriend a villain.*"—This story was told by the Master when at the Bamboo-grove, about King Ajātasattu's adherence to false teachers[1]. For he believed in that rancorous foe of the Buddhas, the base and wicked Devadatta, and in his infatuation, wishing to do honour to Devadatta, expended a vast sum in erecting a monastery at Gayāsīsa. And following Devadatta's wicked counsels, he slew

[1] See *Vinaya*, *Cullav.* vii. 3. 4– (translated in *S. B. E.* xx. pp. 242 &c.). In the *Sāmaññaphala Sutta*, the Dīgha Nikāya gives the incidents of this introductory story and makes the King confess to having killed his father (Vol. I. p. 85).

the good and virtuous old King his father, who had entered on the Paths, thereby destroying his own chance of winning like goodness and virtue, and bringing great woe upon himself.

Hearing that the earth had swallowed up Devadatta, he feared a like fate for himself. And such was the frenzy of his terror that he recked not of his kingdom's welfare, slept not upon his bed, but ranged abroad quaking in every limb, like a young elephant in an agony of pain. In fancy he saw the earth yawning for him, and the flames of hell darting forth; he could see himself fastened down on a bed of burning metal with iron lances being thrust into his body. Like a wounded cock, not for one instant was he at peace. The desire came on him to see the All-Wise Buddha, to be reconciled to him, and to ask guidance of him; but because of the magnitude of his transgressions he shrank from coming into the Buddha's presence. When the Kattikā festival came round, and by night Rājagaha was illuminated and adorned like a city of the gods, the King, as he sat on high upon a throne of gold, saw Jīvaka Komārabhacca sitting near. The idea flashed across his mind to go with Jīvaka to the Buddha, but he felt he could not say outright that he would not go alone but wanted Jīvaka to take him. No; the better course would be, after praising the beauty of the night, [509] to propose sitting at the feet of some sage or brahmin, and to ask the courtiers what teacher can give the heart peace. Of course, they would severally praise their own masters; but Jīvaka would be sure to extol the All-Enlightened Buddha; and to the Buddha the King with Jīvaka would go. So he burst into fivefold praises of the night, saying—"How fair, sirs, is this clear cloudless night! How beautiful! How charming! How delightful! How lovely[1]! What sage or brahmin shall we seek out, to see if haply he may give our hearts peace?"

Then one minister recommended Pūraṇa Kassapa, another Makkhali Gosāla, and others again Ajita Kesakambala, Kakudha Kaccāyana, Sañjaya Belaṭṭhiputta, or Nigaṇṭha Nāthaputta. All these names the King heard in silence, waiting for his chief minister, Jīvaka, to speak. But Jīvaka, suspecting that the King's real object was to make him speak, kept silence in order to make sure. At last the King said, "Well, my good Jīvaka, why have you nothing to say?" At the word Jīvaka arose from his seat, and with hands clasped in adoration towards the Blessed One, cried, "Sire, yonder in my mango-grove dwells the All-Enlightened Buddha with thirteen hundred and fifty Brethren. This is the high fame that has arisen concerning him." And here he proceeded to recite the nine titles of honour ascribed to him, beginning with 'Venerable[2].' When he had further shewn how from his birth onwards the Buddha's powers had surpassed all the earlier presages and expectations, Jīvaka said, "Unto him, the Blessed One, let the King repair, to hear the truth and to put questions."

His object thus attained, the King asked Jīvaka to have the elephants got ready and went in royal state to Jīvaka's mango-grove, where he found in the perfumed pavilion the Buddha amid the Brotherhood which was tranquil as the ocean in perfect repose. Look where he would, the King's eye saw only the endless ranks of the Brethren, exceeding in numbers any following he had ever seen. Pleased with the demeanour of the Brethren, the King bowed low and spoke words of praise. Then saluting the Buddha, he seated himself, and asked him the question, 'What is the fruit of the religious life?' And the Blessed One gave utterance to the Sāmaññaphala Sutta in two sections[3]. Glad at heart, the King made his peace with the Buddha at the close of the Sutta, and rising up departed with solemn obeisance. Soon after the King had gone,

[1] These exclamations are misprinted as verse in the Pāli text. It is curious that the order is somewhat transposed here, as compared with the opening words of the *Sāmaññaphala Sutta*.

[2] See p. 49 of Vol. I. of the Dīgha Nikāya for the list.

[3] In the Dīgha Nikāya there is no division of the Sutta into two bhāṇavāras or sections.

the Master addressed the Brethren and said, "Brethren, this King is uprooted; [510] had not this King slain in lust for dominion that righteous ruler his father, he would have won the Arahat's clear vision of the Truth, ere he rose from his seat. But for his sinful favouring of Devadatta he has missed the fruit of the first path[1]."

Next day the Brethren talked together of all this and said that Ajātasattu's crime of parricide, which was due to that wicked and sinful Devadatta whom he had favoured, had lost him salvation; and that Devadatta had been the King's ruin. At this point the Master entered the Hall of Truth and asked the subject of their converse. Being told, the Master said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Ajātasattu has suffered for favouring the sinful; like conduct in the past cost him his life." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into the family of a wealthy brahmin. Arriving at years of discretion, he went to study at Takkasilā, where he received a complete education. In Benares as a teacher he enjoyed world-wide fame and had five hundred young brahmins as pupils. Among these was one named Sañjīva, to whom the Bodhisatta taught the spell for raising the dead to life. But though the young man was taught this, he was not taught the counter charm. Proud of his new power, he went with his fellow-pupils to the forest wood-gathering, and there came on a dead tiger.

"Now see me bring the tiger to life again," said he.

"You can't," said they.

"You look and you will see me do it."

"Well, if you can, do so," said they and climbed up a tree forthwith.

Then Sañjīva repeated his charm and struck the dead tiger with a potsherd. Up started the tiger and quick as lightning sprang at Sañjīva and bit him on the throat, killing him outright. Dead fell the tiger then and there, and dead fell Sañjīva too at the same spot. So there the two lay dead side by side.

The young brahmins took their wood and went back to their master to whom they told the story. "My dear pupils," said he, "mark herein how by reason of showing favour to the sinful and paying honour where it was not due, he has brought all this calamity upon himself." And so saying he uttered this stanza:—

[511] Befriend a villain, aid him in his need,
And, like that tiger which Sañjīva[2] raised
To life, he straight devours you for your pains.

[1] Unlike the preceding sentence, this last sentence does not occur in the Dīgha Nikāya. The interpolation is interesting as suggesting the license with which words were put into the Master's mouth by Buddhist authors.

[2] The gloss suggests that *sañjīviko* (='of or belonging to Sañjīva') is an acrid pun on the meaning of *Sañjīvo*, which means 'alive,'—the tiger having been restored to life by Sañjīva, whom it bereft of life by way of reward.

Such was the Bodhisatta's lesson to the young brahmins, and after a life of almsgiving and other good deeds he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Ajātasattu was the young brahmin of those days who brought the dead tiger to life, and I the world-famed teacher."

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

INDEX OF PROPER NAMES.

THE JĀTAKA

OR

STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S FORMER BIRTHS

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TRANSLATED FROM THE PĀLI BY VARIOUS HANDS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF

PROFESSOR E. B. COWELL.

VOL. II.

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Published in Commemoration

of the

2,500*th Anniversary of the Buddha-sasana*

PREFACE.

In a book like this, where a translation is made for the first time from a language little known, mistakes there needs must be. For any such I ask the indulgence of scholars; and assure them that no trouble has been spared to get accuracy. A word or phrase dismissed in a footnote as obscure or inexplicable has often cost hours of research before it has been given up.

Although it has not been possible to reproduce the rhythm of the verses, yet I hope something of the same effect has been given by keeping in each story to one metre where the Pāli has but one, and changing where it changes; and a pretty consistent rule has been observed, of giving long lines for long and short for short, two short lines being held equivalent to one long. But in different stories the same metre has often been differently translated for convenience.

For parallels I have looked through all the Pāli books as far as they are printed; but I have not had time to read them carefully, and many must have escaped me. The notes must then not be considered as exhaustive. Other illustrations have been noted where I have come across them, and I hope that students of folk-tales may be interested in one unpublished variant which I have been able to give (page 110).

It remains to acknowledge my indebtedness to those friends who have helped me. The members of our "Guild" who are resident at Cambridge have been so kind as to revise the proofs; and to them I owe very many corrections and improvements. Mr R. Chalmers lent me a MS. translation of a few of the 'Stories of the Past,' for which I thank him. But my chief thanks are due to my Master, Professor Cowell; who, for many years past, has with unfailing patience and kindliness helped me in my Oriental studies. I feel that what I know of these things has been his gift to me almost entirely; and I hope he may consider this book not all unworthy of his teaching.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
July 30, 1895.

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ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

Page 10, *note*. The Garuḷa is often represented as a Winged Man in art. See Fergusson, *Tree and Serpent Worship*, pl. xxvi. 1, xxviii. 1, &c. Examples are numerous; e.g. British Museum, 2nd N. Gallery, 'Brahmanism,' side case, sect. 5 (little bronzes); a large steatite image, *ibid.*; Berlin, Mus. f. Völkerkunde, Indian Section, Case 45, I. c. 448, praying Garuḷa from Siam, with wings and bird feet. Often the Garuḷa is a bird of peculiar shape. One or two of each are figured in Grünwedel, *Buddhistische Kunst in Indien*, pp. 47—50.

" 53. With this story compare *Tibetan Tales*, p. 348.

" 60, *note*, *before* 'on the Sanchi Tope' *insert* 'possibly.' (The archer is not shooting at the mango tree; and other things are present not referred to in the story. I took this reference at second hand, before I was able to see the plate myself.)

" 80, *note*, 216, *note*, *read:* Tibetan.

" 92, *No.* 198, *insert title:* Rādha-jātaka.

" 129, *note* 1, *read:* Tunisische.

" 158, *title*, *read:* Asitābhu *for* -ū-.

" 207, *note*, *add:* Compare *Tibetan Tales*, p. 29, *Ādarśamukha*, and pref. p. xli.

" 220, *line* 6 *infra*, *for* Perfections *read* Faculties.

" 235, *title*, *read:* Kakkata- *for* -ā-.

BOOK II. DUKANIPĀTA.

No. 151[1].

RĀJOVĀDA-JĀTAKA.

[1] "*Rough to the rough,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told whilst he was living in Jetavana, to explain how a king was taught a lesson.

This will be set forth in the Tesakuṇa Birth[2].

It is said that one day the king of Kosala had just passed sentence in a very difficult case involving moral wrong[3]. After his meal, with hands not yet dry, he proceeded in his splendid chariot to visit the Master; and the king saluted him, his feet beautiful like the open lotus flower, and sat down aside.

Then the Master addressed him in these words. "Why, my lord king, what brings you here at this time of day?" "Sir," said he, "I missed my time because I was sitting on a difficult case, involving moral wrong; now I have finished it, and eaten, and here I am, with my hands hardly dry, to wait upon you." "My lord king," replied the Master, "to judge a cause with justice and impartiality is the right thing; that is the way to heaven. Now when you first have the advice of a being all-wise like me, it is no wonder if you should judge your case fairly and justly; but the wonder is when kings have only had the advice of scholars who are not all-wise, and yet have decided fairly and justly, avoiding the Four Ways of Wickedness, and observing the Ten Royal Virtues, and after ruling justly have gone to swell the hosts of heaven." Then, at the king's request, he told a story of the olden time.

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[2] Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived by his Queen Consort; and the ceremonies proper to her state having been duly done[4], she was afterwards safely

[1] Fausbøll, *Ten J.*, pp. 1 and 57; Rhys Davids, *Buddhist Birth Stories*, p. xxii. A similar contest of two minstrels occurs in the *Kalevala* (Crawford's translation, i. p. 30). The young drives fiercely into the old, who says—'Thou shouldst give me all the highway, for I am the older.' 'What matters that?' says the other; 'let the least wise give place.' There they stand and each sings his legends by way of deciding the matter.

[2] No. 521.

[3] Reading, with Childers (*Dict.* p. 613), *agatigataṁ*.

[4] Lit. "protection to the embryo;" doubtless some magical rite.

delivered. On his name-day, the name they gave him was Prince Brahmadatta.

In course of time, he grew up, and at sixteen years went to Takkasilā[1] for his education; where he mastered all branches of learning, and on his father's death he became king in his stead, and ruled with uprightness and all rectitude, administering justice with no regard had to his own will or whim. And as he ruled thus justly, his ministers on their part were also just; thus, while all things were justly done, there was none who brought a false suit into court. Presently all the bustle of suitors ceased within the precincts of the palace; all day long the ministers might sit on the bench, and go away without seeing a single suitor. The courts were deserted.

Then the Bodhisatta thought to himself, "Because of my just government not one suitor comes to try issue in court; the old hubbub is quiet; the courts of law are deserted. Now I must search whether I have any fault in me; which if I find, I will eschew it, and live a good life hereafter." From that time he tried continually to find some one who would tell him of a fault; but of all who were about him at court he could not find one such; nothing could he hear but good of himself. "Perhaps," thought he, "they are all so much afraid of me that they say no ill of me but only good," and so he went about to try those who were outside his walls. But with these it was just the same. Then he made inquisition of the citizens at large, and outside the city questioned those who belonged to the suburbs at the four city gates. Still there was none who had any fault to find; nothing but praises could he hear. Lastly, with intent to try the country side, he entrusted all government to his ministers, and mounted in his carriage, and taking only the driver with him, left the city in disguise. All the country he traversed, even to the frontier; [3] but not a faultfinder could he light upon; all he could hear was only his own praises. So back he turned from the marches, and set his face homewards again by the highroad.

Now it fortuned that at this very time Mallika, the king of Kosala, had done the very same thing. He too was a just king, and he had been searching for his faults; but amongst those about him there was none who had any fault to find; and hearing nothing but praise, he had been making enquiry throughout all the country, and had but then arrived at that same spot.

These two met, in a place where the carriage-road was deeply sunk between two banks, and there was no room for one carriage to pass another.

[1] The great University town of India; it was in the Punjab (Τάξιλα).

"Get your carriage out of the way!" said king Mallika's driver to the driver of the king of Benares.

"No, no, driver," said he, "out of the way with yours! Know that in this carriage sits the great monarch Brahmadatta, lord of the kingdom of Benares!"

"Not so, driver!" replied the other, "in this carriage sits the great king Mallika, lord of the realm of Kosala! It is for you to make way, and to give place to the carriage of our king!"

"Why, here's a king too," thought the driver of the king of Benares. "What in the world is to be done?" Then a thought struck him; he would enquire what should be the age of the two kings, so that the younger should give way to the elder. And he made enquiry of the other driver how old his king was; but he learnt that both were of the same age. Thereupon he asked the extent of this king's power, wealth, and glory, and all points touching his caste and clan and his family; discovering that both of them had a country three hundred leagues long, and that they were alike in power, wealth, glory, and the nature of their family and lineage. Then he bethought him that place might be given to the better man; so he requested that the other driver should describe his master's virtues. The man replied by the first verse of poetry following, in which he set forth his monarch's faults as though they were so many virtues:—

"Rough to the rough, king Mallika the mild with mildness sways,
Masters the good by goodness, and the bad with badness pays.
Give place, give place, O driver! such are this monarch's ways!"

[4] "Oh," said the man of the king of Benares, "is that all you have to say about your king's virtues?" "Yes," said the other.—"If these are his virtues, what must his vices be!" "Vices be it, then," quoth he, "if you will; but let us hear what your king's virtues may be like!" "Listen then," rejoined the first, and repeated the second verse:—

"He conquers wrath by mildness, the bad with goodness sways,
By gifts the miser vanquishes and lies with truth repays.
Give place, give place, O driver! such are this monarch's ways[1]!"

At these words both king Mallika and his driver descended from their carriage, and loosed the horses, and moved it out of the way, to give place to the king of Benares. Then the king of Benares gave good admonition to king Mallika, saying, "Thus and thus [5] must you do;" after which he returned to Benares, and there gave alms and did good all his life, till at the last he went to swell the hosts of heaven. And king Mallika took the lesson to heart; and after traversing the length and breadth of the

[1] *Dhammapada*, verse 223.

land, and lighting upon none who had any fault to find, returned to his own city; where he gave alms all his life and did good, till at the end he too went to swell the hosts of heaven.

When the Master had ended this discourse, which he began for the purpose of giving a lesson to the king of Kosala, he identified the Birth: "Moggallāna was then the driver of king Mallika, Ānanda was the king, Sāriputta was the driver of the king of Benares, but I myself was the king."

No. 152.

SIGĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"*Who rashly undertakes,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while staying in his gabled chamber, about a barber who lived at Vesāli.

This man, as we are told, used to do shaving and hairdressing and cross-plaiting for the royal household, kings and queens, princes and princesses, indeed he did all of that kind that had to be done. He was a true believer, sheltered in the Three Refuges[1], resolved to keep the Five Precepts; and from time to time he would listen to the Master's discoursing.

One day he set out to do his work in the palace, taking his son with him. The young fellow, seeing a Licchavi girl drest up fine and grand, like a nymph, fell in love for desire of her. He said to his father, as they left the palace in company, "There is a girl—if I get her, I shall live; but if I don't, there's nothing but death for me." He would not touch a morsel of food, but lay down hugging the bedstead. His father found him and said, "Why, son, don't set your mind on forbidden fruit. You are a nobody—a barber's son; this Licchavi girl is a highborn lady. You're no match for her. I'll find you somebody else; a girl of your own place and station." But the lad would not listen to him. Then came mother, brother, and sister, aunt and uncle, all his kinsfolk, and all his friends and companions, trying to pacify him; but pacify him they could not. So he pined and pined away, and lay there until he died.

Then the father performed his obsequies, and did what is usual to do for the spirits of the dead. [6] By and by, when the first edge of grief had worn off, he thought he would wait upon the Master. Taking a large present of flowers, scents, and perfumes, he repaired to Mahāvana, and did reverence to the Master, saluted him, and sat down on one side. "Why have you kept out of sight all this time, layman?" the Master asked. Then the man told him what had happened. Said the Master, "Ah, layman, 'tis not the first time he has perished by setting his heart on what he must not have; this is only what he has done before." Then at the layman's request, he told a story of the olden time.

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[1] Buddha, the Law, and the Order of Brethren.

Once upon a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into the world as a young Lion in the region of Himalaya. Of the same family there were some younger brothers, and one sister; and all of them lived in a Golden Cave.

Now hard by this cave was a Cave of Crystal on a silver hill, where a Jackal lived. By and by the Lions lost their parents by the stroke of death. Then they used to leave the Lioness, their sister, behind in the cave, while they ranged for food; which when they obtained, they would bring it back for her to eat.

Now the Jackal had caught sight of this Lioness, and fell in love with her; but while the old Lion and Lioness lived, he could win no access. Now, when the seven brothers went to seek food, out he came from his Crystal Cave, and made all haste to the Golden Cave; where, taking his stand before the young Lioness, he addressed her slily with these seductive and tempting words:

"O Lioness, I am a fourfoot creature, and so are you. Therefore do you be my mate, and I will be your husband! We will live together in friendship and amity, and you shall love me always!"

Now on hearing this the Lioness thought to herself, "This Jackal here is mean amongst beasts, vile, and like a man of low caste: but I am esteemed to be one of royal issue. That he to me should so speak is unseemly and evil. How can I live after hearing such things said? I will hold my breath until I shall die."—Then, bethinking her awhile, "Nay," quoth she, "to die so would not be comely. My brothers will soon be home again; I will [7] tell them of it, and then I will put an end to myself."

The Jackal, finding that no answer came, felt sure she cared nothing for him; so back he went to his Crystal Cave, and lay down in much misery.

Now one of the young Lions, having killed a buffalo, or an elephant, or what not, himself ate some of it, and brought back a share for his sister, which he gave her, inviting her to eat. "No, brother," says she, "not a bite will I eat; for I must die!" "Why must that be?" he asked. And she told him what had happened. "Where is this Jackal now?" he asked. She saw him lying in the Crystal Cave, and thinking he was up in the sky[1], she said, "Why, brother, cannot you see him there on Silver Mountain, lying up in the sky?" The young Lion, unaware that the Jackal lay in a Crystal Cave, and deeming that he was truly in the sky, made a spring, as lions do, to kill him, and struck against the crystal: which burst his heart asunder, and falling to the foot of the mountain, he perished straightway.

[1] *i.e.* because of the transparency.

Then came in another, to whom the Lioness told the same tale. This Lion did even as the first, and fell dead by the mountain foot.

When six of the brother Lions had perished in this way, last of all entered the Bodhisatta. When she had told her story, he enquired where was the Jackal now? "There he is," said she, "up in the sky, above Silver Mountain!" The Bodhisatta thought—"Jackals lying in the sky? nonsense. I know what it is: he is lying in a Crystal Cave." So he repaired to the mountain's foot, and there he saw his six brothers lying dead. "I see how it is," thought he; "these were all foolish, and lacked the fulness of wisdom; not knowing that this is the Crystal Cave, they beat their hearts out against it, and were killed. This is what comes of acting in rashness without due reflection;" and he repeated the first stanza:—

"Who rashly undertakes an enterprise,
Not counting all the issue may arise,
Like one who burns his mouth in eating food
Falls victim to the plans he did devise."

[8] After repeating these lines, the Lion continued: "My brothers wanted to kill this Jackal, but knew not how to lay their plans cleverly; so they leapt up too quickly at him, and so came by their death. This I will not do; but I will make the Jackal burst his own heart as he lies there in the Crystal Cave." So he espied out the path whereby the Jackal used to go up and down, and turning that way he roared thrice the lions' roar, that earth and heaven together were all one great roaring! The Jackal lying in the Crystal Cave was frightened and astounded, so that his heart burst; and he perished on the spot incontinently.

The Master continued, "Thus did this Jackal perish on hearing the Lion roar." And becoming perfectly enlightened, he repeated the second stanza:—

On Daddara the Lion gave a roar,
And made Mount Daddara resound again.
Hard by a Jackal lived; he feared full sore
To hear the sound, and burst his heart in twain.

---

[9] Thus did our Lion do this Jackal to death. Then he laid his brothers together in one grave, and told the sister they were dead, and comforted her; and he lived the rest of his days in the Golden Cave, until he passed away to the place which his merits had earned for him.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he revealed the Truths, and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths, the layman was established in the Fruit of the First Path:—"The barber's son of to-day was then the Jackal; the Licchavi girl was the young Lioness; the six younger Lions are now six Elders; and I myself am the eldest Lion."

No. 153.

SŪKARA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*You are a fourfoot*," *etc.*—This is a story told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain Elder well stricken in years.

Once, we are told, there happened to be a night service, and the Master had preached standing upon a slab of the jewelled staircase at the door of his scented cell. After delivering the discourse of the Blessed, he retired into his scented chamber; and the Captain of the Faith, saluting his Master, went back to his own cell again. Mahāmoggallāna too retired to his cell, and after a moment's rest returned to ask the Elder Sāriputta a question. As he asked and asked each question, the Captain of the Faith made it all clear, as though he were making the moon rise in the sky. There were present the four classes of disciples[2], who sat and heard it all. Then a thought came into the mind of one aged Elder. "Suppose," he thought, "I can puzzle Sāriputta before all this crowd, by asking him some question? They will all think, What a clever fellow! and I shall gain great credit and repute." So he rose up in the crowd, and stepping near to the Elder, stood on one side, and said, "Friend Sāriputta, I too have a question for you; will you let me speak? Give me a decision in discrimination or in undiscrimination, in refutation or in acceptation, in distinction or in counter-distinction[3]." The Elder looked at him. "This old man," thought he, "stands within the sphere of desire still; he is empty, and knows nothing." He said not a single word to him for very shame; laying his fan down, he rose from his seat, [10] and returned to his cell. And Elder Moggallāna likewise returned to his cell. The bystanders jumped up, crying, "Seize this wicked old fellow, who wouldn't let us hear the sweet words of the sermon!" and they mobbed him. Off he ran, and fell through a hole in the corner of a cesspool just outside the monastery; when he got up he was all over filth. When the people saw him, they felt sorry for it, and went away to the Master. He asked, "Why have you come at this unseasonable hour, laymen?" They told him what had happened. "Laymen," said he, "this is not the only time this old man has been puffed up, and not knowing his own power, pitted himself against the strong, only to be covered all over with filth. Long, long ago he knew not his powers, pitted himself against the strong, and was covered with filth as he is covered now." Then, at their request, he told them a story of the olden time.

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[1] Fausbøll, *Ten Jātakas*, pp. 12, 63, 94 (he compares Nos. 278 and 484); R. Morris in *Contemp. Rev.* 1881, vol. 39, p. 737.

[2] Monks, nuns, laymen and lay sisters.

[3] These words appear to be nonsense.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was a Lion who dwelt in a mountain cave in the Himalayas. Hard by were a multitude of Boars, living by a lakeside; and beside the same lake lived a company of anchorites in huts made of leaves and the branches of trees.

One day it so happened that the Lion had brought down a buffalo or elephant or some such game; and, after eating what he listed, he went down to drink at this lake. Just as he came out, a sturdy Boar happened to be feeding by the side of the water. "He'll make a meal for me some other day," thought the Lion. But fearing that if the Boar saw him, he might never come there again, the Lion as he came up out of the water slunk away to the side. This the Boar saw; and at once the thought came into his mind,—"This is because he has seen me, and is afraid! He dare not come nigh me, and off he runs for fear! This day shall see a fight between me and a lion!" So he raised his head, and made challenge against the Lion in the first stanza:

"You are a fourfoot—so am I: thus, friend, we're both alike, you see;
Turn, Lion, turn; are you afraid? Why do you run away from me?"

[11] The Lion gave ear. "Friend Boar," he said, "to-day there will be no fight between you and me. But this day week let us fight it out in this very spot." And with these words, he departed.

The Boar was highly delighted in thinking how he was to fight a lion; and he told all his kith and kin about it. But the tale only terrified them. "You will be the bane of us all," they said, "and yourself to boot. You know not what you can do, or you would not be so eager to do battle with a lion. When the Lion comes, he'll be the death of you and all of us as well; do not be so violent!" These words made the Boar fear on his part. "What am I to do, then?" he asked. Then the other Boars advised him to roll about in the anchorites' dunghill for the next seven days, and let the muck dry on his body; then on the seventh day he should moisten himself with dewdrops, and be first at the trysting place; he must find how the wind should lie, and get to the windward; and the Lion, being a cleanly creature, would spare his life when he had a whiff of him.

So accordingly he did; and on the day appointed, there he was. No sooner had the Lion scented him, and smelt the filth, says he, "Friend Boar, a pretty trick this! Were you not all besmeared with filth, I should have had your life this very day. But as it is, bite you I cannot, nor so much as touch you with my foot. Therefore I spare your life." And then he repeated the second stanza:

"O dirty Boar, your hide is foul, the stench is horrible to me;
If you would fight I yield me quite, and own you have the victory."

Then the Lion turned away, and procured his day's food; and anon, after a drink at the lake, he went back again to his cave on the mountain. And the Boar told his kindred how he had beaten the Lion! [12] But they were terrified for fear the Lion should come again another day and be the death of them all. So they ran away and betook them to some other place.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "The Boar of those days is now the ancient Elder, and I myself was the Lion."

No. 154.

URAGA-JĀTAKA.

"*Concealed within a stone,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a soldiers' quarrel.

Tradition tells how two soldiers, in the service of the king of Kosala, of high rank, and great persons at court, no sooner caught sight of one another than they used to fall at ill words. Neither king, nor friends, nor kinsfolk could make them agree.

It happened one day that early in the morning the Master, looking around to see which of his friends were ripe for Release, perceived that these two were ready to enter upon the First Path. Next day he went all alone seeking alms in Sāvatthi, and stopt before the door of one of them, who came out and took the Master's bowl; then led him within, and offered him a seat. The Master sat, and then enlarged on the profit of cultivating Lovingkindness. When he saw the man's mind was ready, he declared the Truths. This done, the other was established in the Fruit of the First Path. Seeing this, the Master persuaded him to take the Bowl; then rising he proceeded to the house of the other. Out came the other, and after salutation given, begged the Master to enter, and gave him a seat. He also took the Master's bowl, and entered along with him. To him the Master lauded the Eleven Blessings of Lovingkindness; and perceiving that his heart was ready, declared the Truths. And this done, he too became established in the Fruit of the First Path.

Thus they were both converted; they confessed their faults one to the other, and asked forgiveness; peaceful and harmonious, they were at one together. That very same day they ate together in the presence of the Blessed One.

His meal over, the Master returned to the monastery. They both returned with him, bearing a rich present of flowers, scents and perfumes, of ghee, honey, and sugar. The Master, having preached of duty [13] before the Brotherhood, and uttered a Buddha's admonition, retired to his scented chamber.

Next morning, the Brethren talked the matter over in the Hall of Truth. "Friend," one would say to another, "our Master subdues the unsubdued.

Why, here are these two grand persons, who have been quarrelling all this time, and could not be reconciled by the king himself, or friends and kinsfolk: and the Master has humbled them in a single day!" The Master came in. "What are you talking about," asked he, "as you sit here together?" They told him. Said he, "Brethren, this is not the first time that I have reconciled these two; in bygone ages I reconciled the same two persons." And he told a story of the olden time.

Once on a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, a great multitude gathered together in Benares to keep festival. Crowds of men and of gods, of serpents, and garuḷas[1], came together to see the meeting.

It so happened that in one spot a Serpent and a Garuḷa were watching the goings-on together. The Serpent, not noticing that this was a Garula beside him, laid a hand on his shoulder. And when the Garuḷa turned and looked round to see whose hand had been laid upon his shoulder, he saw the Serpent. The Serpent looked too, and saw that this was a Garuḷa; and frightened to death, he flew off over the surface of a river. The Garuḷa gave chase, to catch him.

Now the Bodhisatta was a recluse, and lived in a leaf-hut on the river bank. At that time he was trying to keep off the sun's heat by putting on a wet cloth and doffing his garment of bark; and he was bathing in the river. "I will make this recluse," thought the Serpent, "the means of saving my life." Putting off his own proper shape, and assuming the form of a fine jewel, he fixed himself upon the bark garment. The Garuḷa in full pursuit saw where he had gone; but for very reverence he would not touch the garment; so he thus addressed the Bodhisatta:

"Sir, I am hungry. Look at your bark garment:—in it there is a serpent which I desire to eat." And to make the matter clear, he repeated the first stanza:

[14] "Concealed within a stone this wretched snake
Has taken harbourage for safety's sake.
And yet, in reverence of your holiness,
Though I am hungry, yet I will not take."

Standing where he was in the water, the Bodhisatta said the second stanza in praise of the Garuḷa king:

"Live long, preserved by Brahma, though pursued,
And may you never lack for heavenly food.
Do not, in reverence of my holiness,
Do not devour him, though in hungry mood."

In these words the Bodhisatta expressed his approval, standing there in the water. Then he came out, and put on his bark garment, and took

[1] A mythical bird, which we see is able to assume human form. Morris (*J. P. T. S.*, 1893, p. 26) concludes that the *supaṇṇa*, here translated *Garuḷa*, was a "winged man."

both creatures with him to his hermitage; where he rehearsed the blessings of Lovingkindness until they were both at one. Thenceforward they lived together happily in peace and harmony.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth, saying, "In those days, the two great personages were the Serpent and the Garuḷa, and I myself was the recluse."

No. 155.

GAGGA-JĀTAKA[1].

[15] "*Gagga, live an hundred years,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told when he was staying in the monastery made by King Pasenadi in front of Jetavana; it was about a sneeze which he gave.

One day, we are told, as the Master sat discoursing with four persons round him, he sneezed. "Long life to the Blessed One, long life to the Buddha!" the Brothers all cried aloud, and made a great to-do.

The noise interrupted the discourse. Then the Master said to the Brethren: "Why, Brothers, if one cry 'Long life!' on hearing a sneeze, does a man live or die any the more for that?" They answered, "No, no, Sir." He went on, "You should not cry 'Long life' for a sneeze, Brethren. Whosoever does so is guilty of sin."

It is said that at that time, when the Brethren sneezed, people used to call out, "Long life to you, Sir!" But the Brethren had their scruples, and made no answer. Everybody was annoyed, and asked, "Pray, why is it that the priests about Buddha the Sakya prince make no answer, when they sneeze, and somebody or other wishes them long life?"

All this was told to the Blessed One. He said: "Brethren, common folk are superstitious. When you sneeze, and they say, 'Long life to you, Sir!' I permit you to answer, 'The same to you'." Then the Brethren asked him—"Sir, when did people begin to answer 'Long life' by 'The same to you'?" Said the Master, "That was long, long ago;" and he told them a tale of the olden time.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into the orld as a brahmin's son of the kingdom of Kāsi; and his father was a lawyer by calling. When the lad was sixteen years old or so, his father gave a fine jewel into his charge, and they both

[1] The introductory story is repeated in the Cullavagga, v. 33 (iii. 153 of Rhys Davids' translation of Vinaya Texts in the *S. B. E.*).

travelled through town after town, village after village, until they came to Benares. There the man had a meal cooked in the gatekeeper's house; and as he could find nowhere to put up, he asked where there was lodging to be had for wayfarers who came too late? The people told him that there was a building outside the city, but that it was haunted; but however he might lodge there if he liked. Says the lad to his father, "Have no fear of any goblin, father! I will subdue him, and bring him to your feet." [16] So he persuaded his father, and they went to the place together. The father lay down upon a bench, and his son sat beside him, chafing his feet.

Now the Goblin that haunted the place had received it for twelve years' service of Vessavana[1], on these terms: that if any man who entered it should sneeze, and when long life was wished him, should answer, "Long life to you!" or "The same to you!"—all except these the Goblin had a right to eat. The Goblin lived upon the central rafter of the hut[2].

He determined to make the father of the Bodhisatta sneeze. Accordingly, by his magic power he raised a cloud of fine dust, which entered the man's nostrils; and as he lay on the bench, he sneezed. The son did not cry "Long life!" and down came the Goblin from his perch, ready to devour his victim. But the Bodhisatta saw him descend, and then these thoughts passed through his mind. "Doubtless it is he who made my father sneeze. This must be a Goblin that eats all who do not say 'Long life to you'." And addressing his father, he repeated the first verse as follows:

"Gagga, live an hundred years,—aye, and twenty more, I pray!
May no goblin eat you up; live an hundred years, I say!"

The Goblin thought, "This one I cannot eat, because he said 'Long life to you.' But I shall eat his father;" and he came close to the father. But the man divined the truth of the matter—"This must be a Goblin," thought he, "who eats all who do not reply, 'Long life to you, too!'" and so addressing his son, he repeated the second verse:

"You too live an hundred years,—aye, and twenty more, I pray;
Poison be the goblins' food; live an hundred years, I say!"

[17] The Goblin hearing these words, turned away, thinking "Neither of these is for me to eat." But the Bodhisatta put a question to him: "Come, Goblin, how is it you eat the people who enter this building?"

"I earned the right for twelve years' service of Vessavana."

"What, are you allowed to eat everybody?"

[1] A monster with white skin, three legs, and eight teeth, guardian of jewels and the precious metals, and a kind of Indian Pluto.

[2] See Eggeling, Çatap.-Brāhm. vol. 2, p. 3, *S. B. E.*, for the construction of the hut.

"All except those who say 'The same to you' when another wishes them long life."

"Goblin," said the lad, "you have done some wickedness in former lives, which has caused you to be born now fierce, and cruel, and a bane to others. If you do the same kind of thing now, you will pass from darkness to darkness. Therefore from this time forth abstain from such things as taking life." With these words he humbled the Goblin, scared him with fear of hell, established him in the Five Precepts, and made him as obedient as an errand-boy.

Next day, when the people came and saw the Goblin, and learnt how that the Bodhisatta had subdued him, they went and told the king: "My lord, some man has subdued the Goblin, and made him as obedient as an errand-boy!" So the king sent for him, and raised him to be Commander-in-Chief; while he heaped honours upon the father. Having made the Goblin a tax-gatherer, and established him in the Bodhisatta's precepts, after giving alms and doing good he departed to swell the hosts of heaven.

When the Master had ended this story, which he told to explain when the custom first arose of answering 'Long life' by 'The same to you,' he identified the Birth: "In those days, Ānanda was the king, Kassapa the father, and I myself was the lad his son."

No. 156.

ALĪNACITTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Prince Winheart once upon a time,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a fainthearted Brother. The circumstances will be set forth in the Saṁvara Birth in the eleventh Book[1]. When the Master asked this Brother if he really were fainthearted, as was said, he replied, [18] "Yes, Blessed One." To which the Master said, "What, Brother! in former days did you not gain supremacy over the kingdom of Benares, twelve leagues either way, and give it to a baby boy, like a lump of flesh and nothing more, and all this just by perseverance! And now that you have embraced this great salvation, are you to lose heart and faint?" And he told a story of olden days.

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[1] No. 462.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, there was a village of carpenters not far from the city, in which five hundred carpenters lived. They would go up the river in a vessel, and enter the forest, where they would shape beams and planks for housebuilding, and put together the framework of one-storey or two-storey houses, numbering all the pieces from the mainpost onwards; these then they brought down to the river bank, and put them all aboard; then rowing down stream again, they would build houses to order as it was required of them; after which, when they received their wage, they went back again for more materials for the building, and in this way they made their livelihood.

Once it befel that in a place where they were at work in shaping timbers, a certain Elephant trod upon a splinter of acacia wood, which pierced his foot, and caused it to swell up and fester, and he was in great pain. In his agony, he caught the sound of these carpenters cutting wood. "There are some carpenters will cure me," thought he; and limping on three feet, he presented himself before them, and lay down close by. The carpenters, noticing his swollen foot, went up and looked; there was the splinter sticking in it. With a sharp tool they made incision about the splinter, and tying a string to it, pulled it right out. Then they lanced the gathering, and washed it with warm water, and doctored it properly; and in a very short time the wound was healed.

Grateful for this cure, the Elephant thought: "My life has been saved by the help of these carpenters; now I must make myself useful to them." So ever after that, [19] he used to pull up trees for them, or when they were chopping he would roll up the logs; or bring them their adzes and any tools they might want, holding everything in his trunk like grim death. And the carpenters, when it was time to feed him, used to bring him each a portion of food, so that he had five hundred portions in all.

Now this Elephant had a young one, white all over, a magnificent high-bred creature. The Elephant reflected that he was now old, and he had better bring his young one to serve the carpenters, and himself be left free to go. So without a word to the carpenters he went off into the wood, and brought his son to them, saying, "This young Elephant is a son of mine. You saved my life, and I give him to you as a fee for your leechcraft; from henceforward he shall work for you." So he explained to the young Elephant that it was his duty to do the work which he had been used to do himself, and then went away into the forest, leaving him with the carpenters. So after that time the young Elephant did all their work, faithfully and obediently; and they fed him, as they had fed the other, with five hundred portions for a meal.

His work once done, the Elephant would go play about in the

river, and then return again. The carpenters' children used to pull him by the trunk, and play all sorts of pranks with him in water and out. Now noble creatures, be they elephants, horses, or men, never dung or stale in the water[1]. So this Elephant did nothing of the kind when he was in the water, but waited until he came out upon the bank.

One day, rain had fallen up river; and by the flood a half-dry cake of his dung was carried into the river. This floated down to the Benares landing place, where it stuck fast in a bush. Just then the king's elephant keepers had brought down five hundred elephants to give them a bath. But the creatures scented this soil of a noble animal, and not one would enter the water; up went their tails, and off they all ran. The keepers told this to the elephant trainers; who replied, "There must be something in the water, then." So orders were given to cleanse the water; [20] and there in the bushes this lump was seen. "That's what the matter is!" cried the men. So they brought a jar, and filled it with water; next powdering the stuff into it, they sprinkled the water over the elephants, whose bodies then became sweet. At once they went down into the river and bathed.

When the trainers made their report to the king, they advised him to secure the Elephant for his own use and profit.

The king accordingly embarked upon a raft, and rowed up stream until he arrived at the place where the carpenters had settled. The young Elephant, hearing the sound of drums as he was playing in the water, came out and presented himself before the carpenters, who one and all came forth to do honour to the king's coming, and said to him, "Sire, if woodwork is wanted, what need to come here? Why not send and have it brought to you?"

"No, no, good friends," the king answered, "'tis not for wood that I come, but for this elephant here."

"He is yours, Sire!"—But the Elephant refused to budge.

"What do you want me to do, gossip Elephant?" asked the king.

"Order the carpenters to be paid for what they have spent on me, Sire."

"Willingly, friend." And the king ordered an hundred thousand pieces of money to be laid by his tail, and trunk, and by each of his four feet. But this was not enough for the Elephant; go he would not. So to each of the carpenters was given a pair of cloths, and to each of their wives robes to dress in, nor did he omit to give enough whereby his playmates the children should be brought up; then with a last look upon the carpenters, and the women, and the children, he departed in company with the king.

[1] Compare Hesiod, *Op.* 753: *μηδέ ποτ' ἐν προχοῇ ποταμῶν ἅλαδε προρεόντων, μηδ' ἐπὶ κρηνάων οὐρεῖν.* Hdt. i. 138 (the Persians) *ἐς ποταμὸν δὲ οὔτε ἐνουρέουσι....*

To his capital city the king brought him; and city and stable were decked out with all magnificence. He led the Elephant round the city in solemn procession, and thence into his stable, which was fitted up with splendour and pomp. There he solemnly sprinkled the Elephant, and appointed him for his own riding; like a comrade he treated him, and gave him the half of his kingdom, [21] taking as much care of him as he did of himself. After the coming of this Elephant, the king won supremacy over all India.

In course of time the Bodhisatta was conceived by the Queen Consort; and when her time was near come to be delivered, the king died. Now if the Elephant learnt news of the king's death, he was sure to break his heart; so he was waited upon as before, and not a word said. But the next neighbour, the king of Kosala, heard of the king's death. "Surely the land is at my mercy," thought he; and marched with a mighty host to the city, and beleaguered it. Straight the gates were closed, and a message was sent to the king of Kosala:—"Our Queen is near the time of her delivery; and the astrologers have declared that in seven days she shall bear a son. If she bears a son, we will not yield the kingdom, but on the seventh day we will give you battle. For so long we pray you wait!" And to this the king agreed.

In seven days the Queen bore a son. On his name-day they called him Prince Winheart, because, said they, he was born to win the hearts of the people.

On the very same day that he was born, the townsfolk began to do battle with the king of Kosala. But as they had no leader, little by little the army gave way, great though it was. The courtiers told this news to the Queen, adding, "Since our army loses ground in this way, we fear defeat. But the state Elephant, our king's bosom friend, has never been told that the king is dead, and a son born to him, and that the king of Kosala is here to give us battle. Shall we tell him?"

"Yes, do so," said the Queen. So she dressed up her son, and laid him in a fine linen cloth; after which she with all the court came down from the palace and entered the Elephant's stable. There she laid the babe at the Elephant's feet, [22] saying, "Master, your comrade is dead, but we feared to tell it you lest you might break your heart. This is your comrade's son; the king of Kosala has run a leaguer about the city, and is making war upon your son; the army is losing ground; either kill your son yourself, or else win the kingdom back for him!"

At once the Elephant stroked the child with his trunk, and lifted him upon his own head; then making moan and lamentation he took him down and laid him in his mother's arms, and with the words—"I will master the king of Kosala!" he went forth hastily.

Then the courtiers put his armour and caparison upon him, and

unlocked the city gate, and escorted him thither. The Elephant emerging trumpeted, and frightened all the host so that they ran away, and broke up the camp; then seizing the king of Kosala by his topknot, he carried him to the young prince, at whose feet he let him fall. Some rose to kill him, but them the Elephant stayed; and he let the captive king go with this advice: "Be careful for the future, and be not presumptuous by reason that our Prince is young."

After that, the power over all India fell into the Bodhisatta's own hand, and not a foe was able to rise up against him. The Bodhisatta was consecrated at the age of seven years, as King Winheart; just was his reign, and when he came to life's end he went to swell the hosts of heaven.

When the Master had ended this discourse, having become perfectly enlightened, he repeated this couple of verses:—

"Prince Winheart took king Kosala ill pleased with all he had;
By capturing the greedy king, he made his people glad."

"So any brother, strong in will, who to the Refuge flies,
Who cherishes all good, and goes the way Nirvana lies,
By slow degrees will bring about destruction of all ties."

[23] And so the Master, bringing his teaching to a climax in the eternal Nirvana, went on to declare the Truths, and then identified the Birth: after the Truths, this backsliding Brother was established in sainthood:—"She who now is Mahāmāyā was then the mother; this backslider was the Elephant who took the kingdom and handed it over to the child; Sāriputta was the father Elephant, and I myself was the young Prince."

No. 157.

GUṆA-JĀTAKA.

"*The strong will always have their way*," *etc.*—This was told by the Master whilst at Jetavana, how Elder Ānanda received a present of a thousand robes.

The Elder had been preaching to the ladies of the king of Kosala's palace as described above in the Mahāsāra Birth[1].

As he preached there in the manner described, [24] a thousand robes, worth each a thousand pieces of money, were brought to the king. Of these the king

[1] No. 92. Compare *Cullavagga*, xi. 1. 13 ff. (trans. in *S. B. E.*, iii. p. 382).

gave five hundred to as many of his queens. The ladies put these aside, and made them a present to our Elder, and then the next day in their old ones went to the palace where the king took breakfast. The king remarked, "I gave you dresses worth a thousand pieces each. Why are you not wearing them?" "My lord," said they, "we have given them to the Elder." "Has Elder Ānanda got them all?" he asked. They said, yes, he had. "The Supreme Buddha," said he, "allows only three robes. Ānanda is doing a little trade in cloth, I suppose!" He was angry with the Elder; and after breakfast, visited him in his cell, and after greeting, sat down, with these words:—

"Pray, Sir, do my ladies learn or listen to your preaching?"

"Yes, Sire; they learn what they ought, and what they ought to hear, they hear."

"Oh, indeed. Do they only listen, or do they make you presents of upper-garments or under-garments?"

"To-day, Sire, they have given me five hundred robes worth a thousand pieces each."

"And you accepted them, Sir?"

"Yes, Sire, I did."

"Why, Sir, didn't the Master make some rule about three robes?"

"True, Sire, for every Brother three robes is the rule, speaking of what he uses for himself. But no one is forbidden to accept what is offered; and that is why I took them—to give them to Brothers whose robes are worn out."

"But when these Brothers get them from you, what do they do with their old ones?"

"Make them into a cloke."

"And what about the old cloke?"

"That they turn into a shirt."

"And the old shirt—?"

"That serves for a coverlet."

"The old coverlet?"—"Becomes a mat." [25] "The old mat?"—"A towel." "And what about the old towel?"

"Sire, it is not permitted to waste the gifts of the faithful; so they chop up the old towel into bits, and mix the bits with clay, which they use for mortar in building their houses."

"A gift, Sir, ought not to be destroyed, not even a towel."

"Well, Sir king, we destroy no gifts, but all are used somehow."

This conversation pleased the king so much, that he sent for the other five hundred dresses which remained, and gave them to the Elder. Then, after receiving his thanks, he greeted the Elder in solemn state, and went his way.

The Elder gave the first five hundred robes to Brothers whose robes were worn out. But the number of his fellow priests was just five hundred. One of these, a young Brother, was very useful to the Elder; sweeping out his cell, serving him with food and drink, giving him toothbrush and water for cleansing his mouth, looking after the privies, living rooms, and sleeping rooms, and doing all that was needed for hand, foot, or back. To him, as his by right for all his great service, the Elder gave all the five hundred robes which he had received afterwards. The young Brother in his turn distributed them among his fellow-students. These all cut them up, dyed them yellow as a kaṇikāra[1] flower; then drest therein they waited upon the Master, greeted him, and sat down on one side. "Sir," they asked, "is it possible for a holy disciple who has entered on the First Path to be a respecter of persons in his gifts?" "No, Brothers, it is not possible for holy disciples to be respecters of persons in their gifts." "Sir, our spiritual Teacher, the Treasurer of the Faith, gave five hundred robes, each worth a thousand pieces, to a young Brother; and he has divided them amongst us." "Brothers, in giving these Ānanda was no respecter of persons. [26] That young fellow was a very useful servant; so he made the present to his own attendant for service' sake, for goodness'

[1] Pterospermum acerifolium.

sake, and by right, thinking that one good turn deserves another, and with a wish to do what gratitude demands. In former days, as now, wise men acted on the principle that one good turn deserves another." And then, at their request, he told them a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was a Lion living in a cave on the hills. One day he came out from his lair and looked towards the mountain foot. Now all round the foot of that mountain stretched a great piece of water. Upon some ground that rose out of this was a quantity of soft green grass, growing on the thick mud, and over this mud ran rabbits and deer and such light creatures, eating of the grass. On that day, as usual, there was a deer eating grass upon it.

"I'll have that deer!" thought the Lion; and with a lion's leap he sprang from the hillside towards it. But the deer, frightened to death, scampered away belling. The Lion could not stop his onset; down on the mud he fell, and sank in, so that he could not get out; and there he remained seven days, his feet fixed like four posts, with not a morsel to eat.

Then a Jackal, hunting for food, chanced to see him; and set off running in high terror. But the Lion called out to him—"I say, Jackal, don't run—here am I, caught fast in the mud. Please save me!" Up came the Jackal. "I could pull you out," says he, "but I much fear that once out you might eat me." "Fear nothing, I won't eat you," says the Lion. "On the contrary, I'll do you great service; only get me out somehow."

The Jackal, accepting this promise, worked away the mud around his four feet, and the holes wherein his four feet were fixed he dug further towards the water; [27] then the water ran in, and made the mud soft. Then he got underneath the Lion, saying—"Now, Sir, one great effort," making a loud noise and striking the Lion's belly with his head. The Lion strained every nerve, and scrambled out of the mud; he stood on dry land. After a moment's rest, he plunged in the lake, and washed and scoured the mud from him. Then he killed a buffalo, and with his fangs tore up its flesh, of which he proffered some to the Jackal, saying, "Eat, comrade!" and himself after the Jackal had done did eat too. After this, the Jackal took a piece in his mouth. "What's that for?" the Lion asked. "For your humble servant my mate, who awaits me at home." "All right," says the Lion, taking a bit for his own mate. "Come, comrade," says he again, "let us stay awhile on the mountain top, and then go to the lady's house." So there they went, and the Lion fed the she-jackal; and after they were both satisfied, said he, "Now I am going

to take care of you." So he conducted them to the place where he dwelt, and settled them in a cave near to the entrance of his own.

Ever after that, he and the Jackal used to go a-hunting together, leaving their mates behind; all kinds of creatures they would kill, and eat to their hearts' content, and then bring back some for the two others. And as time went on, the she-Jackal and the Lioness had each two cubs, and they all lived happily together.

One day, a sudden thought struck the Lioness "My Lion seems very fond of the Jackal and his mate and young ones. What if there be something wrong between them! That must be the cause why he is so fond of them, I suppose. Well, I will plague her and frighten her, and get her away from this place."

So when the Lion and the Jackal were away on the hunt, she plagued and terrified the Jackal's mate, asking her why she stayed there, [28] why she did not run away? And her cubs frightened the young Jackals after the same fashion. The she-Jackal told her mate what had been said. "It is clear," said she, "that the Lion must have dropt a hint about us. We have been here a long time; and now he will be the death of us. Let us go back to the place where we lived before!"

On hearing this, the Jackal approached the Lion, with these words. "Master, we have been here a long time. Those who stay too long outstay their welcome. While we are away, your Lioness scolds and terrifies my mate, by asking why she stays, and telling her to begone; your young ones do the same to mine. If any one does not like a neighbour, he should just bid him go, and send him about his business; what is the use of all this plaguing?" So saying, he repeated the first stanza:

"The strong will always have their way; it is their nature so to do;
Your mate roars loud; and now I say I fear what once I trusted to."

[29] The Lion listened; then turning to his Lioness, "Wife," said he, "you remember how once I was out hunting for a week, and then brought back this Jackal and his mate with me?" "Yes, I remember." "Well, do you know why I stayed away all that week?" "No, Sir." "My wife, in trying to catch a deer, I made a mistake, and stuck fast in the mud; there I stayed—for I could not get out—a whole week without food. My life was saved by this Jackal. This my friend saved my life! A friend in need is a friend indeed, be he great or small. Never again must you put a slight upon my comrade, or his wife, or his family." And then the Lion repeated the second stanza:

"A friend who plays a friendly part, however small and weak he be,
He is my kinsman and my flesh and blood, a friend and comrade he;
Despise him not, my sharp-fanged mate! this Jackal saved my life for me."

The Lioness, when she heard this tale, made her peace with the Jackal's mate, and ever after lived at amity with her and her young ones. And the young of the two pairs played together in their early days, and when the parents died, [30] they did not break the bond of friendship, but lived happily together as the old ones had lived before them. Indeed, the friendship remained unbroken through seven generations.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—(at the end of the Truths some entered on the First Path, some on the Second, some on the Third, and some the Fourth:)—"Ānanda was the Jackal in those days, and the Lion was I myself."

No. 158.

SUHANU-JĀTAKA.

"*Birds of a feather,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told whilst at Jetavana, about two hot-tempered Brothers.

It happened that there were two Brothers, passionate, cruel, and violent, one living at Jetavana and one in the country. Once the country Brother came to Jetavana on some errand or other. The novices and young Brothers knew the passionate nature of this man, so they led him to the cell of the other, all agog to see them quarrel. No sooner did they spy one another, those two hot-tempered men, than they ran into each other's arms, stroking and caressing hands, and feet, and back!

The Brothers talked about it in the Hall of Truth. "Friend, these passionate Brothers are cross, cruel, angry to every body else, but with each other they are the best of friends, cordial and sympathetic!" The Master came in, asking what they sat there talking about? They told him. Said he, "This, Brothers, is not the only time that these men, who are cross, cruel, and angry to all else, have shown themselves cordial, and friendly, and sympathetic to each other. It happened just so in olden days"; and so saying, he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was his do-all, a courtier who advised him on things temporal and things spiritual. Now this king was of a somewhat covetous nature; [31] and he had a brute of a horse, named Mahāsoṇa, or Big Chestnut.

Some horse-dealers from the north country brought down five hundred horses; and word was sent to the king that these horses had arrived. Now heretofore the Bodhisatta had always asked the dealers to fix their own price, and then paid it in full. But now the king, being displeased with him, summoned another of his court, to whom he said,

"Friend, make the men name their price; then let loose Big Chestnut so that he goes amongst them; make him bite them, and when they are weak and wounded get the men to reduce their price."

"Certainly," said the man; and so he did.

The dealers in great dudgeon told the Bodhisatta what this horse had done.

"Have you not such another brute in your own city?" asked the Bodhisatta. Yes, they said, there was one named Suhanu, Strongjaw, and a fierce and savage brute he was. "Bring him with you the next time you come," the Bodhisatta said; and this they promised to do.

So the next time they came this brute came with them. The king, on hearing how the horse-dealers had arrived, opened his window to look at the horses, and caused Chestnut to be let loose. Then as the dealers saw Chestnut coming, they let Strongjaw loose. No sooner had the two met, than they stood still licking each other all over!

The king asked the Bodhisatta how it was. "Friend," said he, "when these two rogue horses come across others, they are fierce, wild, and savage, they bite them, and make them ill. But with each other—there they stand, licking one another all over the body! What's the reason of this?" "The reason is," said the Bodhisatta, "that they are not dissimilar, but like in nature and character." And he repeated this couple of verses:

"Birds of a feather flock together: Chestnut and Strongjaw both agree:
In scope and aim both are the same—there is no difference I can see."

[32] "Both savage are, and vicious both; both always bite their tether;
So sin with sin, and vice with vice, must e'en agree together."

Then the Bodhisatta went on to warn the king against excessive covetise, and the spoiling of other men's goods; and fixing the value, he made him pay the proper price. The dealers received the due value, and went away well satisfied; and the king, abiding by the Bodhisatta's admonition, at last passed away to fare according to his deeds.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "The bad Brothers were then these two horses, Ānanda was the king, and I was the wise counsellor."

No. 159.

MORA-JĀTAKA.

[33] "*There he rises, king all-seeing,*" *etc.* This story the Master told at Jetavana about a backsliding Brother. This Brother was led by some others before the Master, who asked, "Is it true, Brother, as I hear, that you have backslidden?" "Yes, Sir." "What have you seen that should make you do so?" "A woman drest up in magnificent attire." Then said the Master, "What wonder that womankind should trouble the wits of a man like you! Even wise men, who for seven hundred years have done no sin, on hearing a woman's voice have transgressed in a moment; even the holy become impure; even they who have attained the highest honour have thus come to disgrace—how much more the unholy!" and he told a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into this world as a Peacock. The egg which contained him had a shell as yellow as a kaṇikāra bud; and when he broke the shell, he became a Golden Peacock, fair and lovely, with beautiful red lines under his wings. To preserve his life, he traversed three ranges of hills, and in the fourth he settled, on a plateau of a golden hill in Daṇḍaka. When day dawned, as he sat upon the hill, watching the sun rise, he composed a Brahma spell to preserve himself safe in his own feeding-ground, the charm beginning "There he rises":—

"There he rises, king all-seeing,
Making all things bright with his golden light.
Thee I worship, glorious being,
Making all things bright with thy golden light,
Keep me safe, I pray,
Through the coming day."

[34] Worshipping the sun on this wise by the verse here recited, he repeats another in worship of the Buddhas who have passed away, and all their virtues:

"All saints, the righteous, wise in holy lore,
These do I honour, and their aid implore:
All honour to the wise, to wisdom honour be,
To freedom, and to all that freedom has made free."

Uttering this charm to keep himself from harm, the Peacock went a-feeding[1].

[1] This line of the text is metrical in the Pali.

[35] So after flying about all day, he came back at even and sat on the hilltop to see the sun go down; then as he meditated, he uttered another spell to preserve himself and keep off evil, the one beginning "There he sets":—

"There he sets, the king all-seeing,
He that makes all bright with his golden light.
Thee I worship, glorious being,
Making all things bright with thy golden light.
Through the night, as through the day,
Keep me safe, I pray.

"All saints, the righteous, wise in holy lore,
These do I honour and their aid implore:
All honour to the wise, to wisdom honour be,
To freedom, and to all that freedom has made free."

Uttering this charm to keep himself from harm, the Peacock fell a-sleeping[1].

[36] Now there was a savage who lived in a certain village of wild huntsmen, near Benares. Wandering about among the Himalaya hills he noticed the Bodhisatta perched upon the golden hill of Daṇḍaka, and told it to his son.

It so befel that on a day one of the wives of the king of Benares, Khemā by name, saw in a dream a golden peacock holding a religious discourse. This she told to the king, saying that she longed to hear the discourse of the golden peacock. The king asked his courtiers about it; and the courtiers said, "The Brahmins will be sure to know." The Brahmins said: "Yes, there are golden peacocks." When asked, where? they replied, "The hunters will be sure to know." The king called the hunters together and asked them. Then this hunter answered, "O lord king, there is a golden hill in Daṇḍaka; and there a golden peacock lives." "Then bring it here—kill it not, but just take it alive."

The hunter set snares in the peacock's feeding-ground. But even when the peacock stepped upon it, the snare would not close. This the hunter tried for seven years, but catch him he could not; and there he died. And Queen Khemā too died without obtaining her wish.

The king was wroth because his Queen had died for the sake of a peacock. He caused an inscription to be made upon a golden plate to this effect: "Among the Himalaya mountains is a golden hill in Daṇḍaka. There lives a golden peacock; and whoso eats of its flesh becomes ever young and immortal." This he enclosed in a casket.

After his death, the next king read this inscription: and thought he, "I will become ever young and immortal;" so he sent another

[1] This line of the text is metrical in the Pali.

hunter. Like the first, this hunter failed to capture the peacock, and died in the quest. In the same way the kingdom was ruled by six successive kings.

Then a seventh arose, who also sent forth a hunter. The hunter observed that when the Golden Peacock came into the snare, it did not shut to, [37] and also that he recited a charm before setting out in search of food. Off he went to the marches, and caught a peahen, which he trained to dance when he clapped his hands, and at snap of finger to utter her cry. Then, taking her along with him, he set the snare, fixing its uprights in the ground, early in the morning, before the peacock had recited his charm. Then he made the peahen utter a cry. This unwonted sound—the female's note—woke desire in the peacock's breast; leaving his charm unsaid, he came towards her; and was caught in the net. Then the hunter took hold of him and conveyed him to the king of Benares.

The king was delighted at the peacock's beauty; and ordered a seat to be placed for him. Sitting on the proffered seat, the Bodhisatta asked, "Why did you have me caught, O king?"

"Because they say all that eat of you become immortal and have eternal youth. So I wish to gain youth eternal and immortality by eating of you," said the king.

"So be it—granted that all who eat of me become immortal and have eternal youth. But that means that I must die!"

"Of course it does," said the king.

"Well—and if I die, how can my flesh give immortality to those that eat of it?"

"Your colour is golden; therefore (so it is said) those who eat your flesh become young and live so for ever[1]."

"Sir," replied the bird, "there is a very good reason for my golden colour. Long ago, I held imperial sway over the whole world, reigning in this very city; I kept the Five Commandments, and made all people of the world keep the same. For that I was born again after death in the World of the Thirty-Three Archangels; there I lived out my life, but in my next birth I became a peacock in consequence of some sin; however, golden I became because I had aforetime kept the Commandments."

"What? Incredible! You an imperial ruler, who kept the Commandments! born gold-coloured as the fruit of them! A proof, prithee!"

[1] Perhaps because they are supposed to live as long as gold lasts. On the same principle, pieces of jade are placed in the coffin of the Chinese, to preserve the soul of the dead. Groot, in a work on Chinese religions, quotes a Chinese writer of the 4th century, who says: "He who swallows gold will exist as long as gold; he who swallows jade will exist as long as jade;" and recommends it for the living (cp. Groot, *Religious Systems of China*, i. pp. 271, 273).

[38] "I have one, Sire."

"What is it?"

"Well, Sire, when I was monarch, I used to pass through mid-air seated in a jewelled car, which now lies buried in the earth beneath the waters of the royal lake. Dig it up from beneath the lake, and that shall be my proof."

The king approved the plan; he caused the lake to be drained, and dug out the chariot, and believed the Bodhisatta. Then the Bodhisatta addressed him thus:

"Sire, except Nirvana, which is everlasting, all things else, being composite in their nature, are unsubstantial, transient, and subject to living and death." Discoursing on this theme he established the king in keeping of the Commandments. Peace filled the king's heart; he bestowed his kingdom upon the Bodhisatta, and showed him the highest respect. The Bodhisatta returned the gift; and after a few days' sojourn, he rose up in the air, and flew back to the golden hill of Daṇḍaka, with a parting word of advice—"O king, be careful!" And the king on his part clave to the Bodhisatta's advice; and after giving alms and doing good, passed away to fare according to his deeds.

This discourse ended, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—now after the Truths the backsliding Brother became a Saint:—"Ānanda was the king of those days, and I myself was the Golden Peacock."

No. 160.

VINĪLAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*As yonder king goes galloping,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told during a sojourn in Veḷuvana, how Devadatta imitated the Buddha.

The two chief Disciples[1] went to visit Gayāsīsa[2], where Devadatta imitated the Buddha, and fell; the Elders then both returned, after delivering a discourse, taking with them their own pupils. On arriving at Veḷuvana, the Master asked them what Devadatta had done when he saw them? [39] "Sir," they said, "he

[1] Sāriputta and Moggallāna. See *Cullavagga*, vii. 4 (trans. in *Vinaya Texts*, iii. 256 ff.).

[2] A mountain near Gayā in Behar. It is now called Brahmayoni (see Rājendralāla Mitra, *Buddha Gayā*, p. 23).

imitated the Buddha, and was utterly destroyed." The Master answered, "It is not only now, Sāriputta, that Devadatta came to dire destruction by mimicking me; it was just the same before." Then at the Elder's request, he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Videha was reigning at Mithilā in the realm of Videha, the Bodhisatta became a son of his Queen Consort. He grew up in due course, and was educated at Takkasilā; and on his father's decease he inherited his kingdom.

At that time a certain king of the Golden Geese paired with a Crow at the feeding-grounds, and to them was born a son. He was like neither mother nor father. All dingy blue-black he was, and accordingly they gave him Dingy to his name. The Goose-king often visited his offspring; and he had besides two other sons, geese like himself. These remarked that he often used to go to the regions where mankind do frequent, and asked him what should be the reason. "My sons," said he, "I have a mate there, a Crow, and she has given me a son, whose name is Dingy. He it is I go to visit." "Where do they live?" they asked. "On a palm-top near Mithilā in the kingdom of Videha," describing the spot. "Father," said they, "where men are, there is fear and peril. You ought not to go there; let us go and fetch him to you."

So they took a stick, and perched Dingy upon it; then catching the ends in their beaks, they flew over the city of Mithilā.

At that moment King Videha chanced to be sitting in a magnificent carriage drawn by a team of four milk-white thoroughbreds, as he made a triumphal circuit of the city. Dingy saw him, and thought he—"What is the difference between King Videha and me? He is riding in state around his capital in a chariot drawn by four white horses; and I am carried in a vehicle drawn by a pair of Geese." So as he passed through the air he repeated the first stanza:

[40] "As yonder king goes galloping with his milk-white four-in-hand,
Dingy has these, his pair of Geese, to bear him over the land!"

These words made the Geese angry. Their first thought was "Let us drop him here, and leave him!" But then again they bethought them—"What will our father say!" So for fear of rebuke, they brought the creature to their father, and recounted all that he had done. The father grew angry when he heard it: "What!" said he, "are you my sons' superior, that you make yourself master over them, and treat them like horses in a carriage? You don't know your measure. This is no place for you; get you back to your mother!" And with this censure he repeated the second stanza:

"Dingy, my dear, there's danger here; this is no place for you;
By village gates your mother waits—there you must hasten too."

With this censure, he bade his sons convey the bird to the dunghill outside the city of Mithilā; and so they did.

This lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth: "Devadatta in those days was Dingy, the two Elders were the two young Geese, Ānanda was the father Goose, and I was king Videha myself."

No. 161.

INDASAMĀNAGOTTA-JĀTAKA.

[41] "*Friendship with evil,*" *etc.*—This is a story told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a headstrong person; and the circumstances will be found in the Vulture Birth[1], of the Ninth Book. The Master said to this Brother—"In olden days, as now, you were trampled to death by a mad elephant because you were so headstrong and careless of wise men's advice." And he told the old story.

Once upon a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of a brahmin family. On growing up he left his worldly home and took to the religious life, and in time became the leader of a company of five hundred anchorites, who all lived together in the region of Himalaya.

Amongst these anchorites was a headstrong and unteachable person named Indasamānagotta. He had a pet elephant. The Bodhisatta sent for him when he found this out, and asked if he really did keep a young elephant? Yes, the man said, he had an elephant which had lost its dam. "Well," the Bodhisatta said, "when elephants grow up they kill even those who foster them; so you had better not keep it any longer." "But I can't live without him, my Teacher!" was the reply. "Oh, well," said the Bodhisatta, "you'll live to repent it."

Howbeit he still reared the creature, and by and bye it grew to an immense size.

It happened once that the anchorites had all gone far afield to gather roots and fruits in the forest, and they were absent for several days. At the first breath of the south wind this elephant fell in a frenzy.

[1] Gijjha-jātaka, No. 427.

"Destruction to this hut!" thought he, "I'll smash the water-jar! I'll overturn the stone bench! I'll tear up the pallet! I'll kill the hermit, and then off I'll go!" So he sped into the jungle, and waited watching for their return.

The master came first, [42] laden with food for his pet. As soon as he saw him, he hastened up, thinking all was well[1]. Out rushed the elephant from the thicket, and seizing him in his trunk, dashed him to the ground, then with a blow on the head crushed the life out of him; and madly trumpeting, he scampered into the forest.

The other anchorites brought this news to the Bodhisatta. Said he, "We should have no dealings with the bad;" and then he repeated these two verses:—

"Friendship with evil let the good eschew,
The good, who know what duty bids them do:
They will work mischief, be it soon or late,
Even as the elephant his master slew."

"But if a kindred spirit thou shalt see,
In virtue, wisdom, learning like to thee,
Choose such an one to be thy own true friend;
Good friends and blessing go in company."

[43] In this way the Bodhisatta showed his band of anchorites that it is well to be docile and not obstinate. Then he performed Indasamānagotta's obsequies, and cultivating the Excellences, came at last into Brahma's heaven.

After concluding this discourse, the Master identified the Birth: "This unruly fellow was then Indasamānagotta, and I was myself the teacher of the anchorite band."

No. 162.

SANTHAVA-JĀTAKA.

"*Nothing is worse,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about feeding the sacred fire. The circumstances are the same as those of the Naṅguṭṭha Birth related above[2]. The Brethren, on seeing those who kept up this fire, said to the Blessed One, "Sir, here are topknot ascetics practising all sorts of false asceticism. What's the good of it?" "There is no

[1] Or, "with his usual greeting, or signal."

[2] No. 144.

good in it," said the Master. "It has happened before that even wise men have imagined some good in feeding the sacred fire, but after doing this for a long time, have found out that there is no good in it, and have quenched it with water, and beat it down, beat it down with sticks, never giving it so much as a look afterwards." Then he told them a story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family. When he was about sixteen years old, his father and mother took his birth-fire[1] and spoke to him thus: "Son, will you take your birth-fire into the woods, and worship the fire there; or will you learn the Three Vedas, settle down as a married man, and live in the world?" Said he, "No worldly life for me: I will worship my fire in the woodland, and go on the way to heaven." So taking his birth-fire, he bade farewell to his parents, and entered the forest, where he lived in a hut made of branches and leaves and did worship to the fire.

One day he had been invited to some place where he received a present of rice and ghee. "This rice," thought he, "I will offer to Great Brahma." [44] So he took home the rice, and made the fire blaze. Then with the words, "With this rice I feed the sacred flame," he cast it upon the fire. Scarce had this rice dropt upon it, all full of fat as it was—when a fierce flame leapt up which set his hermitage alight. Then the brahmin hurried away in terror, and sat down some distance off. "There should be no dealings with the wicked," said he; "and so this fire has burnt the hut which I made with so much trouble!" And he repeated the first stanza:—

"Nothing is worse than evil company;
I fed my fire with plenteous rice and ghee;
And lo! the hut which gave me such ado
To build it up, my fire has burnt for me."

"I've done with you now, false friend!" he added; and he poured water upon the fire, and beat it out with sticks, and then buried himself in the mountains. There he came upon a black hind licking the faces of a lion, a tiger, and a panther. This put it into his mind how there was nothing better than good friends; and therewith he repeated the second stanza:—

"Nothing is better than good company;
Kind offices of friendship here I see;
[45] Behold the lion, tiger, and the pard—
The black hind licks the faces of all three."

[1] Cp. vol. i. no. 61, and 144, *init.*; a sacred fire was also kindled at a wedding, to be used for sacrifice and constantly kept up (Manu, 3. 67). So too now, the Agni-hotri in Kumaon begins fire-worship from the date of his marriage. The sacred fire of the marriage altar is carried in a copper vessel to his fire-pit. It is always kept alight, and from it must be kindled his funeral pyre (*North Indian Notes and Queries*, iii. 284).

With these reflections the Bodhisatta plunged into the depths of the mountains, and there he embraced the true religious life, cultivating the Faculties and the Attainments, until at his life's end he passed into Brahma's heaven.

After delivering this discourse, the Master identified the Birth: "In those days I was the ascetic of the story."

No. 163.

SUSĪMA-JĀTAKA.

"*Five score black elephants,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about arbitrary giving of alms.

We hear that at Sāvatthi, a family used sometimes to give alms to the Buddha and his friends, sometimes they used to give to the heretics, or else the givers would form themselves into companies, or again the people of one street would club together, or the whole of the inhabitants would collect voluntary offerings, and present them.

On this occasion all the inhabitants had made such a collection of all necessaries; but counsels were divided, some demanding that this be given to the heretics, some speaking for those who followed the Buddha. Each party stuck to their point, the disciples of the heretics voting for the heretics, and the disciples of Buddha for Buddha's company. Then it was proposed to divide upon the question, and accordingly they divided; those who were for the Buddha were in the majority.

So their plan was followed, and the disciples of the heretics could not prevent the gifts being offered to the Buddha and his followers.

The citizens gave invitation to the Buddha's company; for seven days they set rich offerings before them, and on the seventh gave over all the articles they had collected. The Master returned thanks, [46] after which he instructed a host of people in the fruition of the Paths. Next he returned to Jetavana; and when his followers had done their duties, he delivered a Buddha's discourse standing before his scented chamber, into which he then retired.

At evening time the Brethren talked the matter over together in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, how the heretics' disciples tried to prevent this from coming to the saints! Yet they couldn't do it; all the collection of articles was laid before the saints' own feet. Ah, how great is the Buddha's power!" "What is this you are talking about now together?" asked the Master, coming in. They told him. "Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that the disciples of the heretics have tried to thwart an offering which should have been made to me. They did the same before; but always these articles have been finally laid at my feet." So saying, he told them a tale of long ago.

Once upon a time there lived in Benares a king Susīma; and the Bodhisatta was the son of his chaplain's lady. When he was sixteen years old, his father died. The father while he lived was Master of the Ceremonies in the king's elephant festivals. He alone had right to all the trappings and appointments of the elephants which came into the place of festival. By this means he gained as much as ten millions at each festival.

At the time of our story the season for an elephant festival came round. And the Brahmins all flocked to the king, with these words: "O great king! the season for an elephant festival has come, and a festival should be made. But this your chaplain's son is very young; he knows neither the three Vedas nor the lore of elephants[1]. Shall we conduct the ceremony?" To this the king consented.

Off went the Brahmins delighted. "Aha," said they, "we have barred this lad from performing the festival. We shall do it ourselves, and keep the gains!"

But the Bodhisatta's mother heard that in four days there was to be an elephant festival. [47] "For seven generations," thought she, "we have managed the elephant festivals from father to son. The old custom will pass from us, and our wealth will all melt away!" She wept and wailed. "Why are you weeping?" asked her son. She told him. Said he—"Well, mother, shall I conduct the festival?" "What, you, sonny? You don't know the three Vedas or the elephant lore; how can you do it?" "When are they going to have the festival, mother?" "Four days from now, my son." "Where can I find teachers who know the three Vedas by heart, and all the elephant lore?" "Just such a famous teacher, my son, lives in Takkasilā, in the realm of Gandhāra, two thousand leagues away." "Mother," says he, "our hereditary right we shall not lose. One day will take me to Takkasilā; one night will be enough to teach me the three Vedas and the elephant lore; on the morrow I will journey home; and on the fourth day I will manage the elephant festival. Weep no more!" With these words he comforted his mother.

Early next morning he broke his fast, and set out all alone for Takkasilā, which he reached in a single day. Then seeking out the teacher, he greeted him and sat on one side.

"Where have you come from?" the teacher asked.

"From Benares, Teacher."

"To what end?"

"To learn from you the three Vedas and the elephant lore."

"Certainly, my son, you shall learn it."

[1] An elephant trainer's manual, the *hastisūtram* or *hastiçikṣā*, cf. Mallinātha, Raghuv. vi. 27.

"But, Sir," said our Bodhisatta, "my case is urgent." Then he recounted the whole matter, adding, "In a single day I have traversed a journey of two thousand leagues. Give me your time for this one night only. Three days from now there is to be an Elephant festival; I will learn the whole after one lesson."

The Teacher consented. Then the lad washed his master's feet, and laid before him a fee of a thousand pieces of money; [48] he sat down on one side, and learnt his lesson by heart; as day broke, even as the day broke, he finished the three Vedas and the Elephant Lore. "Is there any more, Sir?" asked he. "No, my son, you have it all." "Sir," he went on, "in this book such a verse comes in too late, such another has gone astray in the reading. This is the way to teach your pupils for the future," and then he corrected his teacher's knowledge for him.

After an early meal he took his leave, and in a single day he was back again in Benares, and greeting his mother. "Have you learnt your lesson, my boy?" said she. He answered, yes; and she was delighted to hear it.

Next day, the festival of the elephants was prepared. A hundred elephants were set in array, with golden trappings, golden flags, all covered with a network of fine gold; and all the palace courtyard was decked out. There stood the Brahmins, in all their fine gala dress, thinking to themselves, "Now we shall do the ceremony, we shall do it!" Presently came the king, in all his splendour, and with him the ornaments and other things that were used.

The Bodhisatta, apparelled like a prince, at the head of his suite, approached the king with these words.

"Is it really true, O great king, that you are going to rob me of my right? Are you going to give other brahmins the managing of this ceremony? Have you said that you mean to give them the various ornaments and vessels that are used?" and he repeated the first stanza as follows:

"Five score black elephants, with tusks all white
Are thine, in gold caparison bedight.
'To thee, and thee I give them'—dost thou say,
Remembering my old ancestral right?"

[49] King Susīma, thus addressed, then repeated the second stanza:—

"Five score black elephants, with tusks all white,
Are mine, in gold caparison bedight.
'To thee, and thee I give them'—so I say,
My lad, remembering thine ancestral right."

Then a thought struck the Bodhisatta; and he said, "Sire, if you do remember my ancient right and your ancient custom, why do you neglect me and make others the masters of your festival?" "Why, I

was told that you did not know the three Vedas or the Elephant Lore, and that is why I have caused the festival to be managed by others." "Very well, Sire. If there is one amongst all these brahmins who can recite a portion of the Vedas or the Elephant Lore against me, let him stand forward! Not in all India is there one save me who knows the three Vedas and the Elephant Lore for the ordering of an Elephant festival!" [50] Proud as a lion's roar rang out the answer! Not a brahmin durst rise and contend with him. So the Bodhisatta kept his ancestral right, and conducted the ceremony; and laden with riches, he returned to his own home.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—some entered on the First Path, some on the Second, some the Third, and some the Fourth:—"Mahāmāyā was at that time my mother, king Suddhodana was my father, Ānanda was king Susīma, Sāriputta the famous Teacher and I myself was the young Brahmin."

No. 164.

GIJJHA-JĀTAKA.

"*A vulture sees a corpse,*" etc.—This story the Master told about a Brother who had his mother to support. The circumstances will be related under the Sāma Birth[1]. The Master asked him whether he, a Brother, was really supporting persons who were still living in the world. This the Brother admitted. "How are they related to you?" the Master went on. "They are my parents, Sir." "Excellent, excellent," the Master said; and bade the Brethren not be angry with this Brother. "Wise men of old," said he, "have done service even to those who were not of kin to them; but this man's task has been to support his own parents." So saying, he told them this story of bygone days.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young Vulture on the Vulture Hill, and had his mother and father to nourish.

[1] No. 532 in Westergaard's Copenhagen Catalogue (*Cat. Or. MSS. Bibl. Haun.*); not yet printed.

Once there came a great wind and rain. The Vultures could not hold their own against it; half frozen, they flew to Benares, and there near the wall and near the ditch they sat, shivering with the cold.

A merchant of Benares was issuing from the city on his way to bathe, when he spied these miserable Vultures. He got them together in a dry place, made a fire, sent and brought them some cowflesh from the cattle's burning-place, and put some one to look after them.

When the storm fell, [51] our Vultures were all right and flew off at once among the mountains. Without delay they met, and thus took counsel together. "A Benares merchant has done us a good turn; and one good turn deserves another, as the saying is[1]: so after this when any of us finds a garment or an ornament it must be dropt in that merchant's courtyard." So thenceforward if they ever noticed people drying their clothes or finery in the sun, watching for an unwary moment, they snatched them quickly, as hawks swoop on a bit of meat, and dropt them in the merchant's yard. But he, whenever he observed that they were bringing him anything, used to cause it to be laid aside.

They told the king how vultures were plundering the city. "Just catch me one vulture," says the king, "and I will make them bring it all back." So snares and gins were set everywhere; our dutiful Vulture was caught. They seized him with intent to bring him to the king. The Merchant aforesaid, on the way to wait upon his majesty, saw these people walking along with the Vulture. He went in their company, for fear they might hurt the Vulture.

They gave the Vulture to the king, who examined him.

"You rob our city, and carry off clothes and all sorts of things," he began.—"Yes, Sire."—"Whom have they been given to?"—"A merchant of Benares."—"Why?"—"Because he saved our lives, and they say one good turn deserves another; that is why we gave them to him."

"Vultures, they say," quoth the king, "can spy a corpse an hundred leagues away; and can't you see a trap set ready for you?" And with these words he repeated the first stanza:

"A vulture sees a corpse that lies one hundred leagues away:
When thou alightst upon a trap dost thou not see it, pray?"

[52] The Vulture listened, then replied by repeating the second stanza:

"When life is coming to an end, and death's hour draws anigh,
Though you may come close up to it, nor trap nor snare you spy."

After this response of the Vulture, the king turned to our Merchant. "Have all these things really been brought to you, then, by the Vultures?"

[1] This seems to be another form of the "Grateful Beasts" incident which so often occurs in folk-tales.

"Yes, my lord." "Where are they?" "My lord, they are all put away; each shall receive his own again:—only let this Vulture go!" He had his way; the Vulture was set at iiberty, and the Merchant returned all the property to its owners.

This lesson ended, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths the dutiful Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"Ānanda was the king of those days; Sāriputta was the Merchant; and I myself was the Vulture that supported his parents."

No. 165.

NAKULA-JĀTAKA.

"*Creature, your egg-born enemy,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told during a sojourn at Jetavana, about two officers who had a quarrel. The circumstances have been given above in the Uraga Birth[1]. Here, as before, the Master said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, these two nobles have been reconciled by me; in former times I reconciled them too." Then he told an old story.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a certain village as one of a brahmin family. When he came of age, [53] he was educated at Takkasilā; then, renouncing the world he became a recluse, cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments, and dwelt in the region of Himalaya, living upon wild roots and fruits which he picked up in his goings to and fro.

At the end of his cloistered walk lived a Mongoose in an ant-heap; and not far off, a Snake lived in a hollow tree. These two, Snake and Mongoose, were perpetually quarrelling. The Bodhisatta preached to them the misery of quarrels and the blessing of peace, and reconciled the two together, saying, "You ought to cease your quarrelling and live together at one."

When the Serpent was abroad, the Mongoose at the end of the walk lay with his head out of the hole in his ant-hill, and his mouth open, and

[1] Above, No. 154.

thus fell asleep, heavily drawing his breath in and out. The Bodhisatta saw him sleeping there, and asking him, "Why, what are you afraid of?" repeated the first stanza:

"Creature[1], your egg-born enemy a faithful friend is made:
Why sleep you there with teeth all bare? of what are you afraid?"

"Father," said the Mongoose, "never despise a former enemy, but always suspect him": and he repeated the second stanza:

"Never despise an enemy nor ever trust a friend:
A fear that springs from unfeared things uproots and makes an end."

[54] "Fear not," replied the Bodhisatta. "I have persuaded the Snake to do you no harm; distrust him no more." With this advice, he proceeded to cultivate the Four Excellences, and set his face toward Brahma's heaven. And the others too passed away to fare hereafter according to their deeds.

Then this lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth: "The two noblemen were at that time Snake and Mongoose, and I was myself the ascetic."

No. 166.

UPASĀḶHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Fourteen thousand Upasāḷhas,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told whilst at Jetavana, about a brahmin named Upasāḷha, who was fastidious in the matter of cemeteries.

This man, we learn, was rich and wealthy; but, though he lived over against the monastery, he showed no kindness to the Buddhas, being given to heresy. But he had a son, wise and intelligent. When he was growing old, the man said to his son, "Don't let my body be burnt in a cemetery where any outcast can be burnt, but find some uncontaminated place to burn me in." "Father," said the young fellow, "I know no cemetery fit to burn your body in. Good my father, take the lead and yourself point out the place where I shall have you burnt." So the brahmin consenting led his son out of the city to the top of Vulture Peak, and then said he, "Here, my son, no outcast is ever burnt; here I would have you burn me." Then he began to descend the hill in his son's company.

On that day, in the evening, the Master was looking around to see which of his friends was ripe for Release, and perceived that this father and son were

[1] Lit. 'O viviparous one.'

ready to enter upon the First Path. So he took their road, and came to the hill-foot, like a hunter waiting for his quarry; there he sat till they should come down from the top. Down they came, and noticed the Master. He gave them greeting, and asked, "Where are you bound, brahmins?" The young man told him their errand. "Come along, then," said the Master, "show me the place your father pointed out." So he and they two together climbed up the mountain. "Which place?" he asked. "Sir," said the lad, "the space between these three hills is the one he showed me." [55] The Master said, "This is not the first time, my lad, that your father has been nice in the matter of cemeteries; he was the same before. Nor is it now only that he has pointed you out this place for his burning; long ago he pointed out the very same place." And at his request the Master told them a tale of long ago.

Once upon a time, in this very city of Rājagaha, lived this same brahmin Upasāḷhaka[1], and he had the very same son. At that period the Bodhisatta had been born in a brahmin family of Magadha land; and when his education was finished, he embraced a religious life, cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments, and lived a long time in the region of Himalaya, plunged in mystic exaltation.

Once he left his hermitage on Vulture Peak to go buy salt and seasoning. While he was away, this brahmin spoke in just the same way to his son, as now. The lad begged him to point out a proper place, and he came and pointed out this very place. As he was descending, with his son, he observed the Bodhisatta, and approached him, and the Bodhisatta put the same question as I did just now, and received the son's answer. "Ah," said he, "we'll see whether this place which your father has shown you is contaminated or not," and made them go with him up the hill again. "The space between these three hills," said the lad, "is pure." "My lad," the Bodhisatta replied, "there is no end to the people who have been burned in this very spot. Your own father, born a brahmin, as now, in Rājagaha, and bearing the very same name of Upasālhaka, has been burnt on this hill in fourteen thousand births. On the whole earth there's not a spot to be found where a corpse has not been burnt, which has not been a cemetery, which has not been covered with skulls." This he discerned by the faculty of knowing all previous lives: and then he repeated these two stanzas:—[56]

"Fourteen thousand Upasāḷhas have been burnt upon this spot,
Nor is there the wide world over any place where death is not.

"Where is kindness, truth, and justice, temperance and self-control,
There no death can find an entrance; thither hies each saintly soul."

[1] This added suffix makes no practical difference in the word: it is often put on to adjectives and substantives without affecting their meaning. But sometimes it has a diminutive force.

When the Bodhisatta had thus discoursed to father and son, he cultivated the Four Excellences and went his way to Brahma's heaven.

When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths father and son were established in the Fruit of the First Path:—"The father and son were the same then as they are now, and the ascetic was I myself."

No. 167.

SAMIDDHI-JĀTAKA.

"*Begging Brother, do you know,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master whilst he was staying in Tapoda Park near Rājagaha, about Elder Samiddhi, or Goodluck.

Once Father Goodluck had been wrestling in the spirit all night long. At sunrise he bathed; then he stood with his under garment on, holding the other in his hand, as he dried his body, all yellow as gold. Like a golden statue of exquisite workmanship he was, the perfection of beauty; [57] and that is why he was called Goodluck.

A daughter of the gods, seeing the Elder's surpassing beauty, fell in love with him, and addressed him thus. "You are young, Brother, and fresh, a mere stripling, with black hair, bless you! you have youth, you are lovely and pleasant to the eyes. Why should a man like you turn religious without a little enjoyment? Take your pleasure first, and then you shall become religious and do what the hermits do!" He replied, "Nymph, at some time or other I must die, and the time of my death I know not; that time is hid from me. Therefore in the freshness of my youth I will follow the solitary life, and make an end of pain."

Finding she received no encouragement, the goddess at once vanished. The Elder went and told his Master about it. Then the Master said, "Not now alone, Goodluck, are you tempted by a nymph. In olden days, as now, nymphs tempted ascetics." And then at his request the Master told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta became a brahmin's son in a village of Kāsi. Coming of years, he attained perfection in all his studies, and embraced the religious life; and he lived in Himalaya, hard by a natural lake, cultivating the Faculties and the Attainments.

All night long he had wrestled in the spirit; and at sunrise he bathed him, and with one bark garment on and the other in his hand, he stood, letting the water dry off his body. At the moment a daughter of the gods observed his perfect beauty, and fell in love with him. Tempting him, she repeated this first stanza:—

"Begging brother, do you know
What of joy the world can show?
Now's the time—there is no other:
Pleasure first, then—begging brother!"

[58] The Bodhisatta listened to the nymph's address, and then replied, declaring his set purpose, by repeating the second stanza:—

"The time is hid—I cannot know
When is the time that I must go:
Now is the time: there is no other:
So I am now a begging brother[1]."

When the nymph heard the Bodhisatta's words, she vanished at once.

After this discourse the Master identified the Birth: "The nymph is the same in both stories, and the hermit at that time was I myself."

No. 168.

SAKUṆAGGHI-JĀTAKA.

"*A Quail was in his feeding-ground*," *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about his meaning in the Bird Preaching[2].

One day the Master called the Brethren, saying, "When you seek alms, Brethren, keep each to your own district." And repeating that sutta from the Mahāvagga which suited the occasion, [59] he added, "But wait a moment: aforetime others even in the form of animals refused to keep to their own

[1] The commentator, in explaining this passage, adds another couplet:

"Life, sickness, death, the putting off the flesh,
Re-birth—these five are hidden in this world."

[2] I have not been able to trace this *Sakuṇovāda-sutta*. Perhaps it refers to a speech of the Buddha as a bird; cp. *Kukkurovādo* i. p. 178 (Pali).

districts, and by poaching on other people's preserves, they fell into the way of their enemies, and then by their own intelligence and resource got free from the hands of their enemies." With these words he related an old story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta came into the world as a young Quail. He got his food in hopping about over the clods left after ploughing.

One day he thought he would leave his feeding ground and try another; so off he flew to the edge of a forest. As he picked up his food there, a Falcon spied him, and attacking him fiercely, he caught him fast.

Held prisoner by this Falcon, our Quail made his moan: "Ah! how very unlucky I am! how little sense I have! I'm poaching on some one else's preserves! O that I had kept to my own place, where my fathers were before me! then this Falcon would have been no match for me, I mean if he had come to fight!"

"Why, Quailie," says the Falcon, "what's your own ground, where your fathers fed before you?"

"A ploughed field all covered with clods!"

At this the Falcon, relaxing his strength, let go. "Off with you, Quail! You won't escape me, even there!"

The Quail flew back and perched on an immense clod, and there he stood, calling—"Come along now, Falcon!"

Straining every nerve, poising both wings, down swooped the Falcon fiercely upon our Quail. "Here he comes with a vengeance!" thought the Quail; and as soon as he saw him in full career, just turned over and let him strike full against the clod of earth. The Falcon could not stop himself, and struck his breast against the earth; this broke his heart, and he fell dead with his eyes starting out of his head.

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[60] When this tale had been told, the Master added, "Thus you see, Brethren, how even animals fall into their enemies' hands by leaving their proper place; but when they keep to it, they conquer their enemies. Therefore do you take care not to leave your own place and intrude upon another's. O Brethren, when people leave their own station Māra[1] finds a door, Māra gets a foothold. What is foreign ground, Brethren, and what is the wrong place for a Brother? I mean the Five Pleasures of Sense. What are these five? The Lust of the Eye... [and so on].[2] This, Brethren, is the wrong place for a Brother." Then growing perfectly enlightened he repeated the first stanza:—

"A Quail was in his feeding ground, when, swooping from on high.
A Falcon came; but so it fell he came to death thereby."

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[1] Māra is Death, and is used by Buddha for the Evil One.

[2] The passage is corrupt. We must read 'cakkhu-*ādi-viññeyā*.'

When he had thus perished, out came the Quail, exclaiming, "I have seen the back of my enemy!" and perching upon his enemy's breast, he gave voice to his exultation in the words of the second stanza:—

"Now I rejoice at my success: a clever plan I found
To rid me of my enemy by keeping my own ground."

This discourse at an end, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths many Brethren were established in the Paths or their Fruition:—"Devadatta was the Falcon of those days, and the Quail was I myself."

No. 169.

ARAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*The heart that boundless pity feels,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about the Scripture on Lovingkindness.

On one occasion the Master thus addressed the Brotherhood: "Brethren, charity practised with all devotion of thought, [61] meditated upon, increased, made a vehicle of progress, made your one object, practised, well begun, may be expected to produce Eleven Blessings[1]. What are these eleven? Happy he sleeps and happy he awakes; he sees no bad dreams; men love him; spirits guard him; fire, poison, and sword come not near him; quickly he becomes absorbed in mind; his look grows calm; he dies undismayed; without need of further wisdom he goes to Brahma's heaven. Charity, Brethren, practised with renunciation of one's wishes"—and so forth—"may be expected to produce these Eleven Blessings. Praising the Charity which holds these Eleven Blessings, Brethren, a Brother ought to show kindness to all creatures, whether expressly commanded or not, he should be a friend to the friendly, aye a friend to the unfriendly, and a friend to the indifferent: thus to all without distinction, whether expressly bidden or not, he should show Charity: he should show sympathy with joy and sorrow and practise equanimity; he should do his work by means of the Four Excellences. By so doing he will go to Brahma's heaven even without Path or Fruit. Wise men of old by cultivating charity for seven years, have dwelt in Brahma's heaven seven ages, each with its one period to wax and one to wane[2]." And he told them a story of the past.

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[1] The Eleven Blessings are discussed in the *Questions of Milinda*, iv. 4. 16 (trans. in the *S. B. E.*, i. p. 279).

[2] See Childers, *Dict.* p. 185 *b*. The belief still lives. Two gentlemen who visited the Chief of Chinese Lamaism and the High Priest of Buddhism in Pekin, in 1890, talked with them over the decline of Buddhism in this age. Both admitted it, the

Once upon a time, in a former age, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin's family. When he grew up, he forsook his lusts and embraced the religious life, and attained the Four Excellences. His name was Araka, and he became a Teacher, and lived in Himalaya region, with a large body of followers. Admonishing his band of sages, he said, "A recluse must show Charity, sympathetic must he be both in joy and sorrow, and full of equanimity; for this thought of charity attained by resolve prepares him for Brahma's heaven." And explaining the blessing of charity, he repeated these verses:—

"The heart that boundless pity feels for all things that have birth,
In heaven above, in realms below, and on this middle earth,

"Filled full of pity infinite, infinite charity,
In such a heart nought narrow or confined can ever be."

[62] Thus did the Bodhisatta discourse to his pupils on the practice of charity and its blessings. And without a moment's interruption of his mystic trance, he was born in the heaven of Brahma, and for seven ages, each with his time to wax and wane, he came no more to this world.

After finishing this discourse, the Master identified the Birth: "The band of sages of that time are now the Buddha's followers; and I myself am he that was the Teacher Araka."

No. 170.

KAKAṆṬAKA-JĀTAKA.

[63] This Kakaṇṭaka Birth will be given below in the Mahā-Ummagga Birth[1].

Buddhist attributing it to want of government support, while the Lama thought it was because this is a waning period in religion; but as the waxing follows the waning he looked forward to a revival. (*Baptist Missionary Herald*, 1890.)

[1] No. 538 in Westergaard's Catalogue.

No. 171.

KALYĀṆA-DHAMMA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*O king, when people hail us,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told in Jetavana, about a deaf mother-in-law.

It is said that there was a squire in Sāvatthi, one of the faith, a true believer, who had fled to the Three Refuges, endowed with the Five Virtues. One day he set out to listen to the Master at Jetavana, bearing plenteous ghee and condiments of all sorts, flowers, perfumes, etc. At the same time, his wife's mother started to visit her daughter, and brought a present of solid food and gruel. She was a little hard of hearing.

After dinner—one feels a little drowsy after a meal—she said, by way of keeping herself awake—"Well, and does your husband live happily with you? do you agree together?" "Why, mother, what a thing to ask! you could hardly find a holy hermit who is so good and virtuous as he!" The good woman did not quite take in what her daughter said, but she caught the word—"Hermit" and cries she—"O dear, why has your husband turned hermit!" and a great to-do she made. Everybody who lived in that house heard it, and cried, "News—the squire has turned hermit!" People heard the noise, and a crowd gathered at the door to find out what it was. "The squire who lives here has turned hermit!" was all they heard.

Our Squire listened to the Buddha's sermon, then left the monastery to return to the city. Midway a man met him, who cried—"Why, master, they do say you've turned hermit, and all your family and servants are crying at home!" [64] Then these thoughts passed through his mind. "People say I have turned hermit when I have done nothing of the kind. A lucky speech must not be neglected; this day a hermit I must be." Then and there he turned right round, and went back to the Master. "You paid your visit to the Buddha," the Master said, "and went away. What brings you back here again?" The man told him about it, adding, "A lucky speech, Sir, must not be neglected. So here I am, and I wish to become a hermit." Then he received the lesser and the greater orders, and lived a good life; and very soon he attained to sainthood.

The story got known amongst the community. One day they were discussing it all together in the Hall of Truth, on this fashion: "I say, friend, Squire So-and-so took orders because he said 'a lucky speech must never be neglected,' and now he has attained to sainthood!" The Master came in and wanted to know what it was they were talking about. They told him. Said he, "Brethren, wise men in days long past also entered the Brotherhood because they said that a lucky speech must never be neglected;" and then he told them a story of olden days.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into the world as a rich merchant's son; and when he grew up and his father died he took his father's place.

Once he had gone to pay his respects to the king: and his mother-in-law came on a visit to her daughter. She was a little hard of hearing, and all happened just as it has happened now. The husband was on

[1] No. 20 in Jātaka-Mālā: *Çresṭhi-jātaka.*

his way back from paying his respects to the king, when he was met by a man, who said, "They say you have turned hermit, and there's such a hullabaloo in your house!" The Bodhisatta, thinking that lucky words must never be neglected, turned right round and went back to the king. The king asked what brought him back again. "My lord," said he, "all my people are bewailing me, as I am told, because I have turned hermit, when I have done nothing of the kind. But lucky words must not be neglected, and a hermit I will be. I crave your permission to become a hermit!" And he explained the circumstances by the following verses: [65]

"O king, when people hail us by the name
Of holy, we must make our acts the same:
We must not waver nor fall short of it;
We must take up the yoke for very shame.

"O king, this name has been bestowed on me:
To-day they cry how holy I must be:
Therefore I would a hermit live and die;
I have no taste for joy and revelry."

Thus did the Bodhisatta ask the king's leave to embrace the religious life. Then he went away to the Himalayas, and becoming an ascetic he cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments and at last came to Brahma's heaven.

The Master, having ended this discourse, identified the Birth: "Ānanda was king in those days, and I myself was the rich Benares merchant."

No. 172.

DADDARA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Who is it with a mighty cry, etc.*"—This is a story which the Master told at Jetavana about one Kokālika. At this time we hear that there were a number of very learned Brethren in the district of Manosilā, who spoke out like young lions, loud enough to bring down the heavenly Ganges[2], [66] while reciting passages of scripture before the Community. As they recited their texts, Kokālika (not knowing what an empty fool he showed himself) thought he would like to do the same. So he went about among the Brethren, not however taking the Name upon him, but saying, "They don't ask me to recite a piece of scripture. If

[1] Fausbøll, *Five Jātakas*, p. 45 (not translated); below, Nos. 188 and 189.

[2] The Milky Way. See the *Introd. Story* to No. 1, above.

they were to ask me, I would do it." All the Community got to know of it; and they thought they would try him. "Friend Kokālika," said they, "give the Community a recital of some scriptures to-day." To this he agreed, not knowing his folly; that day he would recite before the Community.

He first partook of gruel made to his liking, ate some food, and had some of his favourite soup. At sundown the gong sounded for sermon time; all the community gathered together. The 'yellow robe' which he put on was blue as a bluebell; his outer robe was pure white. Thus clad, he entered the meeting, greeted the Elders, stepped up to a Preaching Seat under a grand jewelled pavilion, holding an elegantly carved fan, and sat down, ready to begin his recitation. But just at that moment beads of sweat began to start out all over him, and he felt ashamed. The first verse of the first stanza he repeated; but what came next he could not think. So rising from the seat in confusion, he passed out through the meeting, and sought his own cell. Some one else, a real scholar, recited the Scripture. After that all the Brethren knew how empty he was.

One day the Brethren fell a talking of it in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, it was not easy to see formerly how empty Kokālika is; but now he has given tongue of his own accord, and shown it." The Master entered, and asked what they were discussing together. They told him. He said—"Brethren, this is not the first time Kokālika has betrayed himself by his voice; the very same thing happened before;" and then he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a young Lion, [67] and was the king of many lions. With a suite of lions he dwelt in Silver Cave. Near by was a Jackal, living in another cave.

One day, after a shower of rain, all the Lions were together at the entrance of their leader's cave, roaring loudly and gambolling about as lions use. As they were thus roaring and playing, the Jackal too lifted up his voice. "Here's this Jackal, giving tongue along with us!" said the Lions; they felt ashamed, and were silent. When they all fell silent, the Bodhisatta's cub asked him this question. "Father, all these Lions that were roaring and playing about have fallen silent for very shame on hearing yon creature. What creature is it that betrays itself thus by its voice?" and he repeated the first stanza:

"Who is it with a mighty cry makes Daddara resound?
Who is it, Lord of Beasts? and why has he no welcome found?"

At his son's words the old Lion repeated the second stanza:

"The Jackal, of all beasts most vile, 'tis he that makes that sound:
The Lions loathe his baseness, while they sit in silence round."

"Brethren," the Master added, "'tis not the first time Kokālika has betrayed himself by his voice; it was just the same before;" and bringing his discourse to an end, he identified the Birth: "At that time Kokālika was the Jackal, Rāhula was the young lion, and I was myself the Lion king."

No. 173.

MAKKAṬA-JĀTAKA.

[68] "*Father, see! a poor old fellow,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told whilst staying in Jetavana, about a rogue.—The circumstances will be explained in the Uddāla Birth[1], Book XIV. Here too the Master said, "Brethren, not this once only has the fellow turned out a rogue; in days of yore, when he was a monkey, he played tricks for the sake of a fire." And he told a tale of days long gone by.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family in a village of Kāsi. When he came of years, he received his education at Takkasilā, and settled down in life.

His lady in time bore him a son; and when the child could just run to and fro, she died. The husband performed her obsequies, and then, said he, "What is home to me now? I and my son will live the life of hermits." Leaving his friends and kindred in tears, he took the lad to the Himalaya, became a religious anchorite, and lived on the fruits and roots which the forest yielded.

On a day during the rainy season, when there had been a downpour, he kindled some sticks, and lay down on a pallet, warming himself at the fire. And his son sat beside him chafing his feet.

Now a wild Monkey, miserable with cold, spied the fire in the leaf-hut of our hermit. "Now," thought he, "suppose I go in: they'll cry out Monkey! Monkey! and beat me back: I shan't get a chance of warming myself.—I have it!" he cried. "I'll get an ascetic's dress, and get inside by a trick!" So he put on the bark dress of a dead ascetic, lifted his basket and crooked stick, and took his stand by the hut door, where he crouched down beside a palm tree. The lad saw him, and cried to his father (not knowing he was a monkey) "Here's an old hermit, sure enough, miserably cold, come to warm himself at the fire." [69] Then he addressed his father in the words of the first stanza, begging him to let the poor fellow in to warm himself:

"Father, see! a poor old fellow huddled by a palmtree there!
Here we have a hut to live in; let us give the man a share."

[1] No. 487.

When the Bodhisatta heard this, up he got and went to the door. But when he saw the creature was only a monkey, he said, "My son, men have no such face as that; 'tis a monkey, and he must not be asked in here." Then he repeated the second stanza:

"He would but defile our dwelling if he came inside the door;
Such a face—'tis easy telling—no good brahmin ever bore."

The Bodhisatta seized a brand, crying—"What do you want there?"—threw it at him, and drove him away. Mr Monkey dropt his bark garments, sprang up a tree, and buried himself in the forest.

Then the Bodhisatta cultivated the Four Excellences until he came unto Brahma's heaven.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "This tricky Brother was the Monkey of those days; Rāhula[1] was the hermit's son, and I myself was the hermit."

No. 174.

DŪBHIYA-MAKKAṬA-JĀTAKA.

[70] "*Plenty of water,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told in his sojourn at Veluvana, about Devadatta. One day it happened that the Brethren were talking in the Hall of Truth about Devadatta's ingratitude and treachery to his friends, when the Master broke in, "Not this once only, Brethren, has Devadatta been ungrateful and treacherous to his own friends. He was just the same before." Then he told them an old story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a brahmin family in a certain Kāsi village, and when he grew of age, married and settled down. Now in those days there was a certain deep well by the highway in Kāsi-land, which had no way

[1] Gotama Buddha's son.

down to it. The people who passed by that way, to win merit, used to draw water by a long rope and a bucket, and fill a trough for the animals; thus they gave the animals water to drink. All around lay a mighty forest, wherein troops of monkeys dwelt.

It happened by a chance that for two or three days the supply of water ceased which wayfarers used to draw; and the creatures could get nothing to drink. A Monkey, tormented with thirst, walked up and down by the well looking for water.

Now the Bodhisatta came that way on some errand, drew water for himself, drank it, and washed his hands; then he noticed our Monkey. Seeing how thirsty he was, the traveller drew water from the well and filled the trough for him. Then he sat down under a tree, to see what the creature would do.

The Monkey drank, sat down near, and pulled a monkey-grimace, to frighten the Bodhisatta. "Ah, you bad monkey!" said he, at this—"when you were thirsty and miserable, [71] I gave you plenty of water; and now you make monkey-faces at me. Well, well, help a rascal and you waste your pains." And he repeated the first stanza:

"Plenty of water did I give to you
When you were chafing hot and thirsty too:
Now full of mischief you sit chattering,—
With wicked people best have nought to do."

Then this spite-friend monkey replied, "I suppose you think that's all I can do. Now I'll drop something on your head before I go." Then, repeating the second stanza, he went on—

"A well-conducted monkey who did ever hear or see?
I leave my droppings on your head; for such our manners be."

As soon as he heard this the Bodhisatta got up to go. But at the very instant this Monkey from the branch where he sat dropt it like a festoon upon his head; and then made off into the forest shrieking. The Bodhisatta washed, and went his way.

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[72] When the Master had ended this discourse, after saying "It is not only now that Devadatta is so, but in former days also he would not acknowledge a kindness which I showed him," he identified the Birth: "Devadatta was the Monkey then, and the brahmin was I myself."

No. 175.

ĀDICCUPAṬṬHĀNA-JĀTAKA.

"*There is no tribe*," *etc.*—This is a story told by the Master in Jetavana, about a rogue.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family of Kāsi. Coming of years, he went to Takkasilā, and there completed his education. Then he embraced the religious life, cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments, and becoming the preceptor of a large band of pupils he spent his life in Himalaya.

There for a long time he abode; until once having to buy salt and seasoning, he came down from the highlands to a border village, where he stayed in a leaf-hut. When they were absent seeking alms, a mischievous monkey used to enter the hermitage, and turn everything upside down, spill the water out of the jars, smash the jugs, and finish by making a mess in the cell where the fire was.

The rains over, the anchorites thought of returning, and took leave of the villagers; "for now," they thought, "the flowers and fruit are ripening on the mountains." "To-morrow," was the answer, "we will come to your dwelling with our alms; you shall eat before you go." So next day they brought thither plenty of food, solid and liquid. The monkey thought to himself, "I'll trick these people and cajole them into giving me some food too." So he put on the air of a holy man seeking alms, [73] and close by the anchorites he stood, worshipping the sun. When the people saw him, they thought, "Holy are they who live with the holy," and repeated the first stanza:

"There is no tribe of animals but hath its virtuous one:
See how this wretched monkey here stands worshipping the sun!"

After this fashion the people praised our monkey's virtues. But the Bodhisatta, observing it, replied, "You don't know the ways of a mischievous monkey, or you would not praise one who little deserves praise;" adding the second stanza:

"You praise this creature's character because you know him not;
He has defiled the sacred fire, and broke each waterpot."

When the people heard what a rascally monkey it was, seizing sticks and clods they pelted him, and gave their alms to the Brethren. The sages returned to Himalaya; and without once interrupting their mystic ecstasy they came at last to Brahma's heaven.

At the end of this discourse, the Master identified the Birth: "This hypocrite was in those days the Monkey; the Buddha's followers were the company of sages; and their leader was I myself."

No. 176.

KALĀYA-MUṬṬHI-JĀTAKA.

[74] "*A foolish monkey,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a king of Kosala.

One rainy season, disaffection broke out on his borders. The troops stationed there, after two or three battles in which they failed to conquer their adversaries, sent a message to the king. Spite of the season, spite of the rains he took the field, and encamped before Jetavana Park. Then he began to ponder. "'Tis a bad season for an expedition; every crevice and hollow is full of water; the road is heavy: I'll go visit the Master. He will be sure to ask 'whither away'; then I'll tell him. It is not only in things of the future life that our Master protects me, but he protects in the things which we now see. So if my going is not to prosper, he will say 'It is a bad time to go, Sire'; but if I am to prosper, he will say nothing." So into the Park he came, and after greeting the Master sat down on one side.

"Whence come you, O King," asked the Master, "at this unseasonable hour?" "Sir," he replied, "I am on my way to quell a border rising; and I come first to bid you farewell." To this the Master said, "So it happened before, that mighty monarchs, before setting out for war, have listened to the word of the wise, and turned back from an unseasonable expedition." Then, at the king's request, he told an old story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, he had a Councillor who was his right-hand man and gave him advice in things spiritual and temporal. There was a rising on the frontier, and the

troops there stationed sent the king a letter. The king started, rainy season though it was, and formed a camp in his park. The Bodhisatta stood before the king. At that moment the people had steamed some peas for the horses, and poured them out into a trough. One of the monkeys that lived in the park jumped down from a tree, filled his mouth and hands with the peas, then up again, and sitting down in the tree he began to eat. As he ate, one pea fell from his hand upon the ground. Down dropped at once all the peas from his hands and mouth, [75] and down from the tree he came, to hunt for the lost pea. But that pea he could not find; so he climbed up his tree again, and sat still, very glum, looking like some one who had lost a thousand in some lawsuit.

The king observed how the monkey had done, and pointed it out to the Bodhisatta. "Friend, what do you think of that?" he asked. To which the Bodhisatta made answer: "King, this is what fools of little wit are wont to do; they spend a pound to win a penny;" and he went on to repeat the first stanza:

"A foolish monkey, living in the trees,
O king, when both his hands were full of peas,
Has thrown them all away to look for one:
There is no wisdom, Sire, in such as these."

Then the Bodhisatta approached the king, and addressing him again, repeated the second stanza:

"Such are we, O mighty monarch, such all those that greedy be;
Losing much to gain a little, like the monkey and the pea."

[76] On hearing this address the king turned and went straight back to Benares. And the outlaws hearing that the king had set forth from his capital to make mincemeat of his enemies, hurried away from the borders.

At the time when this story was told, the outlaws ran away in just the same fashion. The king, after listening to the Master's utterances, rose and took his leave, and went back to Sāvatthi.

The Master, after this discourse was at an end, identified the Birth: "In those days Ānanda was the king, and the wise councillor was I myself."

No. 177.

TIṆḌUKA-JĀTAKA.

"*All around us see them stand,*" *etc.*—This is a story told by the Master whilst at Jetavana, about perfect knowledge. As in the Mahābodhi Birth[1], and the Ummagga Birth[2], on hearing his own knowledge praised, he remarked, "Not this once only is the Buddha wise, but wise he was before and fertile in all resource;" and told the following old story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a Monkey, and with a troop of eighty thousand monkeys he lived in Himalaya. Not far off was a village, sometimes inhabited and sometimes empty. And in the midst of this village was a tiṇḍuka[3] tree, with sweet fruit, covered with twigs and branches. When the place was empty, all the monkeys used to go thither and eat the fruit.

Once, in the fruit time, the village was full of people, a bamboo palisade set about it, and the gates guarded. And this tree [77] stood with all its boughs bending beneath the weight of the fruit. The monkeys began to wonder: "There's such and such a village, where we used to get fruit to eat. I wonder has that tree fruit upon it or no; are the people there or no?" At last they sent a scout monkey to spy. He found that there was fruit on the tree, and the village was crammed with people. When the monkeys heard that there was fruit on the tree, they determined to get that sweet fruit to eat; and waxing bold, a crowd of them went and told their chief. The chief asked was the village full or empty; full, they said. "Then you must not go," said he, "because men are very deceitful." "But, Sire, we'll go at midnight, when everybody is fast asleep, and then eat!" So this great company obtained leave of their chief, and came down from the mountains, and waited on a great rock hard by until the people retired to rest; in the middle watch, when people were asleep, they climbed the tree and began eating of the fruit.

A man had to get up in the night for some necessary purpose; he went out into the village, and there he saw the monkeys. At once he gave the alarm; out the people came, armed with bow and quiver, or holding any

[1] No. 528.

[2] No 538 (*Westergaard*).

[3] Diospyros Embryopteris (*Childers*).

sort of weapon that came to hand, sticks, or lumps of earth, and surrounded the tree; "when dawn comes," thought they, "we have them!"

The eighty thousand monkeys saw these people, and were scared to death. Thought they, "No help have we but our Chief only;" so to him they came, and recited the first stanza:

"All around us see them stand, warriors armed with bow and quiver,
All around us, sword in hand: who is there who can deliver?"

[78] At this the monkey Chief answered: "Fear not; human beings have plenty to do. It is the middle watch now; there they stand, thinking—'We'll kill them!' but we will find some other business to hinder this business of theirs." And to console the Monkeys he repeated the second stanza:

"Men have many things to do; something will disperse the meeting;
See what still remains for you; eat, while fruit is left for eating."

The Great Being comforted the monkey troop. If they had not had this crumb of comfort they would have broken their hearts and perished. When the Great Being had consoled the monkeys, he cried, "Assemble all the monkeys together!" But in assembling them, there was one they could not find, his nephew, a monkey named Senaka. So they told him that Senaka was not among the troop. "If Senaka is not here," said he, "have no fear; he will find a way to help you."

Now at the time when the troop sallied forth, Senaka had been asleep. Later he awoke, and could not see any body about. So he followed their tracks, and by and bye he saw all the people hastening up. "Some danger for our troop," thought he. Just then he spied, in a hut on the outskirts of the village, an old woman, fast asleep, before a lighted fire. And making as though he were a village child going out to the fields, Senaka seized a firebrand, [79] and standing well to windward, set light to the village. Then did every man leave the monkeys, and hurried up to quench the fire. So the monkeys scampered away, and each brought one fruit for Senaka.

When this discourse came to an end, the Master identified the Birth: "Mahānāma Sakka was the nephew Senaka of those days; Buddha's followers were the monkey troop; and I myself was their Chief."

No. 178.

KACCHAPA-JĀTAKA.

"*Here was I born,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told in Jetavana, how a man got rid of malaria[1].

It is said that malarial fever once broke out in a family of Sāvatthi. The parents said to their son: "Don't stay in this house, son; make a hole in the wall and escape somewhere, and save your life[2]. Then come back again—in this place a great hoard is buried; dig it up, and restore the family fortunes, and a happy life to you!" The young fellow did as he was bid; he broke through the wall, and made his escape. When his complaint was cured, he returned and dug the treasure up, with which he set up his household.

One day, laden with oil and ghee, clothes and raiment, and other offerings, he repaired to Jetavana, and greeted the Master, and took his seat. The Master entered into converse with him. "We hear," said he, "that you had cholera in your house. How did you escape it?" He told the Master all about it. Said he, "In days of yore, as now, friend layman, when danger arose, there were people who were too fond of home to leave it, and they perished thereby; while those who were not too fond of it, but departed elsewhere, saved themselves alive." And then at his request the Master told an old-world story.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a village as a potter's son. He plied the potter's trade, and had a wife and family to support.

At that time there lay a great natural lake close by the great river of Benares. When there was much water, river and lake were one; but when the water was low, [80] they were apart. Now fish and tortoises know by instinct when the year will be rainy and when there will be a drought. So at the time of our story the fish and tortoises which lived in that lake knew there would be a drought; and when the two were one water, they swam out of the lake into the river. But there was one Tortoise that would not go into the river, because, said he, "here I was born, and here I have grown up, and here is my parents' home: leave it I cannot!"

[1] *ahivātarogo* occurs in the Comm. on *Therīgāthā* (*P. T. S.* 1893), p. 120, line 20, but no hint as to its meaning is given. The word should mean, "snake-wind-disease," perhaps malarial fever, which e.g. in the Terai is believed to be due to snake's breath. Or is it possible that *ahi*, which may mean the navel, could here be the bowels, and some such disease as cholera be meant?

[2] It is noteworthy that here the same means is used to outwit the spirit of disease as is often taken to outwit the ghosts of the dead; who might be supposed to guard the door, but not the parts of the house where there was no outlet.

Then in the hot season the water all dried up. He dug a hole and buried himself, just in the place where the Bodhisatta was used to come for clay. There the Bodhisatta came to get some clay; with a big spade he dug down, till he cracked the tortoise' shell, turning him out on the ground as though he were a large piece of clay. In his agony the creature thought, "Here I am, dying, all because I was too fond of my home to leave it!" and in the words of these verses following he made his moan:—

"Here was I born, and here I lived; my refuge was the clay;
And now the clay has played me false in a most grievous way;
Thee, thee I call, O Bhaggava[1]; hear what I have to say!

"Go where thou canst find happiness, where'er the place may be;
Forest or village, there the wise both home and birthplace see;
Go where there's life; nor stay at home for death to master thee."

[81] So he went on and on, talking to the Bodhisatta, till he died. The Bodhisatta picked him up, and collecting all the villagers addressed them thus: "Look at this tortoise. When the other fish and tortoises went into the great river, he was too fond of home to go with them, and buried himself in the place where I get my clay. Then as I was digging for clay, I broke his shell with my big spade, and turned him out on the ground in the belief that he was a large lump of clay. Then he called to mind what he had done, lamented his fate in two verses of poetry, and expired. So you see he came to his end because he was too fond of his home. Take care not to be like this tortoise. Don't say to yourselves, 'I have sight, I have hearing, I have smell, I have taste, I have touch, I have a son, I have a daughter, I have numbers of men and maids for my service, I have precious gold'; do not cleave to these things with craving and desire. Each being passes through three stages of existence[2]." Thus did he exhort the crowd with all a Buddha's skill. The discourse was bruited abroad all over India, and for full seven thousand years it was remembered. All the crowd abode by his exhortation; and gave alms and did good until at last they went to swell the hosts of heaven.

When the Master had made an end, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths the young man was established in the Fruit of the First Path:—saying, "Ananda was then the Tortoise, and the Potter was I myself."

[1] "Addressing the potter." Schol.

[2] World of Sense, World of Form, World of formless Existence.

No. 179.

SATADHAMMA-JĀTAKA.

[82] "*What a trifle,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while sojourning in Jetavana, about the twenty-one unlawful ways of earning a livelihood.

At one time there were a great many Brethren who used to get a living by being physicians, or runners, doing errands on foot, exchanging alms for alms[1], and the like, the twenty-one unlawful callings. All this will be set forth in the Sāketa Birth[2]. When the Master found out that they got their living thus, he said, "Now there are a great many Brethren who get their living in unlawful ways. Those who get their living thus will not escape birth as goblins or disembodied spirits; they will become beasts of burden; they will be born in hell; for their benefit and blessing it is necessary to hold a discourse which bears its own moral clear and plain." So he summoned the Community together, and said, "Brethren, you must not win your necessaries by the one-and-twenty unlawful methods. Food won unlawfully is like a piece of redhot iron, like a deadly poison. These unlawful methods are blamed and rebuked by disciples of all Buddhas and Pacceka-Buddhas. For those who eat food gained by unlawful means there is no laughter and no joy. Food got in this way, in my religion, is like the leavings of one of the lowest caste. To partake of it, for a disciple of the Religion of the Good, is like partaking of the leavings of the vilest of mankind." And with these words, he told an old-world story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of a man of the lowest caste. When he grew up, he took the road for some purpose, taking for his provision some rice grains in a basket.

At that time there was a young fellow in Benares, named Satadhamma. He was the son of a magnifico, a Northern brahmin. He also took the road for some purpose, but neither rice grains nor basket had he. The two met upon the highway. Said the young brahmin to the other, "What caste are you of?" He replied, "Of the lowest. And what are you?" [83] "Oh, I am a Northern brahmin." "All right, let us journey together;" and so together they fared along. Breakfast time came. The Bodhisatta sat down where there was some nice water, and washed his hands, and opened his basket. "Will you have some?" said he. "Tut, tut," says the other, "I want none, you low fellow." "All right,"

[1] The offence meant is giving a share of alms on one day, and receiving the like the next day, to save the trouble of seeking alms daily.

[2] No. 237, which however only refers to no. 68.

says the Bodhisatta. Careful to waste none, he put as much as he wanted in a leaf apart from the rest, fastened up his basket, and ate. Then he took a drink of water, washed his hands and feet, and picked up the rest of his rice and food. "Come along, young Sir," says he, and they started off again on their journey.

All day they tramped along; and at evening they both had a bath in some nice water. When they came out, the Bodhisatta sat down in a nice place, undid his parcel, and began to eat. This time he did not offer the other a share. The young gentleman was tired with walking all day, and hungry to the bottom of his soul; there he stood, looking on, and thinking, "If he offers me any, I'll take it." But the other ate away without a word. "This low fellow," thought the young man, "eats every scrap without a word. Well, I'll beg a piece; I can throw away the outside, which is defiled, and eat the rest." And so he did; he ate what was left. As soon as he had eaten, he thought—"How I have disgraced my birth, my clan, my family! Why, I have eaten the leavings of a low born churl!" Keen indeed was his remorse; he threw up the food, and blood came with it. "Oh, what a wicked deed I have done," he wept, "all for the sake of a trifle!" and he went on in the words of the first stanza: [84]

"What a trifle! and his leavings! given too against his will!
And I am a highborn brahmin! and the stuff has made me ill!"

Thus did the young gentleman make his lamentation; adding, "Why did I do such a wicked thing just for life's sake?" He plunged into the jungle, and never let any eye see him again, but there he died forlorn.

When this story was ended, the Master repeated, "Just as the young brahmin, Brethren, after eating the leavings of a low-caste man, found that neither laughter nor joy was for him, because he had taken improper food; so whosoever has embraced this salvation, and gains a livelihood by unlawful means, when he eats the food and supports his life in any way that is blamed and disapproved by the Buddha, will find that there is no laughter and no joy for him." Then, becoming perfectly enlightened, he repeated the second stanza:—

"He that lives by being wicked, he that cares not if he sins,
Like the brahmin in the story, has no joy of what he wins."

[85] When this discourse was concluded, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths many Brethren entered upon the Paths and the Fruit thereof:—saying, "At the time of the story I was the low-caste man."

No. 180.

DUDDADA-JĀTAKA.

"*Tis hard to do as good men do,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told whilst in Jetavana, about alms given in common. Two friends at Sāvatthi, young men of good position, made a collection, providing all the necessaries to give the Buddha and his followers. They invited them all, provided bounty for seven days, and on the seventh presented them with all their requisites. The eldest of these saluted the Master, and said, sitting beside him, "Sir, amongst the givers some gave much and some gave little; but let it bear much fruit for all alike." Then he offered the gift. The Master's reply was: "In giving these things to the Buddha and his followers, you, my lay friends, have done a great deed. In days of old wise men gave their bounty thus, and thus offered their gifts." Then at his request he told a story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a brahmin family of Kāsi. When he grew up, he was thoroughly educated at Takkasilā; after which he renounced the world, and took up the religious life, and with a band of disciples went to live in Himalaya. There he lived a long time.

Once having need to procure salt and seasoning, he went on pilgrimage through the country-side, and in course of it he arrived at Benares. There he settled in the king's park; and on the following morning he and his company went a-begging to some village outside the gates. The people gave him alms. Next day he sought alms in the city. The people were all glad to give him their alms. They clubbed together and made a collection; and provided plenty for the band of anchorites. After the presentation their spokesman offered his gift with the same words as above. The Bodhisatta replied, "Friend, where faith[1] is, no gift is small." And he returned his thanks in these verses following: [86]

"'Tis hard to do as good men do, to give as they can give,
Bad men can hardly imitate the life which good men live.

"And so, when good and evil go to pass away from earth,
The bad are born in hell below, in heaven the good have birth."

This was his thanksgiving. He remained in the place for the four months of the rains, and then returned to Himalaya; where he practised all the modes of holy meditation, and without a single interruption continued in them until he joined the hosts of heaven.

When this discourse came to an end the Master identified the Birth: "At that time," said he, "the Buddha's company was the body of ascetics, and I myself was their leader."

[1] *Citta-pasādo.*

No. 181.

ASADISA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Prince Peerless, skilled in archers' craft,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about the Great Renunciation. The Master said, "Not now alone, Brethren, has the Tathāgata made the Great Renunciation: in other days he also renounced the white parasol of royalty, and did the same." And he told a story of the past.

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[87] Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived as the son of the Queen Consort. She was safely delivered; and on his nameday they gave him the name of Asadisa-Kumāra, Prince Peerless. About the time he was able to walk, the Queen conceived one who was also to be a wise being. She was safely delivered, and on the nameday they called the babe Brahmadatta-Kumāra, or Prince Heaven-sent.

When Prince Peerless was sixteen, he went to Takkasilā for his education. There at the feet of a world-famed teacher he learnt the Three Vedas and the Eighteen Accomplishments; in the science of archery he was peerless; then he returned to Benares.

When the king was on his deathbed he commanded that Prince Peerless should be king in his stead, and Prince Brahmadatta heir apparent. Then he died; after which the kingship was offered to Peerless, who refused, saying that he cared not for it. So they consecrated Brahmadatta to be king by sprinkling him. Peerless cared nothing for glory, and wanted nothing.

While the younger brother ruled, Peerless lived in all royal state. The slaves came and slandered him to his brother; "Prince Peerless wants to be king!" said they. Brahmadatta believed them, and allowed himself to be deceived; he sent some men to take Peerless prisoner.

One of Prince Peerless' attendants told him what was afoot. He waxed angry with his brother, and went away into another country. When he was arrived there, he sent in word to the king that an archer was come, and awaited him. "What wages does he ask?" the king enquired. "A hundred thousand a year." "Good," said the king; "let him enter."

[1] Hardy, *Manual of Buddhism*, 114. The latter part of the story is given very briefly in *Mahāvastu* 2. 82—3, *Çarakṣepana Jātaka*. It is figured on the Bharhut Stupa, see Cunningham, p. 70, and plate xxvii. 13; and on the Sanchi Tope, see Fergusson, *Tree and Serpent Worship*, pl. xxxvi. p. 181.

Peerless came into the presence, and stood waiting. "Are you the archer?" asked the king. "Yes, Sire." "Very well, I take you into my service." After that Peerless remained in the service of this king. [88] But the old archers were annoyed at the wage which was given him; "Too much," they grumbled.

One day it so happened that the king went out into his park. There, at foot of a mango tree, where a screen had been put up before a certain stone seat of ceremony, he reclined upon a magnificent couch. He happened to look up, and there right at the treetop he saw a cluster of mango fruit. "It is too high to climb for," thought he; so summoning his archers, he asked them whether they could cut off yon cluster with an arrow, and bring it down for him. "Oh," said they, "that is not much for us to do. But your majesty has seen our skill often enough. The newcomer is so much better paid than we, that perhaps you might make him bring down the fruit."

Then the king sent for Peerless, and asked him if he could do it. "Oh yes, your Majesty, if I may choose my position." "What position do you want?" "The place where your couch stands." The king had the couch removed, and gave place.

Peerless had no bow in his hand; he used to carry it underneath his body-cloth; so he must needs have a screen. The king ordered a screen to be brought and spread for him, and our archer went in. He doffed the white cloth which he wore over all, and put on a red cloth next his skin; then he fastened his girdle, and donned a red waistcloth. From a bag he took out a sword in pieces, which he put together and girt on his left side. Next he put on a mailcoat of gold, fastened his bow-case over his back, and took out his great ramshorn bow, made in several pieces, which he fitted together, fixed the bowstring, red as coral; put a turban upon his head; twirling the arrow with his nails, he threw open the screen and came out, looking like a serpent prince just emerging from the riven ground. He went to the place of shooting, arrow set to bow, and then put this question to the king. "Your Majesty," said he, "am I to bring this fruit down with an upward shot, [89] or by dropping the arrow upon it?"

"My son," said the king, "I have often seen a mark brought down by the upward shot, but never one taken in the fall. You had better make the shaft fall on it."

"Your Majesty," said the archer, "this arrow will fly high. Up to the heaven of the Four Great Kings it will fly, and then return of itself. You must please be patient till it returns." The king promised. Then the archer said again, "Your Majesty, this arrow in its upshot will pierce the stalk exactly in the middle; and when it comes down, it will not swerve a hair's-breadth either way, but hit the same spot to a nicety, and

bring down the cluster with it." Then he sped the arrow forth swiftly. As the arrow went up it pierced the exact centre of the mango stalk. By the time the archer knew his arrow had reached the place of the Four Great Kings, he let fly another arrow with greater speed than the first. This struck the feather of the first arrow, and turned it back; then itself went up as far as the heaven of the Thirty-three Archangels. There the deities caught and kept it.

The sound of the falling arrow as it cleft the air was as the sound of a thunderbolt. "What is that noise?" asked every man. "That is the arrow falling," our archer replied. The bystanders were all frightened to death, for fear the arrow should fall on them; but Peerless comforted them. "Fear nothing," said he, "and I will see that it does not fall on the earth." Down came the arrow, not a hairbreadth out either way, but neatly cut through the stalk of the mango cluster. The archer caught the arrow in one hand and the fruit in the other, so that they should not fall upon the ground. "We never saw such a thing before!" cried the onlookers, at this marvel. [90] How they praised the great man! how they cheered and clapped and snapped their fingers, thousands of kerchiefs waving in the air! In their joy and delight the courtiers gave presents to Peerless amounting to ten millions of money. And the king too showered gifts and honours upon him like rain.

While the Bodhisatta was receiving such glory and honour at the hands of this king, seven kings, who knew that there was no Prince Peerless in Benares, drew a leaguer around the city, and summoned its king to fight or yield. The king was frightened out of his life. "Where is my brother?" he asked. "He is in the service of a neighbouring king," was the reply. "If my dear brother does not come," said he, "I am a dead man. Go, fall at his feet in my name, appease him, bring him hither!" His messengers came and did their errand. Peerless took leave of his master, and returned to Benares. He comforted his brother and bade him fear nothing; then scratched[1] a message upon an arrow to this effect: "I, Prince Peerless, am returned. I mean to kill you all with one arrow which I will shoot at you. Let those who care for life make their escape." This he shot so that it fell upon the very middle of a golden dish, from which the seven kings were eating together. When they read the writing they all fled, half-dead with fright.

Thus did our Prince put to flight seven kings, without shedding even so much blood as a little fly might drink; then, looking upon his younger brother, he renounced his lusts, and forsook the world, cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments, and at his life's end came to Brahma's heaven.

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[1] In the *Mahāvastu* it is wrapt round it (2. p. 82. 14, *parivethitvā*); so in Hardy.

[91] "And this is the way," said the Master, "that Prince Peerless routed seven kings and won the battle; after which he took up the religious life." Then becoming perfectly enlightened he uttered these two verses:

"Prince Peerless, skilled in archers' craft, a doughty chief was he;
Swift as the lightning sped his shaft great warriors' bane to be.

"Among his foes what havoc done! yet hurt he not a soul;
He saved his brother; and he won the grace of self-control."

[92] When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "Ānanda was then the younger brother, and I was myself the elder."

No. 182.

SAṀGĀMĀVACARA-JĀTAKA.

"*O Elephant, a hero thou*," *etc.*—This story the Master told while staying at Jetavana, about Elder Nanda.

The Master, on his first return to Kapila city, had received into the Community Prince Nanda, his younger brother, and after returned to Sāvatthi and stayed there. Now Father Nanda, remembering how as he was leaving his home, after taking the Bowl, in the Master's company, Janapadakalyāṇī was looking out of a window, with her hair half combed, and she said—"Why, Prince Nanda is off with the Master!—Come back soon, dear lord!"—remembering this, I say, grew downcast and despondent, yellower and yellower, and the veins stood knotted over his skin.

When the Master learnt of this, he thought, "What if I could establish Nanda in sainthood!" To Nanda's cell he went, and sat on the seat which was offered him. "Well, Nanda," he asked, "are you content with our teaching?" "Sir," replied Nanda, "I am in love with Janapadakalyāṇī, and I am not content." "Have you been on pilgrimage in the Himalaya, Nanda?" "No, Sir, not yet." "Then we will go." "But, Sir, I have no miraculous power; how can I go?" "I will take you, Nanda." So saying, the Master took him by the hand, and thus passed through the air.

On the way they passed over a burnt field. There, upon the charred stump of a tree, with nose and tail half gone, hair scorched off, and hide a cinder, nothing but skin, all covered with blood, sat a she-monkey. "Do you see that monkey, Nanda?" the Master asked. "Yes, Sir." "Take a good look at her," said he. Then he pointed out, stretching over sixty leagues, the uplands of Manosilā, the seven great lakes, Anotatta and the rest, the five great rivers, the whole Himalaya highlands, with the magnificent hills named of Gold, of Silver, and of Gems, and hundreds of other lovely spots. Next he asked, "Nanda, have you ever seen the abode of the Thirty-three Archangels?" [93] "No, Sir, never," was the reply. "Come along, Nanda," said he, "and I will show you the abode of the Thirty-three." Therewith he brought him to the Yellowstone Throne[1], and made him sit on it. Sakka, king of the gods in two heavens, came with his host

[1] The throne of Sakka (Indra).

of gods, gave greeting and sat down on one side. His handmaids to the number of twenty-five million, and five hundred nymphs with doves' feet, came and made greeting, then sat down on one side. The Master made Nanda look at these five hundred nymphs again and again, with desire after them. "Nanda," said he, "do you see these dove's-foot nymphs?" "Yes, Sir." "Well, which is prettiest—they or Janapadakalyāṇī?" "Oh, Sir! as that wretched ape was in comparison with Janapadakalyāṇī, so is she compared with these!" "Well, Nanda, what are you going to do?" "How is it possible, Sir, to win these nymphs?" "By living as an ascetic, Sir," said the Master, "one may win these nymphs." The lad said, "If the Blessed One pledges his word that an ascetic life will win these nymphs, an ascetic life I will lead." "Agreed, Nanda, I pledge my word." "Well, Sir," said he, "don't let us make a long business of it. Let us be off, and I will become an ascetic."

The Master brought him to Jetavana back again. The Elder began to follow the ascetic life.

The Master recounted to Sāriputta, the Captain of the Faith, how his younger brother had made him pledge himself in the midst of the gods in the heaven of the Thirty-three about the nymphs. In the same manner, he told the story to Elder Mahāmoggallāna, to Elder Mahākassapa, to Elder Anuruddha, to Elder Ānanda, the Treasurer of the Faith, eighty great disciples in all; and then, one after the other, he told it to the other Brethren. The Captain of the Faith, Elder Sāriputta, asked Elder Nanda, "Is it true, as I hear, friend, that you have the Buddha's pledged word that you shall win the nymphs of the gods in the heaven of the Thirty-three, by passing your life as an ascetic? Then," he went on, "is not your holy life all bound up with womankind and lust? If you live chaste just for the sake of women, what is the difference between you and a labourer who works for hire?" [94] This saying quenched all the fire in him and made him ashamed of himself. In the same way all the eighty chief disciples, and all the rest of the Brethren, made this worthy father ashamed. "I have been wrong," thought he; in all shame and remorse, he screwed up his courage, and set to work to develope his spiritual insight. Soon he attained to sainthood. He came to the Master, and said, "Sir, I release the Blessed One from his promise." The Master said, "If you have attained sainthood, Nanda, I am thereby released from my promise."

When the Brethren heard of this, they began to talk it over in their Hall of Truth. "How docile yon Elder Nanda is, to be sure! Why, friend, one word of advice awakened his sense of shame; at once he began to live as an ascetic and now he is a Saint!" The Master came in, and asked what they were talking about together. They told him. "Brethren," said he, "Nanda was just as docile in former days as he is now;" and then he told them a story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as an elephant-trainer's son. When he grew up, he was carefully taught all that pertains to the training of elephants. He was in the service of a king who was an enemy to the king of Benares. He trained this king's elephant of state to perfection.

The king determined to capture Benares. Mounting upon his state elephant, he led a mighty host against Benares, and laid siege to it. Then he sent a letter to the king of the city: "Fight, or yield!" The king chose to fight. Walls and gates, towers and battlements he manned with a great host, and defied the foe.

The hostile king armed his state elephant, and clad himself in armour, took a sharp goad in his hand, and drove his beast city-wards; "Now,"

said he, "I'll storm this city, and kill my enemy, and get his realms into my hands!" But at sight of the defenders, who cast boiling mud, and stones from their catapults, and all kinds of missiles, the elephant was scared out of his wits and would not come near the place. Thereupon up came the trainer, crying, "Son, a hero like you is quite at home in the battle-field! [95] in such a place it is disgraceful to turn tail!" And to encourage his elephant, he uttered these two verses:

"O Elephant, a hero thou, whose home is in the field:
There stands the gate before thee now: why dost thou turn and yield?

"Make haste! break through the iron bar, and beat the pillars down!
Crash through the gates, made fast for war, and enter in the town!"

The Elephant listened; one word of advice was enough to turn him. Winding his trunk about the shafts of the pillars, he tore them up like so many toadstools: he beat against the gateway, broke down the bars, and forcing his way through entered the city and won it for his king.

When the Master had finished this discourse, he identified the Birth:—"In those days Nanda was the Elephant, Ānanda was the king, and the trainer was I myself."

No. 183.

VĀLODAKA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*This sorry draught*," *etc.*—This story the Master told whilst at Jetavana, about five hundred persons who ate broken meat.

At Sāvatthi, we learn, were five hundred persons who had left the stumbling-block of a worldly life to their sons and daughters, [96] and lived all together sitting under the Master's preaching. Of these, some were in the First Path, some in the Second, some in the Third: not a single one but had embraced salvation. They that invited the Master invited these also. But they had five hundred pages waiting upon them, to bring them toothbrushes, mouth-water, and garlands of flowers; these lads used to eat their broken meat. After their meal, and a nap, they used to run down to the Aciravatī, and on the river bank they would wrestle like very Mallians[2], shouting all the time. But the five hundred lay brethren were quiet, made very little noise, courted solitude.

[1] The introductory story is varied in *Dhammapada*, Comm. p. 274.

[2] The Mallians were a tribe of professional wrestlers.

The Master happened to hear the pages shouting. "What is that noise, Ānanda?" he asked. "The pages, who eat the broken meat," was the reply. The Master said: "Ānanda, this is not the only time these pages have fed on broken meat, and made a great noise after it; they used to do the same in the olden days; and then too these lay brethren were just as quiet as they are now." So saying, at his request, the Master told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of one of his courtiers, and became the king's adviser in all things both temporal and spiritual. Word came to the king of a revolt on the frontier. He ordered five hundred chargers to be got ready, and an army complete in its four parts[1]. With this he set out, and quelled the rising, after which he returned to Benares.

When he came home, he gave order, "As the horses are tired, let them have some juicy food, some grape-juice to drink." The steeds took this delicious drink, then retired to their stables and stood quietly each in his stall.

But there was a mass of leavings, with nearly all the goodness squeezed out of it. The keepers asked the king what to do with that. "Knead it up with water," was his command, "strain through a towel, and give it to the donkeys who carry the horses' provender." This wretched stuff the donkeys drank up. It maddened them, and they galloped about the palace yard braying loudly.

From an open window the king saw the Bodhisatta, and called out to him. [97] "Look there! how mad these donkeys are from that sorry drink! how they bray, how they caper! But those fine thorobreds that drank the strong liquor, they make no noise; they are perfectly quiet, and jump not at all. What is the meaning of this?" and he repeated the first stanza:—

"This sorry draught, the goodness all strained out[2],
Drives all these asses in a drunken rout:
The thorobreds, that drank the potent juice,
Stand silent, nor skip capering about."

And the Bodhisatta explained the matter in the second stanza:—

"The low-born churl, though he but taste and try,
Is frolicsome and drunken by and by:
He that is gentle keeps a steady brain
Even if he drain most potent liquor dry."

When the king had listened to the Bodhisatta's answer, he had the donkeys driven out of his courtyard. Then, abiding by the Bodhisatta's

[1] Elephants, horse, chariots, infantry.
[2] *Dhammapada*, p. 275.

advice, he gave alms and did good until he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth as follows:—"At that time these pages were the five hundred asses, these lay brethren were the five hundred thorobreds, Ānanda was the king, and the wise courtier was I myself."

No. 184.

GIRIDANTA-JĀTAKA.

[98] "*Thanks to the groom,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while staying in Veḷuvana Park, about keeping bad company. The circumstances have been already recounted under the Mahilāmukha Jātaka[1]. Again, as before, the Master said: "In former days this Brother kept bad company just as he does now." Then he told an old story.

Once upon a time, there was a king named Sāma, the Black, reigning in Benares. In those days the Bodhisatta was one of a courtier's family, and grew up to be the king's temporal and spiritual adviser. Now the king had a state horse named Paṇḍava, and one Giridanta was his trainer, a lame man. The horse used to watch him as he tramped on and on in front, holding the halter; and knowing him to be his trainer, imitated him and limped too.

Somebody told the king how the horse was limping. The king sent surgeons. They examined the horse, but found him perfectly sound; and so accordingly made report. Then the king sent the Bodhisatta. "Go, friend," said he, "and find out all about it." He soon found out that the horse was lame because he went about with a lame trainer. So he told the king what it was. "It's a case of bad company," said he, and went on to repeat the first stanza:—

"Thanks to the groom, poor Paṇḍava is in a parlous state:
No more displays his former ways, but needs must imitate."

[1] No. 26.

"Well, now, my friend," said the king, "what's to be done?" "Get a good groom," replied the Bodhisatta, "and the horse will be as good as ever." Then he repeated the second stanza:—[99]

"Find but a fit and proper groom, on whom you can depend,
To bridle him and exercise, the horse will quickly mend;
His sorry plight will be set right; he imitates his friend."

The king did so. The horse became as good as before. The king showed great honour to the Bodhisatta, being pleased that he knew even the ways of animals.

The Master, when this discourse was ended, identified the Birth:—"Devadatta was Giridanta in those days; the Brother who keeps bad company was the horse; and the wise counsellor was I myself."

No. 185.

ANABHIRATI-JĀTAKA.

"*Thick, muddy water,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while staying in Jetavana, and it was about a young brahmin.

A young brahmin, as they say, belonging to Sāvatthi, had mastered the Three Vedas, and used to teach sacred verses to a number of young brahmins and kshatriyas. In time he settled down as a married man. His thoughts being now busy with wealth and ornaments, serving men and serving women, lands and substance, kine and buffaloes, sons and daughters, he became subject to passion, error, folly. This obscured his wits, so that he forgot how to repeat his formulæ in due order, and every now and then the charms did not come clear in his mind. This man one day procured a quantity of flowers and sweet scents, and these he took to the Master in Jetavana Park. After his greeting, he sat down on one side. [100] The Master talked pleasantly to him. "Well, young Sir, you are a teacher of the sacred verses. Do you know them all by heart?" "Well, Sir, I used to know them all right, but since I married my mind has been darkened, and I don't know them any longer." "Ah, young Sir," the Master said, "just the same happened before; at first your mind was clear, and you knew all your verses perfectly, but when your mind was obscured by passions and lusts, you could no longer clearly see them." Then at his request the Master told the following story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the family of a brahmin magnifico. When he grew up, he studied under a far-famed teacher of Takkasilā, where he learnt all

magic charms. After returning to Benares he taught these charms to a large number of brahmin and kshatriya youths.

Amongst these youths was one young brahmin who had learnt the Three Vedas by heart; he became a master of ritual[1], and could repeat the whole of the sacred texts without stumbling in a single line. By and bye he married and settled down. Then household cares clouded his mind, and no longer could he repeat the sacred verses.

One day his teacher paid him a visit. "Well, young Sir," he enquired, "do you know all your verses off by heart?" "Since I have been the head of a household," was the reply, "my mind has been clouded, and I cannot repeat them." "My son," said his teacher, "when the mind is clouded, no matter how perfectly the scriptures have been learnt, they will not stand out clear. But when the mind is serene there is no forgetting them." And thereupon he repeated the two verses following:—

"Thick, muddy water will not show
Fish or shell or sand or gravel that may lie below[2]:
So with a clouded wit:
Nor your nor other's good is seen in it.

"Clear, quiet waters ever show
All, be it fish or shell, that lies below; [101]
So with unclouded wit:
Both your and other's good shows clear in it."

When the Master had finished this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths the young brahmin entered upon the Fruit of the First Path:—"In those days, this youth was the young brahmin, and I was his teacher."

No. 186.

DADHI-VĀHANA-JĀTAKA[3].

"*Sweet was once the mango's savour,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told whilst dwelling in Jetavana, on the subject of keeping bad company. The circumstances were the same as above. Again the Master said: "Brethren, bad

[1] Or it may mean 'a pupil-teacher.'

[2] There is an irregularity in this stanza, the Pali having an extra line. I have reproduced this by making line 2 of an irregular length.

[3] Fausbøll, *Five Jātakas*, pp. 1 and 20; Rhys Davids, *Buddhist Birth Stories*, p. xvi. This tale belongs to the same group as Grimm no. 36, *The Wishing Table, the Gold-Ass*, and *the Cudgel in the Sack*; no. 54, *The Knapsack, the Hat and the Horn* (to which see the bibliographical note in Hunt's edition).

company is evil and injurious; why should one talk of the evil effects of bad company on human beings? In days long gone by, even a vegetable, a mango tree, whose sweet fruit was a dish fit for the gods, turned sour and bitter through the influence of a noisome and bitter nimb tree." Then he told a story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, four brahmins, brothers, of the land of Kāsi, left the world and became hermits; they built themselves four huts in a row in the highlands of the Himalaya, and there they lived.

The eldest brother died, and was born as Sakka. Knowing who he had been, he used to visit the others every seven or eight days, and lend them a helping hand.

One day, he visited the eldest of the anchorites, and after the usual greeting, took his seat to one side. [102] "Well, Sir, how can I serve you?" he enquired. The hermit, who was suffering from jaundice, replied, "Fire is what I want." Sakka gave him a razor-axe. (A razor-axe is so called because it serves as razor or as axe according as you fit it into the handle.) "Why," said the hermit, "who is there to get me firewood with this?" "If you want a fire, Sir," replied Sakka, "all you have to do is to strike your hand upon the axe, and say—'Fetch wood and make a fire!' The axe will fetch the wood and make you the fire."

After giving him this razor-axe he next visited the second brother, and asked him the same question—"How can I serve you, Sir?" Now there was an elephant track by his hut, and the creatures annoyed him. So he told Sakka that he was annoyed by elephants, and wanted them to be driven away. Sakka gave him a drum. "If you beat upon this side, Sir," he explained, "your enemies will run away; but if you strike the other, they will become your firm friends, and will encompass you with an army in fourfold array." Then he handed him the drum.

Lastly he made a visit to the youngest, and asked as before how he could serve him. He too had jaundice, and what he said was—"Please give me some curds." Sakka gave him a milk-bowl, with these words: "Turn this over if you want anything, and a great river will pour out of it, and will flood the whole place, and it will be able even to win a kingdom for you." With these words he departed.

After this the axe used to make fire for the eldest brother, the second used to beat upon one side of his drum and drive the elephants away, and the youngest had his curds to eat.

About this time a wild boar, that lived in a ruined village, lit upon a gem possessed of magic power. Picking up the gem in his mouth, he rose in the air by its magic. From afar he could see an isle in mid-ocean, and there he resolved to live. So descending he chose a pleasant spot beneath a mango tree, [103] and there he made his abode.

One day he fell asleep under the tree, with the jewel lying in front of him. Now a certain man from the Kāsi country, who had been turned out of doors by his parents as a ne'er-do-well, had made his way to a seaport, where he embarked on shipboard as a sailors' drudge. In mid-sea the ship was wrecked, and he floated upon a plank to this island. As he wandered in search of fruit, he espied our boar fast asleep. Quietly he crept up, seized the gem, and found himself by magic rising through the air! He alighted on the mango tree, and pondered. "The magic of this gem," thought he, "has taught yon boar to be a sky-walker; that's how he got here, I suppose. Well! I must kill him and make a meal of him first; and then I'll be off." So he snapt off a twig, dropping it upon the boar's head. The boar woke up, and seeing no gem, ran trembling up and down. The man up in the tree laughed. The boar looked up, and seeing him ran his head against the tree, and killed himself.

The man came down, lit a fire, cooked the boar and made a meal. Then he rose up in the sky, and set out on his journey.

As he passed over the Himalaya, he saw the hermits' settlement. So he descended, and spent two or three days in the eldest brother's hut, entertaining and entertained, and he found out the virtue of the axe. He made up his mind to get it for himself. So he showed our hermit the virtue of his gem, and offered to exchange it for the axe. The hermit longed to be able to pass through mid-air[1], and struck the bargain. The man took the axe, and departed; but before he had gone very far, he struck upon it, and said—"Axe! smash that hermit's skull and bring the gem to me!" Off flew the axe, clove the hermit's skull, and brought the gem back.

Then the man hid the axe away, and paid a visit to the second brother. [104] With him the visitor stayed a few days, and soon discovered the power of his drum. Then he exchanged his gem for the drum, as before, and as before made the axe cleave the owner's skull. After this he went on to the youngest of the three hermits, found out the power of the milk-bowl, gave his jewel in exchange for it, and as before sent his axe to cleave the man's skull. Thus he was now owner of jewel, axe, drum, and milk-bowl, all four.

He now rose up and past through the air. Stopping hard by Benares, he wrote a letter which he sent by a messenger's hands, that the king must either fight him or yield. On receipt of this message the king sallied forth to "seize the scoundrel." But he beat on one side of his drum, and was promptly surrounded by an army in fourfold array. When he saw that the king had deployed his forces, he then overturned the milk-bowl, and a great river poured forth; multitudes were drowned

[1] This was one of the supernatural powers much coveted by Buddhists.

in the river of curds. Next he struck upon his axe. "Fetch me the king's head!" cried he; away went the axe, and came back and dropt the head at his feet. Not a man could raise hand against him.

So encompassed by a mighty host, he entered the city, and caused himself to be anointed king under the title of king Dadhi-vāhana, or Carried-on-the-Curds, and ruled righteously.

One day, as the king was amusing himself by casting a net into the river, he caught a mango fruit, fit for the gods, which had floated down from Lake Kaṇṇamuṇḍa. When the net was hauled out, the mango was found, and shown to the king. It was a huge fruit, as big as a basin, round, and golden in colour. The king asked what the fruit was: Mango, said the foresters. He ate it, and had the stone planted in his park, and watered with milk-water.

The tree sprouted up, and in three years it bore fruit. Great was the worship paid to this tree; milk-water was poured about it; perfumed garlands with five sprays[1] were hung upon it; wreaths were festooned about it; a lamp was kept burning, and fed with scented oil; and all round it was a screen of cloth. The fruit was sweet, and had the colour of fine gold. King Dadhi-vāhana, before sending presents of these mangoes to other kings, [105] used to prick with a thorn that place in the stone where the sprout would come from, for fear of their growing the like by planting it. When they ate the fruit, they used to plant the stone; but they could not get it to take root. They enquired the reason, and learnt how the matter was.

One king asked his gardener whether he could spoil the flavour of this fruit, and turn it bitter on the tree. Yes, the man said he could; so his king gave him a thousand pieces and sent him on his errand.

So soon as he had arrived in Benares, the man sent a message to the king that a gardener was come. The king admitted him to the presence. After the man had saluted him, the king asked, "You are a gardener?" "Yes, Sire," said the man, and began to sound his own praises. "Very well," said the king, "you may go and assist my park-keeper." So after that these used both to look after the royal grounds.

The new comer managed to make the park look more beautiful by forcing flowers and fruit out of their season. This pleased the king,

[1] The meaning of *gandhapañcaṅgulikaṁ* is uncertain. Perhaps a garland in which sprouts or twigs were arranged radiating like the fingers of a hand. See Morris in *J.P.T.S.*, 1884, *s.v.* See vol. i. p. 71 for a different rendering; but there *gandhena pañcaṅgulikaṁ datvā* seems rather to mean "making five-finger wreaths with scent." The spread hand is in many places a symbol used to avert the evil eye. In some villages of India it is marked on the house walls (*North Ind. N. and Q.*, i. 42); it is carved on Phoenician tombstones (see those in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris); and I have seen it in all parts of Syria, on the houses of Jews, Christians, and Moslems.

so that he dismissed the former keeper and gave the park into sole charge of the new one. No sooner had this man got the park into his own hands than he planted nimbs and creepers about the choice mango tree. By and by the nimbs sprouted up. Above and below, root with root, and branch with branch, these were all entangled with the mango tree. Thus this tree, with its sweet fruit, grew bitter as the bitter-leaved nimb by the company of this noxious and sour plant. As soon as the gardener knew that the fruit had gone bitter, he took to his heels.

King Dadhi-vāhana went a-walking in his pleasaunce, and took a bite of the mango fruit. The juice in his mouth tasted like a nasty nimb; swallow it he could not, so he coughed and spat it out. Now at that time the Bodhisatta was his temporal and spiritual counsellor. The king turned to him. "Wise Sir, this tree is as carefully cared for as ever, and yet its fruit has gone bitter. What's the meaning of it?" and asking this question, he repeated the first stanza:—[106]

"Sweet was once the mango's savour, sweet its scent, its colour gold:
What has caused this bitter flavour? for we tend it as of old."

The Bodhisatta explained the reason in the second stanza:—

"Round about the trunk entwining, branch with branch, and root with root,
See the bitter creeper climbing; that is what has spoilt your fruit;
And so you see bad company will make the better follow suit."

On hearing this the Bodhisatta caused all the nimbs and creepers to be removed, and their roots pulled up; the noxious soil was all taken away, and sweet earth put in its place; and the tree was carefully fed with sweet water, milk-water, scented water. Then by absorbing all this sweetness its fruit grew sweet again. The king put his former gardener in charge of the park, and after his life was done passed away to fare according to his deserts.

After this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"In those days I was the wise counsellor."

No. 187.

CATUMAṬṬA-JĀTAKA.

"*Sit and sing*," *etc.*—This story the Master told while staying at Jetavana, about an old Brother. Once, we are told, two of the chief disciples were sitting together, questioning and answering; when up came an old Brother, and

made a third. [107] Taking a seat, he said, "I have a question too, Sirs, which I should like to ask you: and if you have any difficulty, you may put it to me." The Elders were disgusted; they rose up and left him. The congregation who listened to the discourse of the Elders, after the meeting broke up, came to the Master; he asked what brought them there untimely and they told him what had happened. He replied, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Sāriputta and Moggallāna have been disgusted with this man, and left him without a word; it was just the same in olden days." And he proceeded to tell a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became a tree-sprite that lived in a forest. Two young Geese flew down from Mount Cittakūṭa and perched upon this tree. They flew about in search of food, returned thither again, and after resting flew back to their mountain home. As time went on and on, the sprite struck up a friendship with them. Coming and going, they were great friends, and used to talk of religion to one another before they parted.

It happened one day as the birds sat on the treetop, talking with the Bodhisatta, that a Jackal, halting at the foot of the tree, addressed the young Geese in the words of the following stanza:—

"Sit and sing upon the tree
If in private you would be.
Sit upon the ground, and sing
Verses to the beasts' own king!"

Filled with disgust, the young Geese took wing and flew back to Cittakūṭa. When they were gone, the Bodhisatta repeated the second stanza for the Jackal's benefit:—

"Fairwing here to fairwing sings,
God to god sweet converse brings;
Perfect beauty[1], you must then
Back into your hole again!"

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[108] When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:—"In those times the old man was the Jackal, Sāriputta and Moggallāna the two young Geese, and I myself was the tree-sprite."

[1] Lit. 'lovely in four points,' i.e. as the schol. explains 'in form, in birth, in voice, in quality': said sarcastically.

No. 188.

SĪHAKOṬṬHUKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Lion's claws and lion's paws,*" *etc.*—This is a story told by the Master whilst at Jetavana, about Kokālika. They say that Kokālika one day hearing a number of wise Brethren preaching, desired to preach himself; all the rest is like the circumstances given in a previous tale[1]. This time again the Master on hearing of it said, "Not this once only has Kokālika been shown up for what he was worth by means of his own voice; the very same thing happened before." And he told a story.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was a Lion in the Himalaya mountains, and he had a cub by a she-jackal who mated with him. The cub was just like his sire in toes, claws, mane, colour, figure—all these; but in voice he was like his dam.

One day, after a shower of rain, all the Lions were gambolling together and roaring; the cub thought he would like to roar too, and yelped like a jackal. On hearing which all the Lions fell silent at once! Another cub of the same sire, own brother of this one, heard the sound, and said, "Father, yon lion is like us in colour and everything except in voice. Who's he?" in asking which question he repeated the first stanza:—

"Lion's claws and lion's paws,
Lion's feet to stand upon;
But the bellow of this fellow
Sounds not like a lion's son!"

[109] In answer the Bodhisatta said, "It's your brother, the Jackal's cub; like me in form, but in voice like his dam." Then he gave a word of advice to the other cub—"My dear son, as long as you live here keep a quiet tongue in your head. If you give tongue again, they'll all find out that you are a Jackal." To drive the advice home he repeated the second stanza:—

"All will see what kind you be
If you yelp as once before;
So don't try it, but keep quiet:
Yours is not a lion's roar."

After this advice the creature never again so much as tried to roar.

When the Master had finished this discourse, he identified the Birth:—"In those days Kokālika was the Jackal, Rahula was the brother cub, and the king of beasts was I myself."

[1] No. 172; compare no. 189. Kokālika is often alluded to in this way; cp. nos. 117, 481. There is a story in the *Cullavagga* i. 18. 3, turning on a similar point; a hen has a chick by a crow, and when it would cry cock-a-doodle-doo it caws, and *vice versa* (*Vinaya Texts*, *S. B. E.*, ii. p. 362).

No. 189.

SĪHACAMMA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Nor lion nor tiger I see,*" *etc.*—This story, like the last, was about Kokālika, told by the Master in Jetavana. This time he wanted to intone. The Master on hearing of it told the following story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a farmer's family, and when he grew up he got a livelihood by tillage.

At the same time there was a Merchant who used to go about hawking goods, which a donkey carried for him. Wherever he went, he used to take his bundle off the ass, and throw a lionskin over him, [110] and then turn him loose in the rice and barley fields. When the watchmen saw this creature, they imagined him to be a lion, and so durst not come near him.

One day this hawker stopped at a certain village, and while he was getting his own breakfast cooked, he turned the ass loose in a barley field with the lionskin on. The watchmen thought it was a lion, and durst not come near, but fled home and gave the alarm. All the villagers armed themselves, and hurried to the field, shouting and blowing on conchs and beating drums. The ass was frightened out of his wits, and gave a hee-haw! Then the Bodhisatta, seeing that it was a donkey, repeated the first stanza:—

"Nor lion nor tiger I see,
Not even a leopard is he:
But a donkey—the wretched old hack!
With a lionskin over his back!"

As soon as the villagers learnt that it was only an ass, they cudgelled him till they broke his bones, and then went off with the lionskin. When the Merchant appeared, and found that his ass had come to grief, he repeated the second stanza:—

"The donkey, if he had been wise,
Might long the green barley have eaten;
A lionskin was his disguise:—
But he gave a hee-haw, and got beaten!"

[1] Fausbøll, *Five Jātakas*, pp. 14 and 39; Rhys Davids, *Buddhist Birth Stories*, p. v. This is Aesop's *Ass in the Lion's Skin.*

As he was in the act of uttering these words, the ass expired. The Merchant left him, and went his way.

After this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"At that time Kokālika was the ass, and the wise farmer was I myself."

No. 190.

SĪLĀNISAṀSA-JĀTAKA.

[111] "*Behold the fruit of sacrifice,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told whilst staying in Jetavana, about a believing layman. This was a faithful, pious soul, an elect disciple. One evening, on his way to Jetavana, he came to the bank of the river Aciravatī, when the ferrymen had pulled up their boat on the shore in order to attend service; as no boat could be seen at the landing-stage, and our friend's mind being full of delightful thoughts of the Buddha, he walked into the river[1]. His feet did not sink below the water. He got as far as mid-river walking as though he were on dry land; but there he noticed the waves. Then his ecstasy subsided, and his feet began to sink. Again he strung himself up to high tension, and walked on over the water. So he arrived at Jetavana, greeted the Master, and took a seat on one side. The Master entered into conversation with him pleasantly. "I hope, good layman," said he, "you had no mishap on your way." "Oh, Sir," he replied, "on my way I was so absorbed in thoughts of the Buddha that I set foot upon the river; but I walked over it as though it had been dry ground!" "Ah, friend layman," said the Master, "you are not the only one who has kept safe by remembering the virtues of the Buddha. In olden days pious laymen have been shipwrecked in mid-ocean, and saved themselves by remembering the Buddha's virtues." Then, at the man's request, he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, in the days when Kassapa was Supreme Buddha, a disciple, who had entered on the Paths, took passage on board ship in company with a barber of some considerable property. The barber's wife had given him in charge of our friend, to look after him in better and in worse.

A week later, the ship was wrecked in mid-ocean. These two persons

[1] The resemblance to St Peter on the Sea of Galilee is striking.

clinging to one plank were cast up on an island. There the barber killed some birds, and cooked them, offering a share of his meal to the lay brother. "No, thank you," said he, "I have had enough." He was thinking to himself, "In this place there is no help for us except the Three Jewels[1]," and so he pondered upon the blessings of the Three Jewels. As he pondered and pondered, a Serpent-king who had been born in that isle changed his own body to the shape of a great ship. The ship was filled with the seven kinds of precious things. [112] A Spirit of the Sea was the helmsman. The three masts were made of sapphire, the anchor[2] of gold, the ropes of silver, and the planks were golden.

The Sea-spirit stood on board, crying—"Any passengers for India?" The lay brother said, "Yes, that's where we are bound for." "In with you then—on board with you!" He went aboard, and wanted to call his friend the barber. "You may come," says the helmsman, "but not he." "Why not?" "He is not a man of holy life, that's why," said the other; "I brought this ship for you, not for him." "Very well:—the gifts I have given, the virtues I have practised, the powers I have developed—I give him the fruit of all of them!" "I thank you, master!" said the barber. "Now," said the Sea-spirit, "I can take you aboard." So he conveyed them both oversea, and sailed upstream to Benares. There, by his power, he created a store of wealth for both of them, and bespoke them thus.

"Keep company with the wise and good. If this barber had not been in company with this pious layman, he would have perished in the midst of the deep." Then he uttered these verses in praise of good company:—

"Behold the fruit of sacrifice, virtue, and piety:
A serpent in ship-shape conveys the good man o'er the sea.

"Make friendship only with the good, and keep good company;
Friends with the good, this Barber could his home in safety see."

[113] Thus did the Spirit of the Sea hold forth, poised in mid-air. Finally he went to his own abode, taking the Serpent-king along with him.

The Master, after finishing this discourse, declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths the pious layman entered on the Fruit of the Second Path:—"On that occasion the converted lay brother attained Nirvana; Sāriputta was the Serpent-king, and the Sea-spirit was I myself."

[1] The Three Jewels are Buddha, the Law, the Order. For the seven precious things (or jewels), see Childers, p. 402 *b*.

[2] *lakāro* or *laṅkāro*. I do not know what the word means. Prof. Cowell suggests "anchor," the Mod. Persian for which is *langar*.

No. 191.

RUHAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Even a broken bowstring,*" *etc.*--This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about temptation arising from a former wife. The circumstances will be explained in the Eighth Book, in the Indriya-Jātaka[1]. Then the Master said to this brother, "That is a woman who does you harm. In former times, too, she put you to the blush before the king and his whole court, and gave you good reason to leave your home." And he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when king Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of his chief queen. He came of age, and his father passed away; and then he became king and ruled in righteousness.

The Bodhisatta had a chaplain named Ruhaka, and this Ruhaka had an old brahmin woman to wife.

The king gave the brahmin a horse accoutred with all its trappings, and he mounted the horse and went to wait upon the king. As he rode along on the back of his richly caparisoned steed, the people on this side and that were loud in its praise: "See that fine horse!" they cried; "what a beauty!"

When he came home again, he went into his mansion and told his wife. [114] "Goodwife," said he, "our horse is passing fine! Right and left the people are all speaking in praise of it."

Now his wife was no better than she should be, and full of deceit; so she made reply to him thus.

"Ah, husband, you do not know wherein lies the beauty of this horse. It is all in his fine trappings. Now if you would make yourself fine like the horse, put his trappings on yourself and go down into the street, prancing along horse-fashion[2]. You will see the king, and he will praise you, and all the people will praise you."

This fool of a brahmin listened to it all, but did not know what she purposed. So he believed her, and did as she had said. All that saw him laughed aloud: "There goes a fine professor!" said they all. And the king cried shame on him. "Why, my Teacher," said he, "has your bile gone wrong? Are you crazy?" At this the brahmin thought that he must have behaved amiss, and he was ashamed. So he was wroth with his wife, and made haste home, saying to himself, "The woman has shamed me

[1] No. 423.

[2] Compare *Pañcatantra* iv. 6 (Benfey, ii. p. 307).

before the king and all his army: I will chastise her and turn her out of doors!"

But the crafty woman found out that he had come home in anger; she stole a march on him, and departed by a side door, and made her way to the palace, where she stayed four or five days. When the king heard of it, he sent for his chaplain, and said to him,

"My Teacher, all womankind are full of faults; you ought to forgive this lady;" and with intent to make him forgive he uttered the first stanza:—

"Even a broken bowstring can be mended and made whole:
Forgive your wife, and cherish not this anger in your soul."

[115] Hearing this, Ruhaka uttered the second:—

"While there is bark[1] and workmen too
'Tis easy to buy bowstrings new.
Another wife I will procure;
I've had enough of this one, sure."

So saying, he sent her away, and took him another brahmin woman to wife.

The Master, after finishing this discourse, declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths the tempted Brother was established in the fruit of the First Path:—"On that occasion the former wife was the same, Ruhaka was the tempted brother, and I was the king of Benares."

No. 192.

SIRI-KĀḶAKAṆṆI-JĀTAKA[2].

"*Even though women may be fair,*" *etc.*—This story will be given in the Mahā-ummagga-Jātaka[3].

[1] Reading *mudūsu*, 'fresh (bark),' from the fibre of which bowstrings were sometimes made.

[2] Cf. *Thibetan Tales*, xxi. pp. 291—5, "How a Woman Requites Love."

[3] No. 538 in Westergaard.

No. 193[1].

CULLA-PADUMA-JĀTAKA.

"*'Tis I—no other,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana about a backsliding brother. The circumstances will be explained in the Ummadantī Birth[2]. When this brother was asked by the Master whether he were really a backslider, he replied that he was. "Who," said the Master, "has caused you to backslide?" He replied that he had seen a woman dressed up in finery, and overcome by passion he had backslidden. Then the Master said, "Brother, womankind are all ungrateful and treacherous; wise men of old were even so stupid as to give the blood from their own right knee for them to drink, and made them presents all their life long, and yet did not win their hearts." And he told an old-world tale.

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[116] Once upon a time, when king Brahmadatta reigned over Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as his chief queen's son. On his name-day, they called him Prince Paduma, the Lotus Prince. After him came six younger brothers. One after another these seven came of age and married and settled down, living as the king's companions.

One day the king looked out into the palace courts, and as he looked he saw these men with a great following on their way to wait upon himself. He conceived the suspicion that they meant to slay him, and seize his kingdom. So he sent for them, and after this fashion bespake them.

"My sons, you may not dwell in this town. So go elsewhere, and when I die you shall return and take the kingdom which belongs to our family."

They agreed to their father's words; and went home weeping and wailing. "It matters not where we go!" they cried; and taking their wives with them, they left the city, and journeyed along the road. By and bye they came to a wood, where they could get no food or drink. And being unable to bear the pangs of hunger, they determined to save their lives at the women's cost. They seized the youngest brother's wife, and slew her; they cut up her body into thirteen parts, and ate it. But the Bodhisatta and his wife set aside one portion, and ate the other between them.

Thus they did six days, and slew and ate six of the women; and each day the Bodhisatta set one portion aside, so that he had six portions saved.

[1] See *Pañcatantra* iv. 5 (Benfey, ii. p. 305); *Thibetan Tales*, no. xxi. "How a Woman requites Love."

[2] No. 527.

On the seventh day the others would have taken the Bodhisatta's wife to kill her; but instead he gave them the six portions which he had kept. "Eat these," said he; "to-morrow I will manage." They all did eat the flesh; and when the time came that they fell asleep, the Bodhisatta and his wife made off together.

When they had gone a little space, the woman said, "Husband, I can go no further." So the Bodhisatta took her upon his shoulders, and at sunrise he came out of the wood. When the sun was risen, said she—"Husband, I am thirsty!"

"There is no water, dear wife!" said he.

But she begged him again and again, until he struck his right knee with his sword, [117] and said,

"Water there is none; but sit you down and drink the blood here from my knee." And so she did.

By and bye they came to the mighty Ganges. They drank, they bathed, they ate all manner of fruits, and rested in a pleasant spot. And there by a bend of the river they made a hermit's hut and took up their abode in it.

Now it happened that a robber in the regions of Upper Ganges had been guilty of high treason. His hands and feet, and his nose and ears had been cut off, and he was laid in a canoe, and left to drift down the great river. To this place he floated, groaning aloud with pain. The Bodhisatta heard his piteous wailing.

"While I live," said he, "no poor creature shall perish for me!" and to the river bank he went, and saved the man. He brought him to the hut, and with astringent lotions and ointments he tended his wounds.

But his wife said to herself, "Here is a nice lazy fellow he has fetched out of the Ganges, to look after!" and she went about spitting for disgust at the fellow.

Now when the man's wounds were growing together, the Bodhisatta had him to dwell there in the hut along with his wife, and he brought fruits of all kinds from the forest to feed both him and the woman. And as they thus dwelt together, the woman fell in love with the fellow, and committed sin. Then she desired to kill the Bodhisatta, and said to him, "Husband, as I sat on your shoulder when I came out from the forest, I saw yon hill, and I vowed that if ever you and I should be saved, and come to no harm, I would make offering to the holy spirit of the hill. Now this spirit haunts me: and I desire to pay my offering!"

"Very good," said the Bodhisatta, not knowing her guile. He prepared an offering, and delivering to her the vessel of offering, he climbed the hill-top. [118] Then his wife said to him,

"Husband, not the hill-spirit, but you are my chief of gods! Then in your honour first of all I will offer wild flowers, and walk reverently

round you, keeping you on the right, and salute you: and after that I will make my offering to the mountain spirit." So saying, she placed him facing a precipice, and pretended that she was fain to salute him in reverent fashion. Thus getting behind him, she smote him on the back, and hurled him down the precipice. Then she cried in her joy, "I have seen the back of my enemy!" and she came down from the mountain, and went into the presence of her paramour.

Now the Bodhisatta tumbled down the cliff; but he stuck fast in a clump of leaves on the top of a fig tree where there were no thorns. Yet he could not get down the hill, so there he sat among the branches, eating the figs. It happened that a huge Iguana used to climb the hill from the foot of it, and would eat the fruit of this fig tree. That day he saw the Bodhisatta and took to flight. On the next day, he came and ate some fruit on one side of it. Again and again he came, till at last he struck up a friendship with the Bodhisatta.

"How did you get to this place?" he asked; and the Bodhisatta told him how.

"Well, don't be afraid," said the Iguana; and taking him on his own back, he descended the hill and brought him out of the forest. There he set him upon the high road, and showed him what way he should go, and himself returned to the forest.

The other proceeded to a certain village, and dwelt there till he heard of his father's death. Upon this he made his way to Benares. There he inherited the kingdom which belonged to his family, and took the name of King Lotus; the ten rules of righteousness for kings he did not transgress, and he ruled uprightly. He built six Halls of Bounty, one at each of the four gates, one in the midst of the city, and one before the palace; and every day he distributed in gifts six hundred thousand pieces of money.

Now the wicked wife took her paramour upon her shoulders, and came forth out of the forest; and she went a-begging among the people, and collected rice and gruel to support him withal. [119] If she was asked what the man was to her, she would reply, "His mother was sister to my father, he is my cousin[1]; to him they gave me. Even if he were doomed to death I would take my own husband upon my shoulders, and care for him, and beg food for his living!"

"What a devoted wife!" said all the people. And thenceforward they gave her more food than ever. Some of them also offered advice, saying, "Do not live in this way. King Lotus is lord of Benares; he has set all India in a stir by his bounty. It will delight him to see you; so delighted will he be, that he will give you rich gifts. Put your husband

[1] The Sanskrit version says "his kinsfolk persecuted him," which gives a reason for the state he was seen in.

in this basket, and make your way to him." So saying, they persuaded her, and gave her a basket of osiers.

The wicked woman placed her paramour in the basket, and taking it up she repaired to Benares, and lived on what she got at the Halls of Bounty. Now the Bodhisatta used to ride to an alms-hall upon the back of a splendid elephant richly dight; and after giving alms to eight or ten people, he would set out again for home. Then the wicked woman placed her paramour in the basket, and taking it up, she stood where the king was used to pass. The king saw her. "Who is this?" he asked. "A devoted wife," was the answer. He sent for her, and recognised who she was. He caused the man to be put down from the basket, and asked her, "What is this man to you?"—"He is the son of my father's sister, given me by my family, my own husband," she answered.

"Ah, what a devoted wife!" cried they all: for they knew not the ins and outs of it; and they praised the wicked woman.

"What—is the scoundrel your cousin? did your family give him to you?" asked the king; "your husband, is he?"

She did not recognise the king; and "Yes, my lord!" said she, as bold as you like.

"And is this the king of Benares' son? Are you not the wife of prince Lotus, the daughter of such and such a king, your name so and so? Did not you drink the blood from my knee? Did you not fall in love with this rascal, and throw me down a precipice? Ah, you thought that I was dead, and here you are with death written upon your own forehead—and here am I, alive!" [120] Then he turned to his courtiers. "Do you remember what I told you, when you questioned me? My six younger brothers slew their six wives and ate them; but I kept my wife unhurt, and brought her to Ganges' bank, where I dwelt in a hermit's hut: I hauled a condemned criminal out of the river, and supported him; this woman fell in love with him, and threw me down a precipice, but I saved my life by showing kindness. This is no other than the wicked woman who threw me off the crag: this, and no other, is the condemned wretch!" And then he uttered the following verses:

"'Tis I—no other, and this quean is she;
The handless knave, no other, there you see;
Quoth she—'This is the husband of my youth.'
Women deserve to die; they have no truth.

"With a great club beat out the scoundrel's life
Who lies in wait to steal his neighbour's wife.
Then take the faithful harlot by and bye,
And shear off nose and ears before she die."

[121] But although the Bodhisatta could not swallow his anger, and ordained this punishment for them, he did not do accordingly; but he

smothered his wrath, and had the basket fixed upon her head so fast that she could not take it off; the villain he had placed in the same, and they were driven out of his kingdom.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother entered on the Fruit of the First Path:—"In those days certain elders were the six brothers, the young lady Ciñcā was the wife, Devadatta was the criminal, Ānanda was the Iguana, and King Lotus was I myself."

No. 194.

MAṆICORA-JĀTAKA.

"*No gods are here*," *etc.*—This story the Master told during a stay in Veḷuvana, how Devadatta tried to kill him. Hearing that Devadatta went about to kill him, he said, "Brethren, this is not the only time that Devadatta has been trying to kill me; he tried to do so before, and failed." Then he told them this story.

Once upon a time Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, when the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of a householder who lived in a village not far from the city.

When he came to years, they fetched a young lady of family from Benares to marry him. She was a fair and lovely maiden, beautiful as a nymph divine, graceful like a twining creeper, ravishing as a sylph. Her name was Sujātā; she was faithful, virtuous, and dutiful. She always did duly her devoir to her lord and his parents. This girl was very dear and precious to the Bodhisatta. [122] So they two dwelt together in joy, and unity, and oneness of mind.

On a day Sujātā said to her husband, "I have a wish to see my mother and father."

"Very good, my wife," replied he; "make ready food sufficient for the journey." He caused food of all sorts to be cooked, and placed the provisions in a waggon; since he drove the vehicle, he sat in front, and his wife behind. To Benares they went; and there they unyoked the waggon, and washed, and ate. Then the Bodhisatta yoked the oxen

again, and sat in front; and Sujātā, who had changed her dress and adorned herself, sat behind.

As the waggon entered the city, the king of Benares happened to be making a solemn circuit round the place mounted upon the back of a splendid elephant; and he passed by that place. Sujātā had come down out of the cart, and was walking behind on foot. The king saw her: her beauty so attracted his eye, that he became enamoured of her. He called one of his suite. "Go," said he, "and find out whether yon woman has a husband or no." The man did as he was bid, and came back to tell the king. "She has a husband, I am told," said he; "do you see that man sitting in the cart yonder? He is her husband."

The king could not smother his passion, and sin entered into his mind. "I will find some way of getting rid of this fellow," thought he, "and then I will take the wife myself." Calling to a man, he said, "Here, my good fellow, take this jewelled crest, and make as though you were passing down the street. As you go, drop it in the waggon of yonder man." So saying, he gave him a jewelled crest, and dismissed him. The man took it, and went; as he passed the waggon, he dropped it in; then he returned, and reported to the king that it was done.

"I have lost a jewelled crest!" cried the king: the whole place was in an uproar.

"Shut all the gates!" the king gave order: "cut off the outlets! hunt the thief!" The king's followers obeyed. The city was all confusion! The other man, taking some others with him, went up to the Bodhisatta, crying—"Hullo! stop your cart! [123] the king has lost a jewelled crest; we must search your cart!" And search it he did, till he found the jewel which he had put there himself. "Thief!" cried he, seizing the Bodhisatta; they beat him and kicked him; then binding his arms behind him they dragged him before the king, crying out—"See the thief who stole your jewel!" "Off with his head!" was the king's command. They scourged him with whips, and tormented him at every street corner, and cast him out of the city by the south gates.

Now Sujātā left the waggon, and stretching out her arms she ran after him, wailing as she went—"O my husband, it is I who brought you into this woful plight!" The king's servants threw the Bodhisatta upon his back, with the intent to cut off his head. When she saw this, Sujātā thought upon her own goodness and virtue, reflecting thus within herself; "I suppose there can be no spirit here strong enough to stay the hand of cruel and wicked men, who work mischief to the virtuous"; and weeping and wailing she repeated the first stanza:—

"No gods are here: they must be far away;—
No gods, who over all the world hold sway:
Now wild and violent men may work their will,
For here is no one who could say them nay."

As this virtuous woman thus lamented, the thronè of Sakka[1], king of the Gods, grew hot as he sat upon it. [124] "Who is it that would make me fall from my godhead?" thought Sakka. Then he was ware of what was befalling. "The king of Benares," he thought, "is doing a very cruel deed. He is making the virtuous Sujātā miserable; now I must go thither!" So descending from the godworld, by his own power he dismounted the wicked king from the elephant on whose back he was riding, and laid him upon his back in the place of execution, but the Bodhisatta he caught up, and decked him with all kinds of ornaments, and made the king's dress come upon him, and set him on the back of the king's elephant. The servants lifted the axe and smote off a head—but it was the king's head; and when it was off, they knew that it was the head of the king.

Sakka took upon him a visible body, and came before the Bodhisatta, and consecrated him to be king; and caused the place of chief queen to be given to Sujātā. And as the courtiers, the brahmins and householders, and the rest, saw Sakka, king of the gods, they rejoiced, saying, "The unrighteous king is slain! now have we received from the hands of Sakka a king who is righteous!" And Sakka stood poised in the air, and declared, "This your righteous king from this time forth shall rule in righteousness. If a king be unrighteous, God sends rain out of season, and in season he sends no rain: and fear of famine, fear of pestilence, fear of the sword—these three fears come upon men for him." Thus did he instruct them, and spake this second verse:—

"For him no rain falls in the time of rain,
But out of season pours and pours amain.
A king comes down from heaven upon the earth.
Behold the reason why this man is slain."

[125] Thus did Sakka admonish a great concourse of folk, and then he went straight to his divine abode. And the Bodhisatta reigned in righteousness, and then went to swell the hosts of heaven.

The Master, having ended this discourse, thus identified the Birth:—"At that time Devadatta was the wicked king; Anuruddha was Sakka; Sujātā was Rāhula's mother; but the king by Sakka's gift was I myself."

[1] Indra.

No. 195.

PABBATŪPATTHARA-JĀTAKA.

"*A happy lake*," *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about the king of Kosala.

We are told that a certain courtier intrigued in the royal harem. The king inquired into the matter, and when he found it all out exactly he determined to tell the Master. So he came to Jetavana, and saluted the Master; told him how a courtier had intrigued, and asked what he was to do. The Master asked him whether he found the courtier useful to him, and whether he loved his wife. "Yes," was the reply, "the man is very useful; he is the mainstay of my court; and I do love the woman." "Sire," replied the Master, "when servants are useful, and women are dear, there is no harming them. In olden days too kings listened to the words of the wise, and were indifferent to such things." And he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a courtier's family. When he came of age, he became the king's counsellor in things temporal and spiritual.

Now one of the king's court intrigued in the harem, and the king learnt all about it. "He is a most useful servant," thought he, "and the woman is dear to me. I cannot destroy these two. [126] I will put a question to some wise man of my court; and if I must put up with it, put up with it I will; if not, then I will not."

He sent for the Bodhisatta, and bade him be seated. "Wise sir," said he, "I have a question to ask you."

"Ask it, O king! I will make answer," replied the other. Then the king asked his question in the words of the first couplet:—

"A happy lake lay sheltered at the foot of a lovely hill,
But a jackal used it, knowing that a lion watched it still."

"Surely," thought the Bodhisatta, "one of his courtiers must have intrigued in the harem"; and he recited the second couplet:—

"Out of the mighty river all creatures drink at will:
If she is dear, have patience—the river's a river still."

[127] Thus did the Great Being advise the king.

And the king abode by this advice, and he forgave them both, bidding them go and sin no more. And from that time they ceased. And the king gave alms, and did good, till at his life's end he went to fill the hosts of heaven.

And the king of Kosala also, after hearing this discourse, forgave both these people and remained indifferent.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:—"At that time Ānanda was the king, and I myself was the wise councillor."

No. 196.

VALĀHASSA-JĀTAKA.

"*They who will neglect,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while staying in Jetavana, about a Brother who had become a backslider.

When the Master asked him if it was really true that he was a backslider, the Brother replied that it was true. Being questioned for the reason, he replied that his passion had been aroused by seeing a finely dressed woman. Then the Master thus addressed him:

"Brother, these women tempt men by their figure and voice, scents, perfumes, and touch, and by their wiles and dalliance; thus they get men into their power; and as soon as they perceive that this is done, they ruin them, character, wealth and all, by their evil ways. This gives them the name of she-goblins. In former days also a troop of she-goblins tempted a caravan of traders, and got power over them; and afterwards, when they got sight of other men, they killed every one of the first, and then devoured them, crunching them in their teeth while the blood ran down over both cheeks." And then he told an old story.

Once upon a time, there was in the island of Ceylon a goblin town called Sirīsavatthu, peopled by she-goblins. When a ship is wrecked, these adorn and deck themselves, and taking rice and gruel, with trains of slaves, and their children on their hip, they come up to the merchants. [128] In order to make them imagine that theirs is a city of human beings, they make them see here and there men ploughing and tending kine, herds of cattle, dogs, and the like. Then approaching the merchants they invite them to partake of the gruel, rice, and other food which they bring. The merchants, all unaware, eat of what is offered. When they have eaten and drunken, and are taking their rest, the goblins address them thus: "Where do you live? where do you come from? whither are you going, and what errand brought you here?" "We were shipwrecked here," they reply. "Very good, noble sirs," the others make answer; "'tis three years ago since our own husbands went on board ship; they

must have perished. You are merchants too; we will be your wives." Thus they lead them astray by their women's wiles, and tricks, and dalliance, until they get them into the goblin city; then, if they have any others already caught, they bind these with magic chains, and cast them into the house of torment. And if they find no shipwrecked men in the place where they dwell, they scour the coast as far as the river Kalyāṇi[1] on one side and the island of Nāgadīpa on the other. This is their way.

Now it happened once that five hundred shipwrecked traders were cast ashore near the city of these she-goblins. The goblins came up to them and enticed them, till they brought them to their city; those whom they had caught before, they bound with magic chains and cast them into the house of torment. Then the chief goblin took the chief man, and the others took the rest, till five hundred had the five hundred traders; and they made the men their husbands. Then in the night time, when her man was asleep, the chief she-goblin rose up, and made her way to the house of death, slew some of the men and ate them. The others did the same. When the eldest goblin returned from eating men's flesh, her body was cold. The eldest merchant embraced her, and perceived that she was a goblin. [129] "All the five hundred of them must be goblins!" he thought to himself: "we must make our escape!"

So in the early morning, when he went to wash his face, he bespake the other merchants in these words. "These are goblins, and not human beings! As soon as other shipwrecked men can be found, they will make them their husbands, and will eat us; come—let us escape!"

Two hundred and fifty of them replied, "We cannot leave them: go ye, if ye will, but we will not flee away."

Then the chief trader with two hundred and fifty, who were ready to obey him, fled away in fear of the goblins.

Now at that time, the Bodhisatta had come into the world as a flying horse[2], white all over, and beaked like a crow, with hair like muñja grass[3], possessed of supernatural power, able to fly through the air. From Himalaya he flew through the air until he came to Ceylon. There he passed over the ponds and tanks of Ceylon, and ate the paddy that grew wild there. As he passed on thus, he thrice uttered human speech filled with mercy, saying—"Who wants to go home? who wants to go home?" The traders heard his saying, and cried—"We are going home, master!" joining their hands, and raising them respectfully to their foreheads. "Then climb up on my back," said the Bodhisatta. Thereat some of

[1] The modern Kaelani-gaṅgā (*Journ. of the Pali Text Soc.*, 1888, p. 20).

[2] On one side of a pillar in a Buddhist railing at Mathura, is a flying horse with people clinging to it, perhaps intended for this scene (Anderson, *Catalogue of the Indian Museum*, i. p. 189).

[3] Saccharum Muñja.

them climbed up, some laid hold of his tail, and some remained standing, with a respectful salute. Then the Bodhisatta took up even those who stood still saluting him, and conveyed all of them, even two hundred and fifty, to their own country, and set down each in his own place; then he went back to his place of dwelling.

And the she-goblins, when other men came to that place, slew those two hundred and fifty who were left, and devoured them.

The Master now said, addressing the Brethren: "Brethren, even as these traders perished by falling into the hands of she-goblins, but the others by obeying the behest of the wonderful horse each returned safe home again; so, even so, they who neglect the advice of the Buddhas, both Brethren and Sisters, lay Brethren and lay Sisters, [130] come to great misery in the four hells, places where they are punished under the five fetters, and so forth. But those who abide by such advice come to the three kinds of fortunate birth, the six heavens of sense, the twenty worlds of Brahma, and reaching the state of imperishable Nirvana they attain great blessedness." Then, becoming perfectly enlightened, he recited the following verses:—

"They who will neglect the Buddha when he tells them what to do,
As the goblins ate the merchants, likewise they shall perish too.

"They who hearken to the Buddha when he tells them what to do,
As the bird-horse saved the merchants, they shall win salvation too."

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother entered on the Fruit of the First Path, and many others entered on the Fruit of the First, Second, Third or Fourth:—"The Buddha's followers were the two hundred and fifty who followed the advice of the horse, and I was the horse myself."

No. 197.

MITTĀMITTA-JĀTAKA.

"*He smiles not,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told whilst dwelling at Sāvatthi, about a certain Brother.

This Brother took a piece of cloth, deposited by his teacher, feeling confident that if he took it his teacher would not be angry. Then he made a shoe-bag of it, and took his leave. When this teacher asked why he took it, he replied he had felt confident, if he did, that his teacher would not be angry. The teacher flew into a passion, [131] got up and struck him a blow. "What confidence is there between you and me?" he asked.

This fact became known among the Brotherhood. One day the brothers were all together talking about it in the Hall of Truth. "Friend, young Brother

So-and-so felt so confident of his teacher's friendship, that he took a piece of cloth, and made it into a shoe-bag. Then the teacher asked him what confidence there was between them, flew into a passion, jumped up, and gave him a blow." The Master came in, and asked them what they were talking of as they sat there together. They told him. Then he said, "This is not the first time, Brothers, that this man has disappointed the confidence of his fellow. He did the same before." And then he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a brahmin's son in the realm of Kāsi. When he came of age, he renounced the world; he caused to grow in him the Supernatural Faculties and the Attainments, and took up his abode in the region of Himalaya with a band of disciples. One of this band of ascetics disobeyed the voice of the Bodhisatta, and kept a young elephant which had lost its dam. This creature by and by grew big, then killed its master and made off into the forest. The ascetics did his obsequies; and then, coming about the Bodhisatta, they put this question to him.

"Sir, how may we know whether one is a friend or an enemy?"

This the Bodhisatta declared to them in the following stanzas:—

"He smiles not when he sees him, no welcome will he show,
He will not turn his eyes that way, and answers him with No.

"These are the marks and tokens by which your foe you see:
These if a wise man sees and hears he knows his enemy."

[132] In these words the Bodhisatta declared the marks of friend and foe. Thereafter he cultivated the Excellences, and entered the heaven of Brahma

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When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:—"The Brother in question was he who kept the pet elephant, his teacher was the elephant, the Buddha's followers were then the band of hermits, and I myself was their chief."

No. 198[1].

"*I come, my son,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told whilst living at Jetavana, about a brother who was a backslider.

We hear that the Master asked him if he really were a backslider; and he replied, yes, he was. Being asked the reason, he replied, "Because my passions

[1] There are many variants of this story. Compare *Gesta Romanorum* (Early Eng. Text Soc.), no. 45, pp. 174 ff.; *Boke of the Knight de la Tour Landry* (same series), p. 22. Compare no. 145.

were aroused on seeing a woman in her finery." Then the Master said, "Brother, there is no watching women. In days of yore, watchers were placed to guard the doors, and yet they could not keep them safe; even when you have got them, you cannot keep them." And he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into the world as a young parrot. His name was Rādha, and his youngest brother was named Poṭṭhapāda. While they were yet quite young, both of them were caught by a fowler and handed over to a brahmin in Benares. The brahmin cared for them as if they were his children. [133] But the brahmin's wife was a wicked woman; there was no watching her.

The husband had to go away on business, and addressed his young parrots thus. "Little dears, I am going away on business. Keep watch on your mother in season and out of season; observe whether or not any man visits her." So off he went, leaving his wife in charge of the young parrots.

As soon as he was gone, the woman began to do wrong; night and day the visitors came and went—there was no end to them. Poṭṭhapāda, observing this, said to Rādha—"Our master gave this woman into our charge, and here she is doing wickedness. I will speak to her."

"Don't," said Rādha. But the other would not listen. "Mother," said he, "why do you commit sin?"

How she longed to kill him! But making as though she would fondle him, she called him to her.

"Little one, you are my son! I will never do it again! Here, then, the dear!" So he came out; then she seized him crying,

"What! you preach to *me*! you don't know your measure!" and she wrung his neck, and threw him into the oven.

The brahmin returned. When he had rested, he asked the Bodhisatta: "Well, my dear, what about your mother—does she do wrong, or no?" and as he asked the question, he repeated the first couplet:—

"I come, my son, the journey done, and now I am at home again:
Come tell me; is your mother true? does she make love to other men?"

Rādha answered, "Father dear, the wise speak not of things which do not conduce to blessing, whether they have happened or not"; and he explained this by repeating the second couplet: [134]

"For what he said he now lies dead, burnt up beneath the ashes there:
It is not well the truth to tell, lest Poṭṭhapāda's fate I share."

Thus did the Bodhisatta hold forth to the brahmin; and he went on—"This is no place for me to live in either"; then bidding the brahmin farewell, he flew away to the woods.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother reached the Fruit of the First Path:—"Ānanda was Poṭṭhapāda, and I myself was Rādha."

No. 199.

GAHAPATI-JĀTAKA.

"*I like not this,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told, also about a backsliding Brother, during a sojourn in Jetavana, and in the course of his address he said, "Womankind can never be kept right; somehow or other they will sin and trick their husbands." And then he told the following story.

Once upon a time, in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the realm of Kāsi as a householder's son: and coming of age he married and settled down. Now his wife was a wicked woman, and she intrigued with the village headman. The Bodhisatta got wind of it, and bethought him how he might put her to the test. [135]

At that time all the grain had been carried away during the rainy season, and there was a famine. But it was the time when the corn had just sprouted; and all the villagers came together, and besought help of their headman, saying, "Two months from now, when we have harvested the grain, we will pay you in kind"; so they got an old ox from him, and ate it.

One day, the headman watched his chance, and when the Bodhisatta was gone abroad he visited the house. Just as the two were happy together, the Bodhisatta came in by the village gate, and set his face towards home. The woman was looking towards the village gate, and saw him. "Why, who's this?" she wondered, looking at him as he stood on the threshold. "It is he!" She knew him, and she told the headman. He trembled in terror.

"Don't be afraid," said the woman, "I have a plan. You know we have had meat from you to eat: make as though you were seeking the price of the meat; I will climb up into the granary, and stand at the door of it, crying, 'No rice here!' while you must stand in the middle of the room, and call out insisting, again and again, 'I have children at home; give me the price of the meat!'"

So saying, she climbed up to the granary, and sat in the door of it. The other stood in the midst of the house, and cried, "Give me the price of the meat!" while she replied, sitting at the granary door, "There is no rice in the granary; I will give it when the harvest is home: leave me now!"

The goodman entered the house, and saw what they were about. "This must be that wicked woman's plan," he thought, and he called to the headman.

"Sir Headman, when we had some of your old ox to eat, we promised to give you rice for it in two months' time. Not half a month has passed; then why do you try to make us pay now? That's not the reason you are here: you must have come for something else. I don't like your ways. That wicked and sinful woman yonder knows that there is no rice in the garner, but she has climbed up, and there she sits, crying [136] 'No rice here!' and you cry 'Give!' I don't like your doings, either of you!" and to make his meaning clear, he uttered these lines:—

"I like not this, I like not that; I like not her, I say,
Who stands beside the granary, and cries 'I cannot pay!'

"Nor you, nor you, Sir! listen now:—my means and store are small;
You gave me once a skinny cow, and two months' grace withal;
Now, ere the day, you bid me pay! I like it not at all."

So saying, he seized the headman by the lock of hair on the top of his head, dragged him out into the courtyard, threw him down, and as he cried, "I'm the Headman!" mocked him thus—"Damages, please, for injury done to the chattels under another man's watch and ward!" while he thrashed him till the man was faint. Then he took him by the neck and cast him out of the house. The wicked woman he seized by the hair of her head, pulled her away from the garner, knocked her down, and threatened her—"If you ever do this kind of thing again, I'll make you remember it!"

From that day forward the headman durst not even look at that house, and the woman did not dare to transgress even in thought.

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[137] When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths, at the conclusion of which the backsliding Brother reached the Fruit of the First Path:—"The goodman who punished that headman was I myself."

No. 200.

SĀDHUSĪLA-JĀTAKA.

"*One is good," etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about a brahmin.

This man, we are told, had four daughters. Four suitors wooed them; one was fine and handsome, one was old and well advanced in years, the third a man of family, and the fourth was good. He thought to himself, "When a man is settling his daughters and disposing of them, whom should he give them to? the handsome man or the oldish man, or one of the other two, the highly born or the very virtuous man?" Ponder as he would, he could not decide. So he thought he would tell the matter to the Supreme Buddha, who would be sure to know; and then he would give the girls to the most suitable wooer. So he had a quantity of perfumes and garlands prepared, and visited the monastery. Saluting the Master, he sat on one side, and told him everything from beginning to end; then he asked, "To which of these four should I give my daughters?" To this the Master replied, "In olden days, as now, wise men asked this question; but now that re-birth has confused your memory, you cannot remember the case." And then at his request the Master told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta ruled in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a brahmin's son. He came of age, and received his education at Takkasilā; then on returning he became a famous teacher.

Now there was a brahmin who had four daughters. These four were wooed by four persons as told above. The brahmin could not decide to whom to give them. "I will enquire of the teacher," he thought, "and then he shall have them to whom they should be given." So he came into the teacher's presence, and repeated the first couplet:—

"One is good, and one is noble; one has beauty, one has years.
Answer me this question, brahmin; of the four, which best appears?"

[138] Hearing this, the teacher replied, "Even though there be beauty and the like qualities, a man is to be despised if he fail in virtue. Therefore the former is not the measure of a man; those that I like are the virtuous." And in explanation of this matter, he repeated the second couplet:—

"Good is beauty: to the aged show respect, for this is right:
Good is noble birth; but virtue—virtue, that is my delight."

When the brahmin heard this, he gave all his daughters to the virtuous wooer.

The Master, when this discourse was ended, declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths the brahmin attained the Fruit of the First Path:—"This brahmin was the brahmin then, and the famous teacher was I myself."

No. 201.

BANDHANĀGĀRA-JĀTAKA.

[139] "*Not iron fetters*," *etc.*—This story the Master told whilst staying in Jetavana, about the prison-house.

At the time of this story we hear that a gang of burglars, highwaymen, and murderers had been caught and haled before the king of Kosala. The king ordered them to be made fast with chains, and ropes, and fetters. Thirty country Brothers, desirous of seeing the Master, had paid him a visit and offered their salutations. Next day, as they were seeking alms, they passed the prison and noticed these rascals. In the evening, after their return from the day's rounds, they approached the Buddha: "Sir," they said, "to-day, as we were seeking alms, we saw in the prison-house a number of criminals bound fast in chains and fetters, being in great misery. They could not break these fetters, and run away. Is there any fetter stronger than these?"

The Master replied, "Brethren, those are fetters, it is true; but the fetters which consist of a craving for wealth, corn, sons, wives and children are stronger than they are an hundred-fold, nay a thousand-fold. Yet even those fetters, hard to break as they are, have been broken by wise men of the olden time, who went to Himalaya and became anchorites." Then he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, while Brahmadatta ruled over Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a poor man's family. When he grew up, his father died. He earned wages, and supported his mother. His mother, much against his will, brought a wife home for him, and soon after died. Now his wife conceived. Not knowing that she had conceived, he said to her, "Wife, you must earn your living; I will renounce the world." Then said she, "Nay, for I am with child. [140] Wait and see the child that is born of me, and then go and become a hermit." To this he agreed. So when she was delivered, he said, "Now, wife, you are safely delivered, and I must turn hermit." "Wait," said she, "till the time when the child is weaned." And after that she conceived again.

"If I agree to her request," thought the Bodhisatta, "I shall never get away at all. I will flee without saying a word to her, and become a hermit." So he told her nothing, but rose up in the night, and fled away.

The city guards seized him. "I have a mother to support," said he—"let me go!" thus he made them let him go free, and after staying in a certain place, he passed out by the chief gate and made his way to the Himalayas, where he lived as a recluse; and caused the Supernatural Faculties and the Attainments to spring up within him, as he dwelt in the rapture of meditation. As he dwelt there, he exulted, saying—"The bond of wife and child, the bond of passion, so hard to break, is broken!" and he uttered these lines:—

"Not iron fetters—so the wise have told—
Not ropes, or bars of wood, so fast can hold
As passion, and the love of child or wife,
Of precious gems and earrings of fine gold.

"These heavy fetters—who is there can find
Release from such?—these are the ties that bind:
These if the wise can burst, then they are free,
Leaving all love and all desire behind!"

[141] And the Bodhisatta, after uttering this aspiration, without breaking the charm of his ecstasy attained to Brahma's world.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths:—at the conclusion of the Truths, some entered the First Path, some the Second, some the Third, and some the Fourth:—"In the story, Mahāmāyā was the mother, King Suddhodana was the father, Rāhula's mother was the wife, Rāhula himself the son, and I was the man who left his family and became an anchorite."

No. 202.

KEḶI-SĪLA-JĀTAKA.

[142] "*Geese, herons, elephants,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about Lakuṇṭaka the venerable and good.

Now this venerable Lakuṇṭaka, we learn, was well known in the faith of the Buddha, a famous man, speaking sweet words, a honeyed preacher, of keen discernment, with his passions perfectly subdued, but in stature the smallest of all the eighty Elders, no bigger than a novice, like a dwarf kept for amusement.

One day, he had been to the gate of Jetavana to salute the Buddha, when thirty brothers from the country arrived at the gate on their way to salute him too. When they saw the Elder, they imagined him to be some novice; they pulled the corner of his robe, they caught his hands, held his head, tweaked his nose, got him by the ears and shook him, and handled him very rudely; then

after putting aside their bowl and robe, they visited the Master and saluted him. Next they asked him, "Sir, we understand that you have an Elder who goes by the name of Lakuṇṭaka the Good, a honeyed preacher. Where is he?" "Do you want to see him?" the Master asked. "Yes, Sir." "He is the man you saw by the gate, and twitched his robe and pulled him about with great rudeness before you came here." "Why, Sir," asked they, "how is it that a man devoted to prayer, full of high aspirations, a true disciple—how is it he is so insignificant?" "Because of his own sins," answered the Master; and at their request he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when king Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta became Sakka, king of the gods. Brahmadatta could not endure to look upon anything old or decrepit, whether elephant, horse, ox, or what not. He was full of pranks, and whenever he saw any such, he would chase them away; old carts he had broken up; any old women that he saw he sent for, and beat upon the belly, then stood them up again and gave them a scare; he made old men roll about and play on the ground like tumblers. If he saw none, but only heard that there was a greybeard in such and such a town, [143] he sent for him thence and took his sport with him.

At this the people for very shame sent their parents outside the boundaries of the kingdom. No more did men tend or care for their mother and father. The king's friends were as wanton as he. As men died, they filled up the four[1] worlds of unhappiness; the company of the gods grew less and less.

Sakka saw that there were no newcomers among the gods; and he cast about him what was to be done. At last he hit upon a plan. "I will humble him!" thought Sakka; and he took upon him the form of an old man, and placing two jars of buttermilk in a crazy old waggon, he yoked to it a pair of old oxen, and set out upon a feast day. Brahmadatta, mounted upon a richly caparisoned elephant, was making a solemn procession about the city, which was all decorated; and Sakka, clad in rags, and driving this cart, came to meet the king. When the king saw the old cart, he shouted, "Away with that cart, you!" But his people answered, "Where is it, my lord? we cannot see any cart!" (for Sakka by his power let it be seen by no one but the king). And, coming up to the king repeatedly, at last Sakka, still driving his cart, smashed one of the jars upon the king's head, and made him turn round; then he smashed the other in like manner. And the buttermilk trickled down on either side of his head. Thus was the king plagued and tormented, and made miserable by Sakka's doings.

[1] The four *apāye* = Hell, birth as an animal, birth as a *peta* (ghost), birth among the *asuras* (Titans or fallen spirits).

When Sakka saw his distress, he made the cart disappear, and took his proper shape again. Poised in mid-air, thunderbolt in hand, he upbraided him—"O wicked and unrighteous king! Will you never become old yourself? will not age assail you? Yet you sport and mock, and do despite to those who are old! It is through you alone, and these doings of yours, that men die on every hand, and fill up the four worlds of unhappiness, and that men cannot care for their parents' welfare! If you do not cease from this, I will cleave your head with my thunderbolt. Go, and do so no more."

With this rebuke, he declared the worth of parents, and made known the advantage of reverencing old age; after which discourse he departed to his own place. From that time forward the king never so much as thought of doing anything like what he had done before.

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[144] This story ended, the Master, becoming perfectly enlightened, recited these two couplets:—

"Geese, herons, elephants, and spotted deer
Though all unlike, alike the lion fear.

"Even so, a child is great if he be clever;
Fools may be big, but great they can be never[1]."

When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths some of those Brethren entered on the First Path, some on the Second, and some upon the Fourth:—"The excellent Lakuṇṭaka was the king in the story, who made people the butt for his jests and then became a butt himself, whilst I myself was Sakka."

No. 203[2].

KHANDHA-VATTA-JĀTAKA.

"[2] *Virūpakkha snakes I love," etc.*—This story the Master told whilst living at Jetavana, about a certain brother.

As he sat, we are told, at the door of his living room, chopping sticks, a snake crept out of a rotten log, and bit his toe; he died on the spot. All the monastery learnt how he had come by his sudden death. In the Hall of Truth

[1] These lines occur in Samyutta-Nikāya, pt. II. xxi. 6 (ii. p. 279, ed. *P. T. S.*).

[2] See *Cullavagga* v. 6 (iii. 75 in *Vinaya Texts*, *S.B.E.*), where the verses occur again. The verses partly recur in the 'Bower MS,' a Sanskrit MS lately found in the

they began talking about it; saying how Brother So-and-so was sitting at his door, chopping wood, when a snake bit him, and he died immediately of the bite.

[145] The Master came in, and wanted to know what they were discussing as they sat there together. They told him. Said he, "Brethren, if our brother had practised kindness towards the four royal races of serpents, that snake would not have bitten him : wise anchorites in by-gone days, before the Buddha was born, by using kindness to these four royal races, were released from the fear that sprang from these serpents." Then he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, during the reign of Brahmadatta king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into the world as a young brahmin of Kāsi. When he came of age, he quelled his passions and took upon him the life of an ascetic; he developed the Supernatural Faculties and the Attainments; he built an hermitage by the bend of the Ganges near the foot of Himalaya, and there he dwelt, surrounded by a band of ascetics, lost in the rapture of meditation.

At that time there were many kinds of snakes upon the Ganges bank, which did mischief to the hermits, and many of them perished by snake-bite. The ascetics told the matter to the Bodhisatta. He summoned all the ascetics to meet him, and thus addressed them: "If you showed goodwill to the four royal races of snakes, no serpents would bite you. Therefore from this time forward do you show goodwill to the four royal races." Then he added this verse:—

"Virūpakkha snakes I love,
Erāpatha snakes I love,
Chabbyāputta snakes I love,
Kaṇhāgotamas I love."

After thus naming the four royal families of the snakes, he added: "If you can cultivate goodwill towards these, no snake creature will bite you or do you harm." Then he repeated the second verse:—[146]

"Creatures all beneath the sun,
Two feet, four feet, more, or none—
How I love you, every one!"

Having declared the nature of the love within him, he uttered another verse by way of prayer:—

"Creatures all, two feet or four,
You with none, and you with more,
Do not hurt me, I implore!"

ruins of an ancient city in Kashgaria (see *J.P.T.S.*, 1893, p. 64). The kinds of snakes mentioned cannot be identified. Snake charms are extremely common in Sanskrit; there are many in the Atharva Veda.

Then again, in general terms, he repeated one verse more:—

"All ye creatures that have birth,
Breathe, and move upon the earth,
Happy be ye, one and all,
Never into mischief fall[1]."

[147] Thus did he set forth how one must show love and goodwill to all creatures without distinction; he reminded his hearers of the virtues of the Three Treasures, saying—"Infinite is the Buddha, infinite the Law, and the Order infinite." He said, "Remember the quality of the Three Treasures;" and thus having shown them the infinity of the Three Treasures, and wishing to show them that all beings are finite, he added, "Finite and measurable are creeping things, snakes, scorpions, centipedes, spiders, lizards, mice." Then again, "As the passions and lusts in these creatures are the qualities which make them finite and limited, let us be protected night and day against these finite things by the power of the Three Treasures, which are infinite: wherefore remember the worth of the Three Treasures." Then he recited this stanza:—

"Now I am guarded safe, and fenced around;
Now let all creatures leave me to my ground.
All honour to the Blessed One I pay,
And the seven Buddhas who have passed away."

[148] And bidding them also remember the seven Buddhas[2] whilst they did honour, the Bodhisatta composed this guardian charm and delivered it to his band of sages. Thenceforward the sages bore in mind the Bodhisatta's admonition, and cherished love and goodwill, and remembered the Buddha's virtues. As they did this, all the snake kind departed from them. And the Bodhisatta cultivated the Excellencies, and attained to Brahma's heaven.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:—"The Buddha's followers were then the followers of the sage; and their Teacher was I myself."

[1] All the verses hitherto given match, and are to be taken together as the "First gāthā." The other is in a different metre, and is the "Second gāthā."

[2] For the seven Buddhas, see Wilson, *Select Works*, ii. 5.

No. 204.

VĪRAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*O have you seen,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told, while dwelling at Jetavana, about imitating the Buddha.

When the Elders had gone with their followers to visit Devadatta[1], the Master asked Sāriputta what Devadatta had done when he saw them. The reply was that he had imitated the Buddha. The Master rejoined, "Not now only has Devadatta imitated me and thereby come to ruin; he did just the same before." Then, at the Elder's request, he told an old-world tale.

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[149] Once upon a time, while Brahmadatta reigned as king in Benares, the Bodhisatta became a marsh crow, and dwelt by a certain pool. His name was Vīraka, the Strong.

There arose a famine in Kāsi. Men could not spare food for the crows, nor make offering to goblins and snakes. One by one the crows left the famine-stricken land, and betook them to the woods.

A certain crow named Saviṭṭhaka, who lived at Benares, took with him his lady crow and went to the place where Vīraka lived, making his abode beside the same pool.

One day, this crow was seeking food about the pool. He saw how Vīraka went down into it, and made a meal off some fish; and afterwards came up out of the water again, and stood drying his feathers. "Under the wing of that crow," thought he, "plenty of fish are to be got. I will become his servant." So he drew near.

"What is it, Sir?" asked Vīraka.

"I want to be your servant, my lord!" was the reply.

Vīraka agreed, and from that time the other served him. And from that time, Vīraka used to eat enough fish to keep him alive, and the rest he gave to Saviṭṭhaka as soon as he had caught them; and when Saviṭṭhaka had eaten enough to keep him alive, he gave what was over to his wife.

After a while pride came into his heart. "This crow," said he, "is black, and so am I: in eyes and beak and feet, too, there is no difference between us. I don't want his fish; I will catch my own!" So he told Vīraka that for the future he intended to go down to the water and catch fish himself. Then Vīraka said, "Good friend, you do not belong to a

[1] Sāriputta and Moggallāna visited the arch-heretic to try if they could win back his followers to the Master. The story of their visit, and how it succeeded, is told in the Vinaya, *Cullavagga*, vii. 4 foll. (translated in *S.B.E.*, *Vinaya Texts*, iii. 256). See also vol. i. no. 11.

tribe of such crows as are born to go into water and catch fish. Don't destroy yourself!"

But in spite of this attempt to dissuade him, Saviṭṭhaka did not take the warning to heart. Down he went to the pool, down into the water; but he could not make his way through the weeds and come out again—there he was, entangled in the weeds, with only the tip of his beak appearing above the water. So not being able to breathe he perished there beneath the water.

[150] His mate noticed that he did not return, and went to Vīraka to ask news of him. "My lord," she asked, "Saviṭṭhaka is not to be seen: where is he?" And as she asked him this, she repeated the first stanza:—

"O have you seen Saviṭṭhaka, O Vīraka, have you seen
My sweet-voiced mate whose neck is like the peacock in its sheen?"

When Vīraka heard it, he replied, "Yes, I know where he is gone," and recited the second stanza:—

"He was not born to dive beneath the wave,
But what he could not do he needs must try;
So the poor bird has found a watery grave,
Entangled in the weeds, and left to die."

When the lady-crow heard it, weeping, she returned to Benares.

After this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"Devadatta was then incarnate as Saviṭṭhaka, and I myself was Vīraka."

No. 205.

GAṄGEYYA-JĀTAKA.

[151] "*Fine are the fish,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about two young Brethren.

These two young fellows, we are told, belonged to a good family of Sāvatthi, and had embraced the faith. But they, not realising the impurity of the body[1], sang the praises of their beauty, and went about bragging of it.

[1] Reading *an*-anuyuñjitvā.

One day they fell into a dispute on this point: "You're handsome, but so am I," said each of them; then, spying an aged Elder sitting not far away, they agreed that he was likely to know whether they were beautiful or not. Then they approached him with the question, "Sir, which of us is beautiful?" The Elder replied, "Friends, I am more beautiful than either of you." At this the young men reviled him, and went off, grumbling that he told them something they did not ask, but would not tell them what they did.

The Brotherhood became aware of this event; and one day, when they were all together in the Hall of Truth, they began talking about it. "Friend, how the old Elder shamed those two young fellows whose heads were full of their own beauty!" The Master came in, and asked what they were talking of now as they sat together. They told him. He rejoined, "This is not the only time, Brethren, that our friends were full of the praises of their own beauty. In olden times they used to go about boasting of it as they do now." And then he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, during the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became a tree sprite on the bank of the Ganges. At the point where Ganges and Jumna meet, two fish met together, one from the Ganges and one from the Jumna. "I am beautiful!" said one, "and so are you!" and then they fell to quarrelling about their beauty. Not far from the Ganges they saw a Tortoise lying on the bank. "Yon fellow shall decide whether or no we are beautiful!" said they; and they went up to him. "Which of us is beautiful, friend Tortoise," they asked, "the Ganges fish or the Jumna fish?" The Tortoise answered, "The Ganges fish is beautiful, and the Jumna fish is beautiful: but I am more beautiful than you both." And to explain it, he uttered the first verse:—[152]

"Fine are the fish of Jumna stream, the Ganges fish are fine,
But a four-footed creature, with a tapering neck like mine,
Round like a spreading banyan tree, must all of them outshine."

When the fish heard this, they cried, "Ah, you rascally Tortoise! you won't answer our question, but you answer another one!" and they repeated the second verse:—

"We ask him this, he answers that: indeed a strange reply!
By his own tongue his praise is sung:—I like it not, not I!"

When this discourse was concluded, the Master identified the Birth:—"In those days the young Brothers were the two fish, the old man was the tortoise, and I was the tree-sprite who saw the whole thing from the Ganges bank."

No. 206[1].

KURUṄGA-MIGA-JĀTAKA.

"*Come, Tortoise,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Veḷuvana, about Devadatta. News came to the Master that Devadatta was plotting his death. "Ah, Brethren," said he, "it was just the same long ago; Devadatta tried then to kill me, as he is trying now." And he told them this story.

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[153] Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became an Antelope, and lived within a forest, in a thicket near a certain lake. Not far from the same lake, sat a Woodpecker perched at the top of a tree; and in the lake dwelt a Tortoise. And the three became friends, and lived together in amity.

A hunter, wandering about in the wood, observed the Bodhisatta's footprint at the going down into the water; and he set a trap of leather, strong, like an iron chain, and went his way. In the first watch of the night the Bodhisatta went down to drink, and got caught in the noose: whereat he cried loud and long. Thereupon the Woodpecker flew down from her tree-top, and the Tortoise came out of the water, and consulted what was to be done.

Said the Woodpecker to the Tortoise, "Friend, you have teeth—bite this snare through; I will go and see to it that the hunter keeps away; and if we both do our best, our friend will not lose his life." To make this clear he uttered the first stanza:—

"Come, Tortoise, tear the leathern snare, and bite it through and through,
And of the hunter I'll take care, and keep him off from you."

The Tortoise began to gnaw the leather thong: the Woodpecker made his way to the hunter's dwelling. At dawn of day the hunter went out, knife in hand. As soon as the bird saw him start, he uttered a cry, flapped his wings, and struck him in the face as he left the front door. "Some bird of ill omen has struck me!" thought the hunter; he turned back, and lay down for a little while. Then he rose up again, and took his knife. The bird reasoned within himself, "The first time he went out by the front door, so now he will leave by the back:" and he sat him down behind the house. [154] The hunter, too, reasoned in the same way: "When I went out by the front door, I saw a bad omen, now will I

[1] Figured on the Bharhut Stupa (Cunningham, p. 67, and pl. xxvii. 9).

go out by the back!" and so he did. But the bird cried out again, and struck him in the face. Finding that he was again struck by a bird of ill omen, the hunter exclaimed, "This creature will not let me go!" and turning back he lay down until sunrise, and when the sun was risen, he took his knife and started.

The Woodpecker made all haste back to his friends. "Here comes the hunter!" he cried. By this time the Tortoise had gnawed through all the thongs but one tough thong: his teeth seemed as though they would fall out, and his mouth was all smeared with blood. The Bodhisatta saw the young hunter coming on like lightning, knife in hand: he burst the thong, and fled into the woods. The Woodpecker perched upon his tree-top. But the Tortoise was so weak, that he lay where he was. The hunter threw him into a bag, and tied it to a tree.

The Bodhisatta observed that the Tortoise was taken, and determined to save his friend's life. So he let the hunter see him, and made as though he were weak. The hunter saw him, and thinking him to be weak, seized his knife and set out in pursuit. The Bodhisatta, keeping just out of his reach, led him into the forest; and when he saw that they had come far away, gave him the slip and returned swift as the wind by another way. He lifted the bag with his horns, threw it upon the ground, ripped it open and let the Tortoise out. And the Woodpecker came down from the tree.

Then the Bodhisatta thus addressed them both: "My life has been saved by you, and you have done a friend's part to me. Now the hunter will come and take you; so do you, friend Woodpecker, migrate elsewhere with your brood, and you, friend Tortoise, dive into the water." They did so.

The Master, becoming perfectly enlightened, uttered the second stanza:—
[155]

"The Tortoise went into the pond, the Deer into the wood,
And from the tree the Woodpecker carried away his brood."

The hunter returned, and saw none of them. He found his bag torn; picked it up, and went home sorrowful. And the three friends lived all their life long in unbroken amity, and then passed away to fare according to their deeds.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:—"Devadatta was the huntsman, Sāriputta the Woodpecker, Moggallāna the Tortoise, and I was the Antelope."

No. 207.

ASSAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Once with the great king Assaka,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told whilst staying in Jetavana, about some one who was distracted by the recollection of a former wife. He asked the Brother whether he were really lovesick. The man said, Yes. "Whom are you in love with?" the Master continued. "My late wife," was the reply. Then the Master said, "Not this once only, Brother, have you been full of desire for this woman; in olden days her love brought you to great misery." And he told a story.

Once upon a time, there was a king Assaka reigning in Potali, which is a city of the kingdom of Kāsi. His queen consort, named Ubbarī, was very dear to him; she was charming, and graceful, and beautiful passing the beauty of women, though not so fair as a goddess. She died: and at her death the king was plunged in grief, and became sad and miserable. He had the body laid in a coffin, and embalmed with oil and ointment, and laid beneath the bed; and there he lay without food, weeping and wailing. [156] In vain did his parents and kinsfolk, friends and courtiers, priests and laymen, bid him not to grieve, since all things pass away; they could not move him. As he lay in sorrow, seven days passed by.

Now the Bodhisatta was at that time an ascetic, who had gained the Five Supernatural Faculties and the Eight Attainments; he dwelt at the foot of Himalaya. He was possessed of perfect supernatural insight, and as he looked round India with his heavenly vision, he saw this king lamenting, and straightway resolved to help him. By his miraculous power he rose in the air, and alighted in the king's park, and sat down on the ceremonial stone, like a golden image.

A young brahmin of the city of Potali entered the park, and seeing the Bodhisatta, he greeted him and sat down. The Bodhisatta began to talk pleasantly with him. "Is the king a just ruler?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir, the king is just," replied the youth; "but his queen is just dead; he has laid her body in a coffin, and lies down lamenting her; and to-day is the seventh day since he began.—Why do you not free the king from this great grief? Virtuous beings like you ought to overcome the king's sorrow."

"I do not know the king, young man," said the Bodhisatta; "but if he were to come and ask me, I would tell him the place where she has now come into the flesh again, and make her speak herself."

"Then, holy Sir, stay here until I bring the king to you," said the

youth. The Bodhisatta agreed, and he hastened into the king's presence, and told him about it. "You should visit this being with the divine insight!" he told the king.

The king was overjoyed at the thought of seeing Ubbarī; and he entered his chariot and drove to the place. Greeting the Bodhisatta, he sat down on one side, and asked, "Is it true, as I am told, that you know where my queen has come into being again?"

"Yes, I do, my lord king," replied he.

Then the king asked where it was.

The Bodhisatta replied, "O king, she was intoxicated with her beauty, and so fell into negligence and did not do fair and virtuous acts; so now she has become a little dung-worm in this very park." [157]

"I don't believe it!" said the king.

"Then I will show her to you, and make her speak," answered the Bodhisatta.

"Please make her speak!" said the king.

The Bodhisatta commanded—"Let the two that are busy rolling a lump of cow-dung, come forth before the king!" and by his power he made them do it, and they came. The Bodhisatta pointed one out to the king: "There is your queen Ubbarī, O king! she has just come out of this lump, following her husband the dung-worm. Look and see."

"What! my queen Ubbarī a dung-worm? I don't believe it!" cried the king.

"I will make her speak, O king!"

"Pray make her speak, holy Sir!" said he.

The Bodhisatta by his power gave her speech. "Ubbarī!" said he.

"What is it, holy Sir?" she asked, in a human voice.

"What was your name in your former character?" the Bodhisatta asked her.

"My name was Ubbarī, Sir," she replied, "the consort of king Assaka."

"Tell me," the Bodhisatta went on, "which do you love best now—king Assaka, or this dung-worm?"

"O Sir, that was my former birth," said she. "Then I lived with him in this park, enjoying shape and sound, scent, savour and touch; but now that my memory is confused by re-birth, what is he? Why, now I would kill king Assaka, and would smear the feet of my husband the dung-worm with the blood flowing from his throat!" and in the midst of the king's company, she uttered these verses in a human voice:—

"Once with the great king Assaka, who was my husband dear,
Beloving and beloved, I walked about this garden here.

"But now new sorrows and new joys have made the old ones flee,
And dearer far than Assaka my Worm is now to me."

[158] When king Assaka heard this, he repented on the spot; and at once he caused the queen's body to be removed and washed his head. He saluted the Bodhisatta, and went back into the city; where he married another queen, and ruled in righteousness. And the Bodhisatta, having instructed the king, and set him free from sorrow, returned again to the Himalayas.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths, the lovesick Brother reached the Fruit of the First Path:—"Your late wife was Ubbarī; you, the lovesick Brother, were king Assaka; Sāriputta was the young brahmin; and the anchorite was I myself."

No. 208.

SUṀSUMĀRA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Rose-apple, jack-fruit,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about Devadatta's attempts to murder him[2]. When he heard of these attempts, the Master said, "This is not the first time that Devadatta has tried to murder me;

[1] Cf. *Markaṭa-jātaka*, Mahāvastu ii. 208; *Cariyā-Piṭaka*, iii. 7; Morris, *Contemp. Rev.* vol. 39, quoting Griffis, *Japanese Fairy World*, p. 153. A monkey outwits a crocodile in No. 57, above.

The following variant, from Russia (Moscow district) may be of interest. It was given me by Mr I. Nestor Schnurmann, who heard it from his nurse (about 1860).—Once upon a time, the King of the Fishes was wanting in wisdom. His advisers told him that once he could get the heart of the fox, he would become wise. So he sent a deputation, consisting of the great magnates of the sea, whales and others. "Our king wants your advice on some state affairs." The fox, flattered, consented. A whale took him on his back. On the way the waves beat upon him; at last he asked what they really wanted. They said, what their king really wanted was to eat his heart, by which he hoped to become clever. He said, "Why didn't you tell me that before? I would gladly sacrifice my life for such a worthy object. But we foxes always leave our hearts at home. Take me back and I'll fetch it. Otherwise I'm sure your king will be angry." So they took him back. As soon as he got near the shore, he leaped on land, and cried "Ah you fools! Have you ever heard of an animal not carrying his heart with him?" and ran off. The fish had to return empty.

[2] These attempts of Devadatta, and how they were foiled, are set forth in *Cullavagga*, VII. iii. 6 foll., trans. in *S. B. E.*, *Vinaya Texts*, iii. 243 f.

he did the same before, and yet could not so much as make me afraid." Then he told this story.

Once upon a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life at the foot of Himalaya as a Monkey. He grew strong and sturdy, big of frame, well-to-do, and lived by a curve of the river Ganges in a forest haunt.

Now at that time there was a Crocodile dwelling in the Ganges. The Crocodile's mate saw the great frame of the monkey, [159] and she conceived a longing for his heart to eat. So she said to her lord: "Sir, I desire to eat the heart of that great king of the monkeys!"

"Good wife," said the Crocodile, "I live in the water and he lives on dry land: how can we catch him?"

"By hook or by crook," she replied, "caught he must be. If I don't get him, I shall die."

"All right," answered the Crocodile, consoling her, "don't trouble yourself. I have a plan; I will give you his heart to eat."

So when the Bodhisatta was sitting on the bank of the Ganges, after taking a drink of water, the Crocodile drew near, and said:

"Sir Monkey, why do you live on bad fruits in this old familiar place? On the other side of the Ganges there is no end to the mango trees, and labuja trees[1], with fruit sweet as honey! Is it not better to cross over and have all kinds of wild fruit to eat?"

"Lord Crocodile," the Monkey made answer, "deep and wide is the Ganges: how shall I get across?"

"If you will go, I will mount you on my back, and carry you over."

The Monkey trusted him, and agreed. "Come here, then," said the other, "up on my back with you!" and up the monkey climbed. But when the Crocodile had swum a little way, he plunged the Monkey under the water.

"Good friend, you are letting me sink!" cried the Monkey. "What is that for?"

Said the Crocodile, "You think I am carrying you out of pure good nature? Not a bit of it! My wife has a longing for your heart, and I want to give it her to eat!"

"Friend," said the Monkey, "it is nice of you to tell me. Why, if our heart were inside us when we go jumping among the tree-tops, it would be all knocked to pieces!"

"Well, where do you keep it?" asked the other.

The Bodhisatta pointed out a fig-tree, with clusters of ripe fruit,

[1] Artocarpus Lacucha (*Childers*).

standing not far off. "See," said he, "there are our hearts hanging on yon fig-tree." [160]

"If you will show me your heart," said the Crocodile, "then I won't kill you."

"Take me to the tree, then, and I will point it out to you hanging upon it."

The Crocodile brought him to the place. The Monkey leapt off his back, and climbing up the fig-tree sat upon it. "O silly Crocodile!" said he, "you thought that there were creatures that kept their hearts in a tree-top! You are a fool, and I have outwitted you! You may keep your fruit to yourself. Your body is great, but you have no sense." And then to explain this idea he uttered the following stanzas:—

"Rose-apple, jack-fruit, mangoes too across the water there I see;
Enough of them, I want them not; my fig is good enough for me!

"Great is your body, verily, but how much smaller is your wit!
Now go your ways, Sir Crocodile, for I have had the best of it."

The Crocodile, feeling as sad and miserable as if he had lost a thousand pieces of money, went back sorrowing to the place where he lived.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:—"In those days Devadatta was the Crocodile, the lady Ciñcā was his mate, and I was the Monkey."

No. 209[1].

KAKKARA-JĀTAKA.

"*Trees a many have I seen,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about a Brother who was one of the fellow-students of Elder Sāriputta, Captain of the Faith.

This fellow, as we learn, [161] was clever at taking care of his person. Food very hot or very cold he would not eat, for fear it should do him harm. He never went out for fear of being hurt by cold or heat; and he would not have rice which was either over-boiled or too hard.

The Brotherhood learnt how much care he took of himself. In the Hall of Truth, they all discussed it. "Friend, what a clever fellow Brother So-and-so is in knowing what is good for him!" The Master came in, and asked what they were talking of as they sat there together. They told him. Then he rejoined,

[1] Compare latter part of the Second *Çakuntaka Jātaka*, Mahāvastu ii. 250; the first line of the first verse and the whole of the second are nearly the same.

"Not only now is our young friend careful for his personal comfort. He was just the same in olden days." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became a Tree-spirit in a forest glade. A certain fowler, with a decoy bird, hair noose, and stick, went into the forest in search of birds. He began to follow one old bird which flew off into the woods, trying to escape. The bird would not give him a chance of catching it in his snare, but kept rising and alighting, rising and alighting. So the fowler covered himself with twigs and branches, and set his noose and stick again and again. But the bird, wishing to make him ashamed of himself, sent forth a human voice and repeated the first stanza:—

"Trees a many have I seen
Growing in the woodland green:
But, O Tree, they could not do
Any such strange things as you!"

So saying, the bird flew off and went elsewhere. When it had gone, the fowler repeated the second verse:—[162]

"This old bird, that knows the snare,
Off has flown into the air;
Forth from out his cage has broken,
And with human voice has spoken!"

So said the fowler; and having hunted through the woods, took what he could catch and went home again.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:—"Devadatta was the fowler then, the young dandy was the bird, and the tree-sprite that saw the whole thing was I myself."

No. 210.

KANDAGALAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*O friend*," *etc.*—This was told by the Master, during a stay in Veḷuvana, about Devadatta's attempts to imitate him[1]. When he heard of these attempts to imitate him, the Master said, "This is not the first time Devadatta has destroyed himself by imitating me; the same thing happened before." Then he told this story.

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[1] See above, note to no. 208.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta entered into life as a Woodpecker. In a wood of acacia trees he lived, and his name was Khadiravaniya, the Bird of the Acacia Wood. He had a comrade named Kandagalaka, or Eatbulb, who got his food in a wood full of good fruit.

One day the friend went to visit Khadiravaniya. "My friend is come!" thought Khadiravaniya; and he led him into the acacia wood, and pecked at the tree-trunks until the insects came out, which he gave to his friend. As each was given him, the friend pecked it up, and ate it, as if it were a honey cake. As he ate, pride arose in his heart. [163] "This bird is a woodpecker," thought he, "and so am I. What need for me to be fed by him? I will get my own food in this acacia wood!" So he said to Khadiravaniya,

"Friend, don't trouble yourself,—I will get my own food in the acacia wood."

Then said the other, "You belong to a tribe of birds which finds its food in a forest of pithless silk-cotton trees, and trees that bear abundant fruit; but the acacia is full of pith, and hard. Please do not do so!"

"What!" said Kandagalaka—"am I not a woodpecker?" And he would not listen, but pecked at an acacia trunk. In a moment his beak snapped off, and his eyes bade fair to fall out of his head, and his head split. So not being able to hold fast to the tree, he fell to the ground, repeating the first verse:—

"O friend, what is this thorny, cool-leaved tree
Which at one blow has broke my beak for me?"

Having heard this, Khadiravaniya recited the second stanza:—

"This bird was good for rotten wood
And soft; but once he tried,
By some ill hap, hard trees to tap;
And broke his skull, and died."

[164] So said Khadiravaniya; and added, "O Kandagalaka, the tree where you broke your head is hard and strong!"

But the other perished then and there.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:—"Devadatta was Kandagalaka, but Khadiravaniya was I myself."

No. 211[1].

SOMADATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*All the year long never ceasing,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about Elder Lāḷudāyī, or Udāyī the Simpleton.

This man, we learn, was unable to get out a single sound in the presence of two or three people. He was so very nervous, that he said one thing when he meant another. It happened that the Brethren were speaking of this as they sat together in the Hall of Truth. [165] The Master came in, and asked what they were talking of as they sat there together. They told him. He answered, "Brethren, this is not the first time that Lāḷudāyī has been a very nervous man. It was just the same before." And he told an old-world tale.

Once on a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a certain brahmin family in the kingdom of Kāsi. When he came of age, he went to study at Takkasilā. On returning he found his family poor; and he bade his parents farewell and set out to Benares, saying to himself, "I will set up my fallen family again!"

At Benares he became the king's attendant; and he grew very dear to the king and became a favourite.

Now his father lived by ploughing the land, but he had only one pair of oxen; and one of them died. He came before the Bodhisatta, and said to him, "Son, one of my oxen is dead, and the ploughing does not go on. Ask the king to give you one ox!"

"No, Father," answered he, "I have but just now seen the king; I ought not to ask him for oxen now:—you ask him."

"My son," said his father, "you do not know how bashful I am. If there are two or three people present I cannot get a word out. If I go to ask the king for an ox, I shall end by giving him this one!"

"Father," said the Bodhisatta, "what must be, must be. I cannot ask the king; but I will train you to do it." So he led his father to a cemetery where there were clumps of sweet grass; and tying up tufts of it, he scattered them here and there, and named them one by one, pointing them out to his father: "That is the King, that is the Viceroy, this is the Chief Captain. Now, Father, when you come before the king, you must first say—'Long live the king!' and then repeat this verse, to ask for an ox;" and this is the verse he taught him:—

"I had two oxen to my plough, with which my work was done,
But one is dead! O mighty prince, please give me another one!"

[1] Fausbøll, *Five Jātakas*, p. 31; Comm. on *Dhammapada* verse 152 (p. 317 of F.'s edition).

[166] For the space of a whole year the man learnt this couplet; and then he said to his son—"Dear Somadatta, I have learnt the lines! Now I can say it before any man! Take me to the king."

So the Bodhisatta, taking a suitable present, led his father into the king's presence. "Long live the king!" cried the brahmin, offering his present.

"Who is this brahmin, Somadatta?" the king asked.

"Great king, it is my father," he answered.

"Why has he come here?" asked the king. Then the brahmin repeated his couplet, to ask for the ox:—

"I had two oxen to my plough, with which my work was done,
But one is dead! O mighty prince, please take the other one!"

The king saw that there was some mistake. "Somadatta," said he, smiling, "you have plenty of oxen at home, I suppose?"

"If so, great king, they are your gift!"

At this answer the king was pleased. He gave the man, for a brahmin's offering, sixteen oxen, with fine caparison, and a village to live in, and sent him away with great honour. The brahmin ascended a car drawn by Sindh horses, pure white, and went to his dwelling in great pomp.

As the Bodhisatta sat beside his father in the chariot, said he, "Father, I taught you the whole year long, and yet when the moment came you gave your ox to the king!" and he uttered the first stanza:—

"All the year long never ceasing with unwearied diligence
Where the sweet grass grows in clusters day by day he practised it:
When he came amid the courtiers all at once he changed the sense;
Practice truly nought availeth if a man has little wit."

[167] When he heard this, the brahmin uttered the second stanza:—

"He that asks, dear Somadatta, takes his chance between the two—
May get more, or may get nothing: when you ask, 'tis ever so."

When the Master by this story had shown how Simpleton Udāyī had been just as bashful before as he was then, he identified the Birth:—"Lāḷudāyī was the father of Somadatta, and I was Somadatta myself."

No. 212.

UCCHIṬṬHA-BHATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Hot at top*," *etc.* This is a story told by the Master while at Jetavana, about one who hankered after a lost wife. The Brother in question was asked by the Master if he really was lovesick. Yes, he said, so he was. "For whom?" was the next question. "For my late wife." "Brother," the Master said, "this same woman in former days was wicked, and made you eat the leavings of her paramour." Then he told this story of the past.

Once upon a time, while Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as one of a family of poor acrobats, that lived by begging. So when he grew up, he was needy and squalid, and by begging he lived.

There was at the time, in a certain village of Kāsi, a brahmin whose wife was bad and wicked, and did wrong. [168] And it befel that the husband went abroad one day upon some matter, and her lover watching his time went to visit the house. After she had received him, he said, "I will eat a bit before I go." So she made ready the food, and served up rice hot with sauce and curry, and gave it him, bidding him eat: she herself stood at the door, watching for the brahmin's coming. And while the lover was eating, the Bodhisatta stood waiting for a morsel.

At that moment the brahmin set his face for home. And his wife saw him drawing nigh, and ran in quickly—"Up, my man is coming!" and she made her lover go down into the store-room. The husband came in; she gave him a seat, and water for washing the hands; and upon the cold rice that was left by the other she turned out some hot rice, and set it before him. He put his hand into the rice, and felt that it was hot above and cold below. "This must be some one else's leavings," thought he; and so he asked the woman about it in the words of the first stanza:

"Hot at top, and cold at bottom, not alike it seems to be:
I would ask you for the reason: come, my lady, answer me!"

Again and again he asked, but she, fearing lest her deed should be discovered, held her peace. Then a thought came into our tumbler's mind. "The man down in the store-room must be a lover, and this is the master of the house: the wife says nothing, for fear that her deed be made manifest. Soho! I will declare the whole matter, and show the brahmin that a man is hidden in his larder!" [169] And he told him the whole

matter: how that when he had gone out from his house, another had come in, and had done evil; how he had eaten the first rice, and the wife had stood by the door to watch the road; and how the other man had been hidden in the store-room. And in so saying, he repeated the second stanza:—

"I am a tumbler, Sir: I came on begging here intent;
He that you seek is hiding in the store-room, where he went!"

By his top-knot he haled the man out of the store-room, and bade him take care not to do the like again; and then he went away. The brahmin rebuked and beat them both, and gave them such a lesson that they were not likely to do the same again. Afterwards he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

When the Master had ended his discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths the lovesick Brother reached the Fruit of the First Path:—"Your late wife was then the brahmin's lady; you, the lovesick Brother, were the brahmin himself; and I was the tumbler."

No. 213.

BHARU-JĀTAKA.

"*The king of Bharu,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while staying at Jetavana, about the king of Kosala.

Now we read that magnificent presents were made to the Blessed One and his company, and they were held in great respect, as it is written: 'At that time the Blessed One was honoured and revered, respected, reverenced, highly esteemed, and received rich presents—robes, food, lodgement, drugs and medicines, and provisions; and the Brotherhood was honoured, etc. (as before); but the pilgrims of heterodox schools were not honoured, etc. (as before)[1].' Well, the sectaries, finding that honour and gifts diminished, convened a secret meeting for deliberation. "Since the appearance of the Priest Gotama," they said, [170] "honour and gifts come no more to us, but he has got the best of both. What can be the reason of his good fortune?" Then one of them spoke as follows. "Priest Gotama has the best and chiefest place in all India to live in, and that is the reason of his success." Then the others said, "If this is the reason, we will make a rival settlement above Jetavana, and then we shall receive presents." This was the conclusion they came to.

[1] This appears to be a regular formula; the Sanskrit equivalent occurs in *Divyāvadāna*, p. 91.

"But," thought they, "if we make our settlement unknown to the king, the Brethren will prevent us. If he accepts a present, he will not be disinclined to break up their settlement. So we had best bribe him to give us a place for ours."

So by the intervention of his courtiers, they offered an hundred thousand pieces to the king, with this message; "Great King, we want to make a rival settlement in Jetavana. If the Brethren tell you they won't permit it, please do not give them any answer." To this the king agreed, because he wanted the bribe.

After thus conciliating the king, the schismatics got an architect and put the work in hand. There was a good deal of noise about it.

"What is all this great noise and tumult, Ānanda?" the Master asked. "The noise," said he, "is some sectaries who are having a new settlement built." "That is not a fit place," he rejoined, "for them to settle. These sectaries are fond of noise; there's no living with them." Then he called the Brotherhood together, and bade them go inform the king, and have the building put a stop to.

The Brethren went and stood by the palace door. The king, as soon as he heard of their coming, knew they must be come about stopping the new settlement. But he had been bribed, and so he ordered his attendants to say the king was not at home. The Brethren went back and told the Master. The Master guessed that a bribe had been given, and sent his two chief disciples[1]. But the king, as soon as he heard of their coming, gave the same order as before; and they too returned and told the Master. The Master said, "Doubtless the king is not able to stay at home to-day; he must be out."

Next forenoon, he dressed himself, took his bowl and robe, and with five hundred brethren walked to the door of the palace. The king heard them come; he descended from the upper story, and took from the Buddha his alms-bowl. Then he gave rice and gruel to him and his followers, and with a salutation sat down on one side.

The Master began an exposition for the king's behoof, in these words. "Great King, other kings in by-gone days have taken bribes, and then by making virtuous people quarrel together have been dispossessed of their kingdom, and been utterly destroyed." And then, at his request, the Master told an old-world tale.

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[171] Once upon a time, king Bharu was reigning over the kingdom of Bharu. At the same time the Bodhisatta was Teacher of a troop of monks. He was an ascetic who had acquired the Five Supernatural Faculties and the Eight Attainments; and he dwelt a long time in the region of Himalaya.

He came down from Himalaya to buy salt and seasoning, followed by five hundred ascetics; and they came by stages to the city of Bharu. He went a-begging through the city; and then coming forth from it, he sat down by the northern gate, at the root of a banyan tree all covered with twigs and branches. There he made a meal, and there he took up his abode.

Now when that band of hermits had dwelt there by the space of half a moon, there came another Teacher with another five hundred, who went seeking alms about the city, and then came out and sat beneath just such

[1] Sāriputta and Moggallāna.

another banyan tree by the south gate, and ate, and dwelt there. And the two bands abode there so long as they would, and then returned again to Himalaya.

When they had gone, the tree by the south gate withered away. Next time, they who had dwelt under it came first, and perceiving that their tree was withered, they first went on their rounds throughout the city, seeking alms, and then passing out by the northern gate, they ate and abode under the banyan tree that was by that gate. And the other band, coming afterwards, went their rounds in the city, and then made ready their meal and would have dwelt by their own tree. "This is not your tree, 'tis ours!" they cried; and they began to quarrel about the tree. The quarrel waxed great: these said—"Take not the place where we dwelt aforetime!" and those—"This time are we first come; do not you take it!" So crying aloud each that they were the owners of it, they all went to the king's palace.

The king ordained that they who had first dwelt there should hold it. [172] Then the others thought—"We will not allow ourselves to say that we have been beaten by these!" They looked about them with divine vision[1], and observing the body of a chariot fit for an emperor to use, they took it and offered it as a gift to the king, begging him to give them too possession of the tree. He took their gift, and ordained that both should dwell under the tree; and so they were there all masters together. Then the other hermits fetched the jewelled wheels of the same chariot, and offered them to the king, praying him, "O mighty king, make us to possess the tree alone!" And the king did so. Then the ascetics repented, and said: "To think that we, who have overcome the love of riches and the lust of the flesh, and have renounced the world, should fall to quarrelling by reason of a tree, and offer bribes for it! This is no seemly thing." And they went away in all haste till they came to Himalaya. And all the spirits that dwelt in the realm of Bharu with one mind were angry with the king, and they brought up the sea, and for the space of three hundred leagues they made the kingdom of Bharu as though it were not. And so for the sake of the king of Bharu alone, all the inhabitants of the kingdom perished thus.

When the Teacher had ended this tale, in his perfect wisdom, he uttered the following stanzas:—

"The king of Bharu, as old stories say,
Made holy hermits quarrel on a day:
For the which sin it fell that he fell dead,
And with him all his kingdom perished.

[1] One of the *Abhiññās* or Supernatural Faculties; see above.

"Wherefore the wise do not approve at all
When that desire into the heart doth fall.
He that is free from guile, whose heart is pure,
All that he says is ever true and sure[1]."

[173] When the Master had ended this story, he added, "Great King, one should not be under the power of desire. Two religious persons ought not to quarrel together." Then he identified the Birth:—"In those days, I was the leader of the sages."

When the king had entertained the Buddha, and he had departed, the king sent some men and had the rival settlement destroyed, and the sectaries became homeless.

No. 214.

PUṆṆA-NADĪ-JĀTAKA.

"*That which can drink*," *etc.*—This story the Master told while staying at Jetavana, about perfect wisdom.

On one occasion, the Brethren were gathered in the Hall of Truth, talking of the Buddha's wisdom. "Friend, the Supreme Buddha's wisdom is great, and wide, cutting, and quick, sharp, penetrating, and full of resource." The Master came in, and asked what they talked of as they sat there together. They told him. "Not now only," said he, "is the Buddha wise and resourceful; he was so in days of yore." And then he told them a story.

Once on a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into the world as the son of the court chaplain. When he grew up, he studied at Takkasilā; and at his father's death he received the office of chaplain, and he was the king's counsellor in things human and divine.

Afterwards the king opened his ear to breedbates, and in anger bade the Bodhisatta dwell before his face no more, and sent him away from Benares. So he took his wife and family with him, and abode in a certain village of Kāsi. Afterward the king remembered his goodness, and said to himself:

[1] In commenting upon this line, the Scholiast says: "And those who at that time spoke the truth, blaming king Bharu for taking a bribe, found standing room upon a thousand islands which are yet to be seen to-day about the island of Nāḷikera."

"It is not meet that I should send a messenger to fetch my teacher. I will compose a verse of poetry, [174] and write it upon a leaf; I will cause crow's flesh to be cooked; and after I have tied up letter and meat in a white cloth, I will seal it with the king's seal, and send it to him. If he is wise, when he has read the letter and seen that it is crow's-meat, he will come; if not, then he will not come." And so he wrote on the leaf this stanza:—

"That which can drink when rivers are in flood;
That which the corn will cover out of sight;
That which forebodes a traveller on the road—
O wise one, eat! my riddle read aright[1]."

This verse did the king write upon a leaf, and sent it to the Bodhisatta. He read the letter, and thinking—"The king wishes to see me"—he repeated the second verse:—[175]

"The king does not forget to send me crow:
Geese, herons, peacocks,—other birds there are:
If he gives one, he'll give the rest, I know;
If he sent none at all 'twere worser far[2]."

Then he caused his vehicle to be made ready, and went, and looked upon the king. And the king, being pleased, set him again in the place of the king's chaplain.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"Ānanda was the king in those days, and I was his chaplain."

[1] *Kākapeyya*, both in Skr. and in Pali, is proverbial for rivers at the flood. For Skr. see Pāṇini, 2. 1. 33, where some comm. say 'deep,' some 'shallow.' The scholiast here says: "They call rivers *K.* when a crow standing on the bank can stretch out its neck and drink." Buddhaghosha, quoted by Rh. D. in note to *Buddhist Suttas, S. B. E.*, p. 178, says the same.—*Kākaguyha* is corn tall enough to hide a crow; see Pāṇ. 3. 2. 5 and the Kāçikā's comment, with the scholiast's note here.—In the dictionary of Vacaspati, vol. 2, p. 1846, col. 1, it is said "When the crow cries *Khare Khare*, a traveller is coming." The schol. here says: "If people wish to know whether an absent friend is coming back, they say—Caw, crow, if so-and-so is coming! and if the crows caw, they know that he will come."—This verse riddles on these three proverbs and beliefs. [For part of this note I am indebted to Prof. Cowell.]

[2] I am not sure of the meaning of these obscure lines, but this is the best I can make of it. The schol. says "When he gets crow's flesh he remembers to send me some; surely he will remember when he gets geese, etc." The phrase—"Geese, herons, peacocks," is a reminiscence of the verse quoted in No. 202, above.

No. 215[1].

KACCHAPA-JĀTAKA.

"*The Tortoise needs must speak*," *etc.*—This is a story told by the Master while staying in Jetavana, about Kokālika. The circumstances which gave rise to it will be set forth under the Mahātakkāri Birth[2]. Here again the Master said: "This is not the only time, Brethren, that Kokālika has been ruined by talking; it was the same before." And then he told the story as follows.

Once on a time Brahmadatta was king of Benares, and the Bodhisatta, being born to one of the king's court, grew up, and became the king's adviser in all things human and divine. But this king was very talkative; and when he talked there was no chance for any other to get in a word. [176] And the Bodhisatta, wishing to put a stop to his much talking, kept watching for an opportunity.

Now there dwelt a Tortoise in a certain pond in the region of Himalaya. Two young wild Geese, searching for food, struck up an acquaintance with him; and by and bye they grew close friends together. One day these two said to him: "Friend Tortoise, we have a lovely home in Himalaya, on a plateau of Mount Cittakūta, in a cave of gold! Will you come with us?"

"Why," said he, "how can I get there?"

"Oh, we will take you, if only you can keep your mouth shut, and say not a word to any body."

"Yes, I can do that," says he; "take me along!"

So they made the Tortoise hold a stick between his teeth; and themselves taking hold so of the two ends, they sprang up into the air.

The village children saw this, and exclaimed—"There are two geese carrying a tortoise by a stick!"

(By this time the geese flying swiftly had arrived at the space above the palace of the king, at Benares.) The Tortoise wanted to cry out—

[1] Fausbøll, *Five Jātakas*, p. 41; *Dhammapada*, p. 418; cp. Benfey's *Pantschatantra*, i. p. 239; Babrius, ed. Lewis, i. 122; Phaedrus, ed. Orelli, 55, 128; Rhys Davids, *Buddhist Birth Stories*, viii.; Jacobs, *Indian Fairy Tales*, pp. 100 and 245.

[2] *Takkāriya-jātaka*, No. 481.

"Well, and if my friends do carry me, what is that to you, you caitiffs?"—and he let go the stick from between his teeth, and falling into the open courtyard he split in two. What an uproar there was! "A tortoise has fallen in the courtyard, and broken in two!" they cried. The king, with the Bodhisatta, and all his court, came up to the place, and seeing the tortoise asked the Bodhisatta a question. "Wise Sir, what made this creature fall?'

"Now's my time!" thought he. "For a long while I have been wishing to admonish the king, and I have gone about seeking my opportunity. No doubt the truth is this: the tortoise and the geese became friendly; the geese must have meant to carry him to Himalaya, and so made him hold a stick between his teeth, and then lifted him into the air; then he must have heard some remark, and wanted to reply; and not being able to keep his mouth shut he must have let himself go; [177] and so he must have fallen from the sky and thus come by his death." So thought he; and addressed the king: "O king, they that have too much tongue, that set no limit to their speaking, ever come to such misfortune as this;" and he uttered the following verses:—

"The Tortoise needs must speak aloud,
  Although between his teeth
A stick he bit: yet, spite of it,
  He spoke—and fell beneath.

"And now, O mighty master, mark it well.
  See thou speak wisely, see thou speak in season.
To death the Tortoise fell:
  He talked too much: that was the reason."

"He is speaking of me!" the king thought to himself; and asked the Bodhisatta if it was so.

"Be it you, O great king, or be it another," replied he, "whosoever talks beyond measure comes by some misery of this kind;" and so he made the thing manifest. And thenceforward the king abstained from talking, and became a man of few words.

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[178] This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"Kokālika was the tortoise then, the two famous Elders were the two wild geese, Ānanda was the king, and I was his wise adviser."

No. 216.

MACCHA-JĀTAKA.

"*'Tis not the fire," etc.*—This story the Master told during a stay in Jetavana, about one who hankered after a former wife. The Master asked this Brother, "Is it true, Brother, what I hear, that you are lovesick?" "Yes, Sir." "For whom?" "For my late wife." Then the Master said to him: "This wife, Brother, has been the mischief to you. Long ago by her means you came near being spitted and roasted for food, but wise men saved your life." Then he told a tale of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was his chaplain. Some fishermen drew out a Fish which had got caught in their net, and cast it upon hot sand, saying, "We will cook it in the embers, and eat." So they sharpened a spit. And the Fish fell a-weeping over his mate, and said these two verses:—

"'Tis not the fire that burns me, nor the spit that hurts me sore:
But the thought my mate may call me a faithless paramour.

"'Tis the flame of love that burns me, and fills my heart with pain;
Not death is the due of loving; O fishers, free me again!"

[179] At that moment the Bodhisatta approached the river bank; and hearing the Fish's lament, he went up to the fishermen and made them set the Fish at liberty.

This discourse ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths the lovesick Brother reached the Fruit of the First Path:—"The wife was in those days the fish's mate, the lovesick Brother was the fish, and I myself was the chaplain."

No. 217.

SEGGU-JĀTAKA.

"*All the world's on pleasure bent,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told, while dwelling at Jetavana, about a greengrocer who was a lay-brother.

The circumstances have been already given in the First Book[1]. Here again the Master asked him where he had been so long; and he replied, "My daughter, Sir, is always smiling. After testing her, I gave her in marriage to a young gentleman. As this had to be done, I had no opportunity of paying you a visit." To this the Master answered, "Not now only is your daughter virtuous, but virtuous she was in days of yore; and as you have tested her now, so you tested her in those days." And at the man's request he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was a tree-spirit.

This same pious greengrocer took it into his head to test his daughter. He led her into the woods, [180] and seized her by the hand, making as though he had conceived a passion for her. And as she cried out in woe, he addressed her in the words of the first stanza:—

"All the world's on pleasure bent;
Ah, my baby innocent!
Now I've caught you, pray don't cry;
As the town does, so do I."

When she heard it, she answered, "Dear Father, I am a maid, and I know not the ways of sin:" and weeping she uttered the second stanza:—

"He that should keep me safe from all distress,
The same betrays me in my loneliness;
My father, who should be my sure defence,
Here in the forest offers violence."

And the greengrocer, after testing his daughter thus, took her home, and gave her in marriage to a young man. Afterwards he passed away according to his deeds.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the end of the Truths the greengrocer entered on the Fruit of the First Path:—"In those days, father and daughter were the same as now, and the tree-spirit that saw it all was I myself."

[1] No. 102, *Paṇṇika-Jātaka,* where recurs the second stanza.

No. 218.

KŪṬA-VĀṆIJA-JĀTAKA.

"*Well planned indeed!*" *etc.*—[181] This story the Master told while staying in Jetavana, about a dishonest trader.

There were two traders of Sāvatthi, one pious and the other a cheat. These two joined partnership, and loaded five hundred waggons full of wares, journeying from east to west for trade; and returned to Sāvatthi with large profits.

The pious trader suggested to his partner that they should divide their stock. The rogue thought to himself, "This fellow has been roughing it for ever so long with bad food and lodging. Now he's at home again, he'll eat all sorts of dainties and die of a surfeit. Then I shall have all the stock for myself." What he said was, "Neither the stars nor the day are favourable; to-morrow or the next day we'll see about it;" so he kept putting it off. However, the pious trader pressed him, and the division was made. Then he went with scents and garlands to visit the Master; and after a respectful obeisance, he sat on one side. The Master asked when he had returned. "Just a fortnight ago, Sir," said he. "Then why have you delayed to visit the Buddha?" The trader explained. Then the Master said, "It is not only now that your partner is a rogue; he was just the same before;" and at his request told him an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into this world as the son of one in the king's court. When he grew up he was made a Lord Justice.

At that time, two traders, one from a village and one of the town, were friends together. The villager deposited with the townsman five hundred ploughshares. The other sold these, and kept the price, and in the place where they were he scattered mouse dung. By and by came the villager, and asked for his ploughshare[1]. "The mice have eaten them up[2]!" said the cheat, and pointed out the mouse dung to him.

[1] Here, in the last sentence but one, and in the verses the singular *phālaṁ* is used. It is possible this may be a collective, but more likely that it harks back to a simpler and older version, where only one is spoken of. Readers cannot fail to have marked the fondness of the Jātaka editor for round numbers, especially five hundred.

[2] Things gnawed by mice or rats were unlucky; cp. vol. I. p. 372 (Pali), Tevijja-Sutta *Mahāsīlaṁ* i (trans. in *S. B. E.*, *Buddhist Suttas*, p. 196). The man here goes further than he need; if the mice had but nibbled the ploughshares perhaps he might throw them away.—We may also have a reference to an old proverb, found both in Greek and Latin: "where mice eat iron" meant "nowhere." Heroudas 3. 76 *οὐδ' ὅκου χώρης οἱ μῦς ὁμοίως τὸν σίδηρον τρώγουσιν.* Seneca, *Apocolocyntosis* chap. 7 (to Claudius in heaven) venisti huc ubi mures ferrum rodunt.

"Well, well, so be it," replied the other: "what can be done with things which the mice have eaten?"

Now at the time of bathing he took the other trader's son, and set him in a friend's house, in an inner chamber, bidding them not suffer him to go out any whither. [182] And having washed himself he went to his friend's house.

"Where is my son?" asked the cheat.

"Dear friend," he replied, "I took him with me and left him on the river side; and when I was gone down into the water, there came a hawk, and seized your son in his extended claws, and flew up into the air. I beat the water, shouted, struggled—but could not make him let go."

"Lies!" cried the rogue. "No hawk could carry off a boy!"

"Let be, dear friend: if things happen that should not, how can I help it? Your son has been carried off by a hawk, as I say."

The other reviled him. "Ah, you scoundrel! you murderer! Now I will go to the judge, and have you dragged before him!" And he departed. The villager said, "As you please," and went to the court of justice. The rogue addressed the Bodhisatta thus:

"My lord, this fellow took my son with him to bathe, and when I asked where he was, he answered, that a hawk had carried him off. Judge my cause!"

"Tell the truth," said the Bodhisatta, asking the other.

"Indeed, my lord," he answered, "I took him with me, and a falcon has carried him off."

"But where in the world are there hawks which carry off boys?"

"My lord," he answered, "I have a question to ask you. If hawks cannot carry off boys into the air, can mice eat iron ploughshares?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"My lord, I deposited in this man's house five hundred ploughshares. The man told me that the mice had devoured them, and showed me the droppings of the mice that had done it. My lord, if mice eat ploughshares, then hawks carry off boys: but if mice cannot do this, neither will hawks carry the boy off. This man says the mice ate my ploughshares. Give sentence whether they are eaten or no. [183] Judge my cause!"

"He must have meant," thought the Bodhisatta, "to fight the trickster with his own weapons.—Well devised!" said he, and then he uttered these two verses:—

"Well planned indeed! The biter bit,
The trickster tricked—a pretty hit!
If mice eat ploughshares, hawks can fly
With boys away into the sky!

"A rogue out-rogued with tit for tat!
Give back the plough, and after that
Perhaps the man who lost the plough
May give your son back to you now!"[1]

[184] Thus he that had lost his son received him again, and he received his ploughshare that had lost it; and afterwards both passed away to fare according to their deeds.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"The cheat in both cases was the same, and so was the clever man; I myself was the Lord Chief Justice."

No. 219[2].

GARAHITA-JĀTAKA.

"*The gold is mine,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a brother who was downcast and discontent.

This man could not concentrate his mind on any single object, but his life was all full of discontent; and this was told to the Master. When asked by the Master if he really were discontented, he said yes; asked why, he replied that it was through his passions. "O Brother!" said the Master, "this passion has been despised even by the lower animals; and can you, a priest of such a doctrine, yield to discontent arising from the passion that even brutes despise?" Then he told him an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned over Benares, the Bodhisatta came into the world as a Monkey, in the region of Himalaya. A woodranger caught him, brought him home and gave him to the king. For a long time he dwelt with the king, serving him faithfully, and he learnt a great deal about the manners of the world of men. The king was

[1] A like repartee is found in *North Ind. N. and Q.* iii. 214 (*The Judgement of the Jackal*); Swynnerton, *Ind. Nights Entertainments*, p. 142 (*The Traveller and the Oilman*); and a story of an oilman in Stumme's *Tunische Märchen*, vol. ii.

[2] *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 253.

pleased at his faithfulness. He sent for the woodranger, and bade him set the monkey free in the very place where he had been caught; and so he did.

All the monkey tribe gathered together upon the face of a huge rock, to see the Bodhisatta now that he had come back to them; and they spoke pleasantly to him.

"Sir, where have you been living this long time?"

"In the king's palace at Benares."

"Then how did you get free?"

"The king made me his pet monkey, and being pleased with my tricks, he let me go."

The monkeys went on—"You must know the manner of living in the world of men: [185] tell us about it too—we want to hear!"

"Don't ask me the manner of men's living," quoth the Bodhisatta.

"Do tell—we want to hear!" they said again.

"Mankind," said he, "both princes and Brahmans, cry out—'Mine! mine!' They know not of the impermanence, by which the things that be are not. Hear now the way of these blind fools;" and he spake these verses:—

"'The gold is mine, the precious gold!' so cry they, night and day:
These foolish folk cast never a look upon the holy way.

"There are two masters in the house; one has no beard to wear,
But has long breasts, ears pierced with holes, and goes with plaited hair;
His price is told in countless gold; he plagues all people there."

[186] On hearing this, all the monkeys cried out—"Stop, stop! we have heard what it is not meet to hear!" and with both hands they stopped their ears tight. And they liked not the place, because they said, "In this place we heard a thing not seemly;" so they went elsewhere. And this rock went by the name of Garahitapiṭṭhi Rock, or the Rock of Blaming.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths this Brother reached the Fruit of the First Path:—"The Buddha's present followers were that troop of monkeys, and their chief was I myself."

No. 220[1].

DHAMMADDHAJA-JĀTAKA.

"*You look as though,*" *etc.*—This was told by the Master while staying at the Bamboo Grove, about attempts to murder him. On this occasion, as before, the Master said, "This is not the first time Devadatta has tried to murder me and has not even frightened me. He did the same before." And he told this story.

Once upon a time reigned at Benares a king named Yasapāṇi, the Glorious. His chief captain was named Kāḷaka, or Blackie. At that time the Bodhisatta was his chaplain, and had the name of Dhammaddhaja, the Banner of the Faith. There was also a man Chattapāṇi, maker of ornaments to the king. The king was a good king. But his chief captain swallowed bribes in the judging of causes; he was a backbiter; he took bribes, and defrauded the rightful owners.

On a day, one who had lost his suit was departing from the court, weeping and stretching out his arms, [187] when he fell in with the Bodhisatta as he was going to pay his service to the king. Falling at his feet, the man cried out, telling how he had been worsted in his cause: "Although such as you, my lord, instruct the king in the things of this world and the next, the Commander-in-Chief takes bribes, and defrauds rightful owners!"

The Bodhisatta pitied him. "Come, my good fellow," says he, "I will judge your cause for you!" and he proceeded to the court-house. A great company gathered together. The Bodhisatta reversed the sentence, and gave judgement for him that had the right. The spectators applauded. The sound was great. The king heard it, and asked—"What sound is this I hear?"

"My lord king," they answered, "it is a cause wrongly judged that has been judged aright by the wise Dhammaddhaja; that is why there is this shout of applause."

The king was pleased and sent for the Bodhisatta. "They tell me," he began, "that you have judged a cause?"

"Yes, great king, I have judged that which Kāḷaka did not judge aright."

[1] Here we have the "Hero's Tasks" in a new form.

"Be you judge from this day," said the king; "it will be a joy for my ears, and prosperity for the world!" He was unwilling, but the king begged him—"In mercy to all creatures, sit you in judgement!" and so the king won his consent.

From that time Kāḷaka received no presents; and losing his gains he spoke calumny of the Bodhisatta before the king, saying, "O mighty King, the wise Dhammaddhaja covets your kingdom!" But the king would not believe; and bade him say not so.

"If you do not believe me," said Kāḷaka, "look out of the window at the time of his coming. Then you will see that he has got the whole city into his own hands."

The king saw the crowd of those that were about him in his judgement hall. "There is his retinue," thought he. He gave way. "What are we to do, Captain?" he asked.

"My lord, he must be put to death." [188]

"How can we put him to death without having found him out in some great wickedness?"

"There is a way," said the other.

"What way?"

"Tell him to do what is impossible, and if he cannot, put him to death for that."

"But what is impossible to him?"

"My lord king," replied he, "it takes two years or twice two for a garden with good soil to bear fruit, being planted and tended. Send you for him, and say—'We want a garden to disport ourselves in to-morrow. Make us a garden!' This he will not be able to do; and we will slay him for that fault."

The king addressed himself to the Bodhisatta. "Wise Sir, we have sported long enough in our old garden; now we crave to sport in a new. Make us a garden! If you cannot make it, you must die."

The Bodhisatta reasoned, "It must be that Kāḷaka has set the king against me, because he gets no presents.—If I can," he said to the king, "O mighty king, I will see to it." And he went home. After a good meal he lay upon his bed, thinking. Sakka's palace grew hot[1]. Sakka reflecting perceived the Bodhisatta's difficulty. He made haste to him, entered his chamber, and asked him—"Wise Sir, what think you on?"—poised the while in mid-air.

"Who are you?" asked the Bodhisatta.

[1] This was supposed to happen when a good man was in straits. Some modern superstitions, turning upon the pity of a god for creatures in pain, may be seen in *North Ind. N. and Q.* iii. 285. As this: "Hot oil is poured into a dog's ear and the pain makes him yell. It is believed that his yells are heard by Raja Indra, who in pity stops the rain."

"I am Sakka."

"The king bids me make a garden: that is what I am thinking upon."

"Wise Sir, do not trouble: I will make you a garden like the groves of Nandana and Cittalatā! In what place shall I make it?"

"In such and such a place," he told him. Sakka made it, and returned to the city of the gods.

Next day, the Bodhisatta beheld the garden there in very truth, and sought the king's presence. "O king, the garden is ready: go to your sport!"

The king came to the place, and beheld a garden girt with a fence of eighteen cubits, vermilion tinted, having gates and ponds, [189] beautiful with all manner of trees laden heavy with flowers and fruit! "The sage has done my bidding," said he to Kāḷaka: "now what are we to do?"

"O mighty King!" replied he, "if he can make a garden in one night, can he not seize upon your kingdom?"

"Well, what are we to do?"

"We will make him perform another impossible thing."

"What is that?" asked the king.

"We will bid him make a lake possessed of the seven precious jewels!"

The king agreed, and thus addressed the Bodhisatta:

"Teacher, you have made a park. Make now a lake to match it, with the seven precious jewels. If you cannot make it, you shall not live!"

"Very good, great King," answered the Bodhisatta, "I will make it if I can."

Then Sakka made a lake of great splendour, having an hundred landing-places, a thousand inlets, covered over with lotus plants of five different colours, like the lake in Nandana.

Next day, the Bodhisatta beheld this also, and told the king: "See, the lake is made!" And the king saw it, and asked of Kāḷaka what was to be done.

"Bid him, my lord, make a house to suit it," said he.

"Make a house, Teacher," said the king to the Bodhisatta, "all of ivory, to suit with the park and the lake: if you do not make it, you must die!"

Then Sakka made him a house likewise. The Bodhisatta beheld it next day, and told the king. When the king had seen it, he asked Kāḷaka again, what was to do. Kāḷaka told him to bid the Bodhisatta make a jewel to suit the house. The king said to him, "Wise Sir, make a jewel to suit with this ivory house; I will go about looking at it by the light of the jewel: if you cannot make one, you must die!" Then Sakka

made him a jewel too. Next day the Bodhisatta beheld it, and told the king. [190] When the king had seen it, he again asked Kāḷaka what was to be done.

"Mighty king!" answered he, "I think there is some sprite who does each thing that the Brahmin Dhammaddhaja wishes. Now bid him make something which even a divinity cannot make. Not even a deity can make a man with all four virtues[1]; therefore bid him make a keeper with these four." So the king said, "Teacher, you have made a park, a lake, and a palace, and a jewel to give light. Now make me a keeper with four virtues, to watch the park; if you cannot, you must die."

"So be it," answered he, "if it is possible, I will see to it." He went home, had a good meal, and lay down. When he awoke in the morning, he sat upon his bed, and thought thus. "What the great king Sakka can make by his power, that he has made. He cannot make a park-keeper with four virtues[1]. This being so, it is better to die forlorn in the woods, than to die at the hand of other men." So saying no word to any man, he went down from his dwelling and passed out of the city by the chief gate, and entered the woods, where he sat him down beneath a tree and reflected upon the religion of the good. Sakka perceived it; and in the fashion of a forester he approached the Bodhisatta, saying,

"Brahmin, you are young and tender: why sit you here in this wood, as though you had never seen pain before?" As he asked it, he repeated the first stanza:—

"You look as though your life must happy be;
Yet to the wild woods you would homeless go,
Like some poor wretch whose life was misery,
And pine beneath this tree in lonely woe."

[191] To this the Bodhisatta made answer in the second stanza:—

"I look as though my life must happy be;
Yet to the wild woods I would homeless go,
Like some poor wretch whose life was misery,
And pine beneath this tree in lonely woe,
Pondering the truth that all the saints do know."

Then Sakka said, "If so, then why, Brahmin, are you sitting here?"

"The king," he made answer, "requires a park-keeper with four good qualities; such an one cannot be found; so I thought—Why perish by the hand of man? I will off to the woods, and die a lonely death. So here I came, and here I sit."

Then the other replied, "Brahmin, I am Sakka, king of the gods. By

[1] *Caturaṅga-samannāgataṁ*; it is an odd coincidence that the Pythagoreans called the perfect man τετράγωνος, 'four-square' (see the poem of Simonides, in Plat. *Prot.* 339 B).

me was your park made, and those other things. A park-keeper possessed of four virtues cannot be made; but in your country there is one Chattapāṇi, who makes ornaments for the head, and he is such a man. If a park-keeper is wanted, go and make this workman the keeper." With these words Sakka departed to his city divine, after consoling him and bidding him fear no more.

[192] The Bodhisatta went home, and having broken his fast, he repaired to the palace gates, and there in that spot he saw Chattapāṇi. He took him by the hand, and asked him—"Is it true, as I hear, Chattapāṇi, that you are endowed with the four virtues?"

"Who told you so?" asked the other.

"Sakka, king of the gods."

"Why did he tell you?" He recounted all, and told the reason. The other said,

"Yes, I am endowed with the four virtues." The Bodhisatta taking him by the hand led him into the king's presence. "Here, mighty monarch, is Chattapāṇi, endowed with four virtues. If there is need of a keeper for the park, make him keeper."

"Is it true, as I hear," the king asked him, "that you have four virtues?"

"Yes, mighty king."

"What are they?" he asked.

> "I envy not, and drink no wine;
> No strong desire, no wrath is mine,"

said he.

"Why, Chattapāṇi," cried the king, "did you say you have no envy?"

"Yes, O king, I have no envy."

"What are the things you do not envy?"

"Listen, my lord!" said he; and then he told how he felt no envy in the following lines[1]:—

[1] The following is the commentary on these lines. The story is that of No. 120, where the first stanza of those which follow, is given.

"This is the meaning. In former days, I was a king of Benares like this, and for a woman's sake I imprisoned a chaplain.

> The free are bound, when folly has her say;
> When wisdom speaks, the bond go free away.

Just as in the Birth now spoken of, this Chattapāṇi became king. The queen intrigued with sixty-four of the slaves. She tempted the Bodhisatta, and when he would not consent she tried to ruin him by speaking calumny of him; then the king threw him into prison. The Bodhisatta was brought before him bound, and explained the real state of the case. Then he was set free himself; and then he got the king to release all those slaves who had been imprisoned, and advised him to forgive both

"A chaplain once in bonds I threw—
Which thing a woman made me do:
He built me up in holy lore;
Since when I never envied more."

[193] Then the king said, "Dear Chattapāṇi, why do you abstain from strong drink?" And the other answered in the following verse[1] :—

the queen and them. All the rest is to be understood exactly as explained above. It was in reference to this he said

"A chaplain once in bonds I threw—
Which thing a woman made me do:
He built me up in holy lore;
Since when I never envied more."

But then I thought, 'I have avoided sixteen thousand women, and I cannot satisfy this one in the way of passion. Such is the anger of women, hard to satisfy. It is like being angry, saying, 'Why is it dirty?' when a worn garment is dirty; it is like being angry, saying, 'Why does it become like this?' when after a meal some passes into the draught. I made a resolve that henceforth no envy should arise in me by way of passion, lest I should fail to become a saint. From that time I have been free from envy. This is the point of saying, '*Since when I never envied more.*'"

[1] The scholiast tells the following story to illustrate this verse.—"I was once," says the speaker, "a king of Benares; I could not live without strong drink and meat. Now in that city animals might not be slaughtered on the Sabbath (*uposatha-divasesu*); so the cook had prepared some meat for my Sabbath meal the day before (the 13th of the lunar fortnight). This, being badly kept, the dogs ate. The cook durst not come before the king on the Sabbath to serve his rich and varied repast in the upper chamber without meat, so he asked the queen's advice. "My lady, to-day I have no meat; and without it I dare not offer a meal to him, what am I to do?" Said she, "The king is very fond of my son. As he fondles him, he hardly knows whether he exists or not. [194] I will dress my son up, and give him into the king's hands, and while he plays with him you shall serve his dinner; he will not notice." So she dressed up her darling son, and put him into the king's hands. As he was playing with the lad, the cook served the dinner. The king, mad with drink, and seeing no meat upon the dish, asked where the meat was. The answer was that no meat was to be had that day because there was no killing on the Sabbath. "Meat is hard to get for me, is it?" he said; and then he wrung his dear son's neck as he sat in his arms, and killed him; threw him down before the cook, and told him to look sharp and cook it. The cook obeyed, and the king ate his own son's flesh. For dread of the king not a soul durst weep or wail or say a word. The king ate, and went to sleep. Next morning, having slept off his intoxication, he asked for his son. Then the queen fell weeping at his feet, and said, "Oh, sir, yesterday you killed your son and ate his flesh!" The king wept and wailed for grief, and thought, "This is because of drinking strong drink!" Then, seeing the mischief of drinking, I made a resolution that lest I should never become a saint, I would never touch this deadly liquor; taking dust, and rubbing it upon my mouth. From that time I have drunk no strong drink. This is the point of the lines, "*Once I was drunken.*"

"Once I was drunken, and I ate
My own son's flesh upon my plate;
Then, touched with sorrow and with pain,
Swore never to touch drink again."

[194] Then the king said, "But what, dear sir, makes you indifferent, without love?" The man explained it in these words[1]:—

"King Kitavāsa was my name;
A mighty king was I;
My boy the Buddha's basin broke
And so he had to die."

[195] Said the king then, "What was it, good friend, that made you to be without anger?" And the other made the matter clear in these lines:

"As Araka, for seven years
I practised charity;
And then for seven ages dwelt
In Brahma's heaven on high."

When Chattapāṇi had thus explained his four attributes, the king made a sign to his attendants. And in an instant all the court, [196] priests and laymen and all, rose up, and cried out upon Kāḷaka—"Fie, bribe-swallowing thief and scoundrel! You couldn't get your bribes, and so you would murder the wise man by speaking ill of him!" They seized him by hand and foot, and bundled him out of the palace; and catching up whatever

[1] The scholiast tells this story: "The meaning is, Once upon a time I was a king named Kitavāsa, and a son was born to me. The fortune-tellers said that the boy would perish of lack of water. So he was named Duṭṭhakumāra. When he grew up, he was viceroy. The king kept his son close to him, before or behind; and to break the prophecy had tanks made at the four city gates and here and there inside the city; he made halls in the squares and crossways, and set water jars in them. One day the young man, dressed finely, went to the park by himself. On his way he saw a Pacceka-Buddha in the road, and many people spoke to him, praised him, did obeisance before him. [195] 'What!' thought the prince, 'when such as I am passing by, do people show all this respect to yonder shavepate?' Angry, he dismounted from the elephant, and asked the Buddha if he had received his food. 'Yes,' was the reply. The prince took it from him, cast it on the ground, rice and bowl together, and crushed it to dust under his feet. 'The man is lost, verily!' said the Buddha, and looked into his face. 'I am Prince Duṭṭha, son of king Kitavāsa!' said the prince—'what harm will you do me, by looking angrily at me and opening your eyes?' The Buddha, having lost his food, rose up in the air and went off to a cave at the foot of Nanda, in Northern Himalaya. At that very moment the prince's evil-doing began to bear fruit, and he cried—'I burn! I burn!' His body burst into flame, and he fell down in the road where he was; all the water that there was near disappeared, the conduits dried up, then and there he perished, and passed into hell. The king heard it, and was overcome with grief. Then he thought—'This grief is come upon me because my son was dear to me. If I had had no affection, I had had no pain. From this time forward I resolve that I will fix my affection on nothing, animate or inanimate.'"

they could get hold of, this a stone, and this a staff, they broke his head and did him to death: and dragging him by the feet they cast him upon a dunghill.

Thenceforward the king ruled in righteousness, until he passed away according to his deserts.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"Devadatta was the Commander Kāḷaka, Sāriputta was the artisan Chattapāṇi, and I was Dhammaddhaja."

No. 221.

KĀSĀVA-JĀTAKA.

"*If any man,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while staying at Jetavana, about Devadatta.

It was occasioned by something that happened at Rājagaha. At one period the Captain of the Faith was living with five hundred brethren at the Bamboo Grove. And Devadatta, with a body of men wicked like himself, lived at Gayāsīsa.

At that time the citizens of Rājagaha used to club together for the purpose of almsgiving. A trader, who had come there on business, brought a magnificent perfumed yellow robe, asking that he might become one of them, and give this garment as his contribution. The townspeople brought plenty of gifts. All that was contributed by those who had clubbed together consisted of ready money. There was this garment left. The crowd which had come together said, "Here is this beautiful perfumed robe left over. Who shall have it—Elder Sāriputta, or Devadatta?" Some were in favour of Sāriputta; others said, "Elder Sāriputta will stay here a few days, [197] and then go travelling at his own sweet will; but Devadatta always lives near our city; he is our refuge in good fortune or ill. Devadatta shall have it!" They made a division, and those who voted for Devadatta were in the majority. So to Devadatta they gave it. He had it cut in strips, and sewn together, and coloured like gold, and so he wore it upon him.

At the same time, thirty Brethren went from Sāvatthi to salute the Master. After greetings had been exchanged, they told him all this affair, adding, "And so, sir, Devadatta wears this mark of the saint, which suits him ill enough." "Brethren," said the Master, "this is not the first time that Devadatta has put on the garb of a saint, a most unsuitable dress. He did the same before." And then he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into this world as an Elephant in the Himalaya region.

Lord of a herd that numbered eighty thousand wild elephants, he dwelt in the forest land.

A poor man that lived in Benares, seeing the workers of ivory in the ivory bazaar making bangles and all manner of ivory trinkets, he asked them would they buy an elephant's tusks, if he should get them. To which they answered, Yes.

So he took a weapon, and clothing himself in a yellow robe, he put on the guise of a Pacceka-Buddha[1], with a covering band about his head. Taking his stand in the path of the elephants, he slew one of them with his weapon, and sold the tusks of it in Benares; and in this manner he made a living. After this he began always to slay the very last elephant in the Bodhisatta's troop. Day by day the elephants grew fewer and fewer. Then they went and asked the Bodhisatta how it was that their numbers dwindled. He perceived the reason. "Some man," thought he, "stands in the place where the elephants go, having made himself like a Paccĕka-Buddha in appearance. Now can it be he that slays the elephants? I will find him out." So one day he sent the others on before him [198] and he followed after. The man saw the Bodhisatta, and made a rush at him with his weapon. The Bodhisatta turned and stood. "I will beat him to the earth, and kill him!" thought he: and stretched out his trunk,—when he saw the yellow robes which the man wore. "I ought to pay respect to those sacred robes!" said he. So drawing back his trunk, he cried—"O man! Is not that dress, the flag of sainthood, unsuitable to you? Why do you wear it?" and he repeated these lines:—

"If any man, yet full of sin, should dare
To don the yellow robe, in whom no care
    For temperance is found, or love of truth,
He is not worthy such a robe to wear.

He who has spued out sin, who everywhere
Is firm in virtue, and whose chiefest care
    Is to control his passions, and be true,
He well deserves the yellow robe to wear."

[199] With these words, the Bodhisatta rebuked the man, and bade him never come there again, else he should die for it. Thus he drove him away.

After this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"Devadatta was the man who killed the elephants, and the head of the herd was I."

[1] One who has attained the knowledge needful for attaining Nirvana, but does not preach it to men.

No. 222.

CŪLA-NANDIYA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*I call to mind,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told whilst dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, about Devadatta.

One day the brethren fell a-talking in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, that man Devadatta is harsh, cruel, and tyrannical, full of baneful devices against the Supreme Buddha. He flung a stone[2], he even used the aid of Nāḷāgiri[3]; pity and compassion there is none in him for the Tathāgata."

The Master came in, and asked what they were talking about as they sat there. They told him. Then he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta has been harsh, cruel, merciless. He was so before." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became a Monkey named Nandiya, or Jolly; and dwelt in the Himalaya region; and his youngest brother bore the name of Jollikin. They two headed a band of eighty thousand monkeys, and they had a blind mother in their home to care for.

They left their mother in her lair in the bushes, and went amongst the trees to find sweet wild fruit of all kinds, which they sent back home to her. The messengers did not deliver it; and, tormented with hunger, she became nothing but skin and bone. Said the Bodhisatta to her,

"Mother, we send you plenty of sweet fruits: then what makes you so thin?"

"My son, I never get it!" [200]

The Bodhisatta pondered. "While I look after my herd, my mother will perish! I will leave the herd, and look after my mother alone." So calling his brother, "Brother," said he, "do you tend the herd, and I will care for our mother."

"Nay, brother," replied he, "what care I for ruling a herd? I too will care for only our mother!" So the two of them were of one mind, and leaving the herd, they brought their mother down out of Himalaya, and took up their abode in a banyan tree of the border-land, where they took care of her.

[1] *Questions of Milinda*, iv. 4. 24 (trans. in *S. B. E.*, xxxv. 287).

[2] For the stone-throwing see *Cullavagga* vii. 3. 9; Hardy, *Manual*, p. 320.

[3] A fierce elephant, let loose at Devadatta's request to kill the Buddha. See *Cullavagga* vii. 3. 11 f. (*Vinaya Texts, S. B. E.*, iii. 247 f.); *Milinda*, iv. 4. 44 (where he is called *Dhanapālaka*, as *supra* vol. i. 57); Hardy, *Manual*, p. 320.

Now a certain Brahmin, who lived at Takkasilā, had received his education from a famous teacher, and afterward he took leave of him, saying that he would depart. This teacher had the power of divining from the signs on a man's body; and thus he perceived that his pupil was harsh, cruel, and violent. "My son," said he, "you are harsh, and cruel, and violent. Such persons do not prosper at all seasons alike; they come to dire woe and dire destruction. Be not harsh, nor do what you will afterwards repent." With this counsel, he let him go.

The youth took leave of his teacher, and went his way to Benares. There he married and settled down; and not being able to earn a livelihood by any other of his arts, he determined to live by his bow. So he set to work as a huntsman; and left Benares to earn his living. Dwelling in a border village, he would range the woods girt with bow and quiver, and lived by sale of the flesh of all manner of beasts which he slew.

One day, as he was returning homewards after having caught nothing at all in the forest, he observed a banyan tree standing on the verge of an open glade. "Perhaps," thought he, "there may be something here." And he turned his face towards the banyan tree. Now the two brothers had just fed their mother with fruits, and were sitting behind her in the tree, when they saw the man coming. "Even if he sees our mother," said they, "what will he do?" and they hid amongst the branches. Then this cruel man, as he came up to the tree and saw the mother monkey weak with age, and blind, thought to himself, "Why should I return empty-handed? I will shoot this she-monkey first!" [201] and lifted up his bow to shoot her. This the Bodhisatta saw, and said to his brother, "Jollikin, my dear, this man wants to shoot our mother! I will save her life. When I am dead, do you take care of her." So saying, down he came out of the tree, and called out,

"O man, don't shoot my mother! she is blind, and weak for age. I will save her life; don't kill her, but kill me instead!" and when the other had promised, he sat down in a place within bowshot. The hunter pitilessly shot the Bodhisatta; when he dropped, the man prepared his bow to shoot the mother monkey. Jollikin saw this, and thought to himself, "Yon hunter wants to shoot my mother. Even if she only lives a day, she will have received the gift of life; I will give my life for hers." Accordingly, down he came from the tree, and said,

"O man, don't shoot my mother! I give my life for hers. Shoot me—take both us brothers, and spare our mother's life!" The hunter consented, and Jollikin squatted down within bowshot. The hunter shot this one too, and killed him—"It will do for my children at home," thought he—and he shot the mother too; hung them all three on his carrying pole, and set his face homewards. At that moment a thunderbolt fell upon the

house of this wicked man, and burnt up his wife and two children with the house: nothing was left but the roof and the bamboo uprights.

A man met him at the entering in of the village, and told him of it. Sorrow for his wife and children overcame him: down on the spot he dropped his pole with the game, and his bow, threw off his garments, and naked he went homewards, wailing with hands outstretched. Then the bamboo uprights broke, and fell upon his head, and crushed it. The earth yawned, flame rose from hell. As he was being swallowed up in the earth, he thought upon his master's warning: [202] "Then this was the teaching that the Brahmin Pārāsariya gave me!" and lamenting he uttered these stanzas:—

"I call to mind my teacher's words: so this was what he meant!
Be careful you should nothing do of which you might repent.

"Whatever a man does, the same he in himself will find;
The good man, good; and evil he that evil has designed;
And so our deeds are all like seeds, and bring forth fruit in kind."

Lamenting thus, he went down into the earth, and came to life in the depths of hell.

When the Master had ended this discourse, by which he showed how in other days, as then, Devadatta had been harsh, cruel, and merciless, he identified the Birth in these words: "In those days Devadatta was the hunter, Sāriputta was the famous teacher, Ānanda was Jollikin, the noble Lady Gotamī was the mother, and I was the monkey Jolly."

No. 223.

PUṬA-BHATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Honour for honour*," *etc.*—This story the Master told in Jetavana, about a landed proprietor.

Tradition has it that once a landowner who was a citizen of Sāvatthi did business with a landowner from the country. [203] Taking his wife with him, he visited this man, his debtor; but the debtor averred that he could not pay. The other, in anger, set out for home without having broken his fast. On the road, some people met him; and seeing how famished the man was, gave him food, bidding him share it with his wife.

When he got this, he grudged his wife a share. So addressing her he said, "Wife, this is a well-known haunt of thieves, so you had better go in front." Having thus got rid of her, he ate all the food, and then showed her the pot empty, saying—"Look here, wife! they gave me an empty pot!" She guessed that he had eaten it all up himself, and was much annoyed.

As they both passed by the monastery in Jetavana, they thought they would go into the park and get a drink of water. There sat the Master, waiting on purpose to see them, like a hunter on the trail, seated under the shade of his perfumed cell. He greeted them kindly, and said, "Lay Sister, is your husband kind and loving?" "I love him, sir," she replied, "but he does not love me; let alone other days, this very day he was given a pot of food on the way, and gave not a bit to me, but ate it all himself." "Lay Sister, so it has always been—you loving and kind, and he loveless; but when by the help of the wise he learns your worth, he will do you all honour." Then, at her request, he told an old-world tale.

On a time, while Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was the son of one of the king's court. On coming of age he became the king's adviser in things temporal and spiritual. It happened that the king was afraid of his son, lest he might injure him; and sent him away. Taking his wife, the son departed from that city, and came to a village of Kāsi, where he dwelt. By and by when the father died, his son hearing of it set out to go back to Benares; "that I may receive the kingdom which is my birthright," said he. On his way one gave him a mess of pottage, saying, "Eat, and give to your wife also." But he gave her none, and did eat it all himself. [204] Thought she—"A cruel man this, indeed!" and she was full of sorrow.

When he had come to Benares, and received his kingdom, he made her the queen consort; but thinking—"A little is enough for her," he showed her no other consideration or honour, not so much as to ask her how she did.

"This queen," thought the Bodhisatta, "serves the king well, and loves him; but the king spends not a thought upon her. I will make him show her respect and honour."

So he came to the queen, and made salutation, and stood aside. "What is it, dear sir?" she asked.

"Lady," he asked, "how can we serve you? ought you not to give the old Fathers a piece of cloth or a dish of rice?"

"Dear sir, I never receive anything myself; what shall I give to you? When I received, did I not give? But now the king gives me nothing at all: let alone giving anything else, as he was going along the road he received a bowl of rice, and never gave me a bit—he ate it all himself."

"Well, madam, will you be able to say this in the king's presence?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Very well then. To-day, when I stand before the king, when I ask my question do you give the same answer: this very day will I make your goodness known." So the Bodhisatta went on before, and stood in the king's presence. And she too went and stood near the king.

Then said the Bodhisatta, "Madam, you are very cruel. Ought you not to give the Fathers a piece of cloth or a dish of food?" And she made answer, "Good sir, I myself receive nothing from the king: what can I give to you?"

"Are you not the queen consort?" quoth he.

"Good sir," said she, "what boots the place of a queen consort, when no respect is paid? What will the king give me now? When he received a dish of rice on the road, [205] he gave me none, but ate it all himself." And the Bodhisatta asked him, "Is it so, O king?" And the king assented. When the Bodhisatta saw that the king assented, "Then lady," quoth he, "why dwell here with the king after he has become unkindly? In the world, union without love is painful. While you dwell here, loveless union with the king will bring you sorrow. These folk honour him that honours, and when one honours not—as soon as you see it, you should go elsewhither; they that dwell in the world are many." And he repeated the stanzas following:—

"Honour for honour, love for love is due:
Do good to him who does the same to you:
Observance breeds observance; but 'tis plain
None need help him who will not help again.

"Return neglect for negligence, nor stay
To comfort him whose love is past away.
The world is wide; and when the birds descry
That trees have lost their fruit—away they fly."

Hearing this, the king gave his queen all honour; and from that time forward they dwelt together in friendship and harmony.

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[206] When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths the husband and wife entered on the Fruit of the First Path:—"The husband and wife are the same in both cases, and the wise counsellor was I myself."

No. 224.

KUMBHĪLA-JĀTAKA.

"*O Ape,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at the Bamboo Grove, about Devadatta.

"O Ape, these virtues four bring victory:
Truth, Wisdom, Self-control, and Piety.

"Without these blessings is no victory—
Truth, Wisdom, Self-control, and Piety."

No. 225.

KHANTI-VAṆṆANA-JĀTAKA.

"*There is a man,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about the king of Kosala. A very useful subordinate intrigued in the harem. Even though he knew the culprit, the king pocketed the affront, because the fellow was useful, and told the Master of it. The Master said, "Other kings in days long gone by have done the same;" and at his request, told the following story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, a man of his court fell into an intrigue in the king's harem, and an attendant of this courtier did the same thing in the courtier's house. The man could not endure to be thus affronted. So he led the other before the king, saying, "My lord, [207] I have a servant who does all manner of work, and he has made me a cuckold: what must I do with him?" and with the question he uttered this first verse following:—

"There is a man within my house, a zealous servant too;
He has betrayed my trust, O king! Say—what am I to do?"

On hearing this, the king uttered the second verse :—

"I too a zealous servant have; and here he stands, indeed!
Good men, I trow, are rare enow: so patience is my rede."

The courtier saw that these words of the king were aimed at him; and for the future durst do no wrong in the king's house. And the servant likewise, having come to know that the matter had been told to the king, durst for the future do that thing no more.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"I was the king of Benares." And the courtier on this occasion found out that the king had told of him to the Master, and never did such a thing again.

No. 226.

KOSIYA-JĀTAKA.

[208] "*There is a time*," *etc.*—A story told by the Master at Jetavana, about the king of Kosala. This king started to quell a border rising at a bad season of the year. The circumstances have been described already[1]. The Master as before told the king a story.

Once on a time, the king of Benares having started for the field of war at an unseasonable time, set up a camp in his park. At that time an Owl entered a thicket of bamboos, and hid in it. There came a flock of Crows: "We will catch him," said they, "so soon as he shall come out." And they compassed it around. Out he came before his time, nor did he wait until the sun should set; and tried to make his escape. The crows surrounded him, and pecked him with their beaks till he fell to the ground. The king asked the Bodhisatta: "Tell me, wise sir, why are the crows attacking this owl?" And the Bodhisatta made answer, "They that leave their dwelling before the right time, great king, fall into just such misery as this. Therefore before the time one should not leave one's

[1] See no. 176, p. 51 above.

dwelling place." And to make the matter clear, he uttered this pair of verses:

"There is a time for every thing: who forth from home will go
One man or many, out of time, will surely meet some woe;
As did the Owl, unlucky fowl! pecked dead by many a crow.

"Who masters quite each rule and rite; who others' weakness knows;
Like wise owls, he will happy be, and conquer all his foes."

[209] When the king heard this, he turned back home again.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"Ānanda was then the king, and the wise courtier was I myself."

No. 227.

GŪTHA-PĀṆA-JĀTAKA.

"*Well matched,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about one of the Brethren.

There stood at that time, about three-quarters[1] of a league from Jetavana, a market town, where a great deal of rice was distributed by ticket, and special meals were given. Here lived an inquisitive lout, who pestered the young men and novices who came to share in the distribution—[210] "Who are for solid food? who for drink? who for moist food?" And he made those who could not answer feel ashamed, and they dreaded him so much that to that village they would not go.

One day, a brother came to the ticket-hall, with the question, "Any food for distribution in such-and-such a village, sir?" "Yes, friend," was the answer, "but there's a lubber here asking questions; if you can't answer them, he abuses and reviles you. He is such a pest that nobody will go near the place." "Sir," said the other, "give me an order on the place, and I'll humble him, and make him modest, and so influence him that whenever he sees you after this, he'll feel inclined to run away."

The brothers agreed, and gave the necessary order. The man walked to our village, and at the gate of it he put on his robe. The loafer spied him—was at him like a mad ram, with "Answer me a question, priest!" "Layman, let me go first about the village for my broth, and then come back with it to the waiting hall."

When he returned with his meal, the man repeated his question. The brother answered, "Leave me to finish my broth, to sweep the room, and to fetch my ticket's worth of rice." So he fetched the rice; then placing his bowl in this very man's hands, he said, "Come, now I'll answer your question."

[1] *Gāvutaddhayojanamatte.* It may possibly mean 'an eighth.'

Then he led him outside the village, folded his outer robe, put it on his shoulder, and taking the bowl from the other, stood waiting for him to begin. The man said, "Priest, answer me one question." "Very well, so I will," said the brother; and with one blow he felled him to the ground, bruised his eyes, beat him, dropped filth in his face, and went off, with these parting words to frighten him, "If ever again you ask a question of any Brother who comes to this village, I'll see about it!"

After this, he took to his heels at the mere sight of a Brother.

By and bye all this became known among the Brotherhood. One day they were talking about it in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, I hear that Brother So-and-so dropped filth in the face of that loafer, and left him!" The Master came in, and wanted to know what they were all talking about as they sat there. They told him. Said he, "Brethren, this is not the first time this brother attacked the man with dirt, but he did just the same before." Then he told them an old-world tale.

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[211] Once on a time, those citizens of the kingdoms of Aṅga and Magadha who were travelling from one land to the other, used to stay in a house on the marches of the two kingdoms, and there they drank liquor and ate the flesh of fishes, and early in the morning they yoked their carts and went away. At the time when they came, a certain dung-beetle, led by the odour of dung, came to the place where they had drunken, and saw some liquor shed upon the ground, and for thirst he drank it, and returned to his lump of dung intoxicated. When he climbed upon it the moist dung gave way a little. "The world cannot bear my weight!" he bawled out. At that very instant a maddened Elephant came to the spot, and smelling the dung went back in disgust. The Beetle saw it. "Yon creature," he thought, "is afraid of me, and see how he runs away!—I must fight with him!" and so he challenged him in the first stanza:—

"Well matched! for we are heroes both: here let us issue try:
Turn back, turn back, friend Elephant! Why would you fear and fly?
Let Magadha and Aṅga see how great our bravery!"

The Elephant listened, and heard the voice; he turned back towards the Beetle, and said the second stanza, by way of rebuke:—

"Non pede, longinquave manu, non dentibus utar:
Stercore, cui stercus cura, perisse decet."

[212] And so, dropping a great piece of dung upon him, and making water, he killed him then and there; and scampered into the forest, trumpeting.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"In those days, this lout was the dung-beetle, the Brother in question was the elephant, and I was the tree-sprite who saw it all from that clump of trees."

No. 228.

KĀMANĪTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Three forts*," *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana about a brahmin named Kāmanīta. The circumstances will be explained in the Twelfth Book, and the Kāma-Jātaka[1].

[The king of Benares had two sons.] And of these two sons the elder went to Benares, and became king: the youngest was the viceroy. He that was king was given over to the desire of riches, and the lust of the flesh, and greedy of gain.

At the time, the Bodhisatta was Sakka, king of the gods. And as he looked out upon India, and observed that the king of it was given over to these lusts, he said to himself, "I will chastise that king, and make him ashamed." So taking the semblance of a young brahmin, he went to the king and looked at him.

"What wants this young fellow?" the king asked.

Said he, "Great king, I see three towns, prosperous, fertile, having elephants, horses, chariots and infantry in plenty, full of ornaments of gold and fine gold. These may be taken with a very small army. I have come hither to offer to get them for you!"

"When shall we go, young man?" asked the king.

"To-morrow, Sire."

"Then leave me now; to-morrow early shall you go."

"Good, my king: hasten to prepare the army!" And so saying [213] Sakka went back again to his own place.

Next day the king caused the drum to beat, and an army to be made ready; and having summoned his courtiers, he thus bespoke them:—

"Yesterday a young brahmin came and said that he would conquer for me three cities—Uttarapañcāla, Indapatta, and Kekaka. Wherefore now we will go along with that man and conquer those cities. Summon him in all haste!"

"What place did you assign him, my lord, to dwell in?"

"I gave him no place to dwell in," said the king.

"But you gave him wherewith to pay for a lodging?"

[1] No. 467.

"Nay, not even that."

"Then how shall we find him?"

"Seek him in the streets of the city," said the king.

They sought, but found him not. So they came before the king, and told him, "O king, we cannot see him."

Great sorrow fell upon the king. "What glory has been snatched from me!" he groaned; his heart became hot, his blood became disordered, dysentery attacked him, the physicians could not cure him.

After the space of three or four days, Sakka meditated, and was ware of his illness. Said he, "I will cure him:" and in the semblance of a brahmin he went and stood at his door. He caused it to be told the king, "A brahmin physician is come to cure you."

On bearing it, the king answered, "All the great physicians of the court have not been able to cure me. Give him a fee, and let him go."

Sakka listened, and made reply: "I want not even money for my lodging, nor will I take fee for my leechcraft. I will cure him: let the king see me!"

"Then let him come in," said the king, on receiving this message. Then Sakka went in, and wishing victory to the king, sat on one side.

"Are you going to cure me?" the king asked.

He replied, "Even so, my lord."

"Cure me, then!" said the king.

"Very good, Sire. Tell me the symptoms of your disease, and how it came about,—what you have eaten or drunken, to bring it on, or what you have heard or seen."

"Dear friend, my disease was brought upon me by something that I heard."

Then the other asked, "What was it?" [214]

"Dear Sir, there came a young brahmin who offered to win and give me power over three cities: and I gave him neither lodging, nor wherewithal to pay for one. He must have grown angry with me, and gone away to some other king. So when I bethought me how great glory had been snatched away from me, this disease came upon me; cure, if you can, this which has come upon me for my covetousness." And to make the matter clear he uttered the first stanza:—

"Three forts, each builded high upon a mount,
I want to take, whose names I here recount[1]:
And there is one thing further that I need—
Cure me, O brahmin, me the slave of greed!"

Then Sakka said, "O king, by simples made with roots you cannot

[1] The names of Pañcāla, Kuru, and Kekaka are given.

be cured, but you must be cured with the simple of knowledge:" and he uttered the second verse as follows: [215]

"There are, who cure the bite of a black snake;
The wise can heal the wounds that goblins make.
The slave of greed no doctor can make whole;
What cure is there for the backsliding soul?"

So spake the great Being to explain his meaning, and he added this yet beyond: "O king, what if you were to get those three cities, then while you reigned over these four cities, could you wear four pairs of robes at once, eat out of four golden dishes, lie on four state beds? O king, one ought not to be mastered by desire. Desire is the root of all evil; when desire is increased, he that cherishes her is cast into the eight great hells, and the sixteen lowest hells, and into all kinds and manner of misery." So the great Being terrified the king with fear of hell and misery, and discoursed to him. And the king, by hearing his discourse, got rid of his heartbreak, and in a moment he became whole of his disease. [216] And Sakka after giving him instruction, and establishing him in virtue, went away to the world of gods. And the king thenceforward gave alms and did good, and he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"The Brother who is a slave to his desires was at that time the king; and I myself was Sakka."

No. 229.

PALĀYI-JĀTAKA.

"*Lo, my elephants,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a mendicant, with vagrant tastes.

He traversed the whole of India for the purpose of arguing, and found no one to contradict him. At last he got as far as Sāvatthi, and asked was there any one there who could argue with him. The people said, "There is One who could argue with a thousand such—all-wise, chief of men, the mighty Gotama, lord of the faith, who bears down all opposition, there is no adversary in all India who can dispute with Him. As the billows break upon the shore, so all arguments break against his feet, and are dashed to spray." Thus they described the qualities of the Buddha.

"Where is he now?" asked the mendicant. He was at Jetavana, they replied. "Now I'll get up a disputation with him!" said the mendicant. So attended by a large crowd he made his way to Jetavana. On seeing the gate towers of Jetavana[1], which Prince Jeta had built at a cost of ninety millions of money, he asked whether that was the palace where the Priest Gotama lived. The gateway of it, they said. "If this be the gateway, what will the dwelling be like!" he cried. "There's no end to the perfumed chambers!" the people said. "Who could argue with such a priest as this?" he asked; and hurried off at once.

The crowd shouted for joy, and thronged into the park. "What brings you here before your time?" asked the Master. They told him what had happened. Said he, "This is not the first time, laymen, that he hurried away at the mere sight of the gateway of my dwelling. He did the same before." And at their request, he told an old-world tale.

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[217] Once upon a time, it befel that the Bodhisatta reigned king in Takkasilā, of the realm of Gandhāra, and Brahmadatta in Benares. Brahmadatta resolved to capture Takkasilā; wherefore with a great host he set forth, and took up a position not far from the city, and set his army in array: "Here be the elephants, here the horses, the chariots here, and here the footmen: thus do ye charge and hurl with your weapons; as the clouds pour forth rain, so pour ye forth a rain of arrows!" and he uttered this pair of stanzas:—

"Lo, my elephants and horses, like the storm-cloud in the sky!
Lo, my surging sea of chariots shooting arrow-spray on high!
Lo, my host of warriors, striking sword in hand, with blow and thrust,
Closing in upon the city, till their foes shall bite the dust!

"Rush against them—fall upon them! shout the war-cry—loudly sing!
While the elephants in concert raise a clamorous trumpeting!
As the thunder and the lightning flash and rumble in the sky,
So be now your voice uplifted in the loud long battle-cry!"

[218] So cried the king. And he made his army march, and came before the gate of the city; and when he saw the towers on the city gate, he asked whether was that the king's dwelling. "That," said they, "is the gate tower." "If the gate tower be such as this, of what sort will the king's palace be?" he asked. And they replied, "Like to Vejayanta, the palace of Sakka!" On hearing it, the king said, "With so glorious a king we shall never be able to fight!" And having seen no more than the tower set upon the city gate, he turned and fled away, and came again to Benares.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"Our mendicant gadabout was then the king of Benares, and I was the king of Takkasilā myself."

[1] The Jetavana monastery is represented on the Bhārhut Stupa (Cunningham, pl. LVII); for the *gandhakuṭi*, see pl. XXVIII, fig. 3.

No. 230.

DUTIYA-PALĀYI-JĀTAKA.

"*Countless are my banners,*" *etc.*—[219] This story the Master told whilst living at Jetavana, about this same gadabout mendicant.

At that time, the Master, with a large company round him, sitting on the beautifully adorned throne of the truth, upon a vermilion dais, was discoursing like a young lion roaring with a lion's roar. The mendicant, seeing the Buddha's form like the form of Brahma, his face like the glory of the full moon, and his forehead like a plate of gold, turned round where he had come, in the midst of the crowd, and ran off, saying, "Who could overcome a man like this?"

The crowd went in chase, then came back and told the Master. He said, "Not only now has this mendicant fled at the mere sight of my golden face; he did the same before." And he told an old-world tale.

Once on a time, the Bodhisatta was king in Benares, and in Takkasilā reigned a certain king of Gandhāra. This king, desiring to capture Benares, went and compassed the city about with a complete army of four divisions. And taking his stand at the city gate, he looked upon his army, and said he, "Who shall be able to conquer so great an army as this?" and describing his army, he uttered the first stanza:—

"Countless are my banners: rival none they own:
Flocks of crows can never stem the rolling sea—
Never can the storm-blast beat a mountain down:—
So, of all the living none can conquer me!"

[220] Then the Bodhisatta disclosed his own glorious countenance, in fashion as the full moon; and threatening him, thus spoke: "Fool, babble not vainly! Now will I destroy your host, as a maddened elephant crushes a thicket of reeds!" and he repeated the second stanza:—

"Fool! and hast thou never yet a rival found?
Thou art hot with fever, if thou seekst to wound
Solitary savage elephants like me!
As they crush a reed-stalk so will I crush thee!"

When the king of Gandhāra heard him threaten thus, [221] he looked up, and beholding his wide forehead like a plate of gold, for fear of being captured himself he turned and ran away, and came again even unto his own city.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"The vagrant gadabout was at that time the king of Gandhāra, and the king of Benares was I myself."

No. 231.

UPĀHANA-JĀTAKA.

"*As when a pair of shoes,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told in the Bamboo Grove, about Devadatta. The Brethren gathered together in the Hall of Truth, and began to discuss the matter. "Friend, Devadatta having repudiated his teacher, and become the foe and adversary of the Tathāgata, has come to utter destruction." The Master came in, and asked what they were talking about as they sat there. They told him. The Master said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that Devadatta has repudiated his teacher, and become my enemy, and come to utter destruction. The same thing happened before." Then he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of an elephant trainer. When he grew up, he was taught all the art of managing the elephant. And there came a young villager from Kāsi, and was taught of him. Now when the future Buddhas teach any, they do not give a niggardly dole of learning; but according to their own knowledge so teach they, keeping nothing back. So this youth learnt all the branches of knowledge from the Bodhisatta, without omission; and when he had learnt, said he to his master: [222]

"Master, I will go and serve the king."

"Good, my son," said he: and he went before the king, and told him how that a pupil of his would serve the king. Said the king, "Good, let him serve me." "Then do you know what fee to give?" says the Bodhisatta.

"A pupil of yours will not receive so much as you; if you receive an hundred, he shall have fifty; if you receive two, to him shall one be given." So the Bodhisatta went home, and told all this to his pupil.

"Master," said the youth, "all your knowledge do I know, piece for piece. If I shall have the like payment, I will serve the king; but if not, then I will not serve him." And this the Bodhisatta told to the king. Said the king,

"If the young man could do even as you—if he is able to show skill for skill with you, he shall receive the like." And the Bodhisatta told this to the pupil, and the pupil made answer, "Very good, I will." "To-morrow," said the king, "do you make exhibition of your skill." "Good, I will; let proclamation be made by beat of drum." And the king caused it to be proclaimed, "To-morrow the master and the pupil will

make show together of their skill in managing the elephant. To-morrow let all that wish to see gather together in the courtyard of the palace, and see it."

"My pupil," thought the teacher to himself, "does not know all my resources." So he chose an elephant, and in one night he taught him to do all things awry. He taught him to back when bidden go forward, and to go on when told to back; to lie down when bidden rise, and to rise when bidden lie down; to drop when told to pick up, and to pick up when told to drop.

Next day mounting his elephant he came to the palace yard. And his pupil also was there, mounted upon a beautiful elephant. There was a great concourse of people. They both showed all their skill. But the Bodhisatta made his elephant reverse orders; [223] "Go on!" said he, and it backed; "Back!" and it ran forward; "Stand up!" and it lay down; "Lie!" and it stood up; "Pick it up!" and the creature dropped it; "Drop it!" and he picked it up. And the crowd cried, "Go to, you rascal! do not raise your voice against your master! You do not know your own measure, and you think you can match yourself against him!" and they assailed him with clods and staves, so that he gave up the ghost then and there. And the Bodhisatta came down from his elephant, and approaching the king, addressed him thus—

"O mighty king! for their own good men get them taught; but there was one to whom his learning brought misery with it, like an ill-made shoe;" and he uttered these two stanzas:—

"As when a pair of shoes which one has bought
For help and comfort cause but misery,
Chafing the feet till they grow burning hot
And making them to fester by and bye:

"Even so an underbred ignoble man,
Having learnt all that he can learn from you,
By your own teaching proves your very bane[1]:
The lowbred churl is like the ill-made shoe."

[224] The king was delighted, and heaped honours upon the Bodhisatta.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified this Birth as follows:—"Devadatta was the pupil, and I myself was the teacher."

[1] The schol. would take *tam* as for *attānam*, "he hurts himself," not "thee," but this is hardly possible. The verses do not seem to fit the story very exactly.

No. 232.

VĪṆĀ-THŪṆA-JĀTAKA.

"*Your own idea*," *etc.*—This story the Master told while staying at Jetavana, about a young lady.

She was the only daughter of a rich merchant of Sāvatthi. She noticed that in her father's house a great fuss was made over a fine bull, and asked her nurse what it meant. "Who is this, nurse, that is honoured so?" The nurse replied that it was a right royal bull.

Another day she was looking from an upper storey down the street, when lo, she spied a hunchback. [225] Thought she, "In the cow tribe, the leader has a hump. I suppose it's the same with men. That must be a right royal man, and I must go and be his humble follower." So she sent her maid to say that the merchant's daughter wished to join herself to him, and he was to wait for her in a certain spot. She collected her treasures together, and disguising herself, left the mansion and went off with the hunchback.

By and bye all this became known in the town and among the Brotherhood. In the Hall of Truth, brothers discussed its bearings: "Friend, there is a merchant's daughter who has eloped with a hunchback!" The Master came in, and asked what they were all talking about together. They told him. He replied, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that she has fallen in love with a hunchback. She did the same before." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of a rich man's family in a certain market town. When he came of age, he lived as a householder, and was blessed with sons and daughters, and for his son's wife he chose the daughter of a rich citizen of Benares, and fixed the day.

Now the girl saw in her home honour and reverence offered to a bull. She asked of her nurse, "What is that?"—"A right royal bull," said she. And afterward the girl saw a hunchback going through the street. "That must be a right royal man!" thought she; and taking with her the best of her belongings in a bundle, she went off with him.

The Bodhisatta also, having a mind to fetch the girl home, set out for Benares with a great company; and he travelled by the same road.

The pair went along the road all night long. All night long the hunchback was overcome with thirst; and at the sunrise, he was attacked by colic, and great pain came upon him. So he went off the road, dizzy with pain, and fell down, like a broken lute-stick, huddled together; the girl too sat down at his feet. The Bodhisatta observed her sitting at the hunchback's feet, and recognised her. Approaching, he talked with her, repeating the first stanza: [226]

"Your own idea! this foolish man can't move without a guide,
This foolish hunchback! 'tis not meet you should be by his side."

And hearing his voice, the girl answered by the second stanza :—

"I thought the crookback king of men, and loved him for his worth,—
Who, like a lute with broken strings, lies huddled on the earth."

And when the Bodhisatta perceived that she had only followed him in disguise, he caused her to bathe, and adorned her, and took her into his carriage and went to his home.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth :—"The girl is the same in both cases; and the merchant of Benares was I myself."

No. 233.

VIKAṆṆAKA-JĀTAKA.

[227] "*The barb is in your back,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about a backsliding brother.

He was brought into the Hall of Truth, and asked if he were really backsliding; to which he replied yes. When asked why, he replied "Because of the quality of desire." The Master said, "Desire is like twy-barbed arrows for getting lodgement in the heart; once there, they kill, as the barbed arrows killed the crocodile." Then he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, the Bodhisatta was king of Benares, and a good king he was. One day he entered his park, and came to the side of a lake. And those who were clever with dance and song began to dance and to sing. The fish and tortoises, eager to hear the sound of song, flocked together and went along beside the king. And the king, seeing a mass of fish as long as a palm trunk, asked his courtiers,

"Now why do these fish follow me?"

Said the courtiers, "They are coming to offer their services to their lord."

The king was pleased at this saying, that they were come to serve him, and ordered rice to be given to them regularly. At the time of feeding some of the fish came, and some did not; and rice was wasted. They told the king of it. "Henceforward," said the king, "at the time for

the giving of rice let a drum be sounded; and at the sound of the drum, when the fish flock together, give the food to them." From thenceforth the feeder caused a drum to sound, and when they flocked together gave rice to the fish. As they were gathered thus, eating the food, came a crocodile and ate some of the fish. The feeder told the king. The king listened. "When the crocodile is eating the fish," said he, "pierce him with a harpoon, and capture him." [228]

"Good," the man said. And he went aboard a boat, and so soon as the crocodile was come to eat the fish, he pierced him with a harpoon. It went into his back. Mad with pain, the crocodile went off with the harpoon. Perceiving that he was wounded, the feeder spake to him by this stanza:—

"The barb is in your back, go where you may.
The beat of drum, calling my fish to feed,
Brought you, pursuing, greedy, on the way
Which brought you also to your direst need."

When the crocodile got to his own place, he died.

To explain this matter, the Master having become perfectly enlightened spake the second verse as follows:

"So, when the world tempts any man to sin
Who knows no law but his own will and wish,
He perishes amid his friends and kin,
Even as the Crocodile that ate the fish."

[229] When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths, the backsliding Brother reached the Fruit of the First Path:—"In those days I was the king of Benares."

No. 234.

ASITĀBHŪ-JĀTAKA.

"*Now desire has gone,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while staying at Jetavana, about a young girl.

Tradition tells us that a certain man at Sāvatthi, a servant of the Master's two chief disciples, had one beautiful and happy daughter. When she grew

up, she married into a family as good as her own. The husband, without consulting anybody, used to enjoy himself elsewhere at his own sweet will. She took no notice of his disrespect; but invited the two chief disciples, made them presents, and listened to their preaching, until she reached the Fruit of the First Path. After this she spent all her time in the enjoyment of the Path and the Fruit; at last, thinking that as her husband did not want her, there was no need for her to remain in the household, she determined to embrace the religious life. She informed her parents of her plan, carried it out, and became a saint.

Her story became known amongst the Brotherhood; and one day they were discussing it in the Hall of Truth. "Friend, the daughter of such and such a family strives to attain the highest good. Finding that her husband did not care for her, she made rich presents to the chief disciples, listened to their preaching, and gained the Fruit of the First Path; she took leave of her parents, became a religious, and then a saint. So, friend, the girl sought the highest good."

While they were talking, the Master came in and asked what it was all about. They told him. He said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that she seeks the highest; she did so in olden days as well." And he told an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was living as an ascetic, in the Himalaya region; and he had cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments. Then the king of Benares, observing how magnifical was the pomp of his son Prince Brahmadatta, was filled with suspicion, and banished his son from the realm.

[230] The youth with his wife Asitābhū made his way to Himalaya, and took up his abode in a hut of leaves, with fish to eat, and all manner of wild fruits. He saw a woodland sprite, and became enamoured of her. "Her will I make my wife!" said he, and nought recking of Asitābhū, he followed after her steps. His wife seeing that he followed after the sprite, was wroth. "The man cares nought for me," she thought; "what have I to do with him?" So she came to the Bodhisatta, and did him reverence: she learnt what she must needs do to be initiated, and gazing at the mystic object, she developed the Faculties and the Attainments, bade the Bodhisatta farewell, and returning stood at the door of her hut of leaves.

Now Brahmadatta followed the sprite, but saw not by what way she went; and baulked of his desire he set his face again for the hut. Asitābhū saw him coming, and rose up in the air; and poised upon a plane in the air of the colour of a precious stone, she said to him—"My young lord! 'tis through you that I have attained this ecstatic bliss!" and she uttered the first stanza:—

"Now desire has gone,
  Thanks to you, and found its ending:
Like a tusk, once sawn,
  None can make it one by mending."

So saying, as he looked, she rose up and departed to another place. And when she had gone, he uttered the second stanza, lamenting:—[231]

"Greed that knows no stay,
  Lust, the senses all confusing,
Steals our good away,
  Even as now my wife I'm losing."

And having made his moan in this stanza, he dwelt alone in the forest, and at his father's death he received the sovereignty.

After this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"These two people were then the prince and princess, and I was the hermit."

No. 235.

VACCHA-NAKHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Houses in the world are sweet,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about Roja the Mallian.

We learn that this man, who was a lay friend of Ānanda's, sent the Elder a message that he should come to him. The Elder took leave of the Master, and went. He served the Elder with all sorts of food, and sat down on one side, engaging him in a pleasant conversation. Then he offered the Elder a share of his house, tempting him by the five channels of desire. "Ānanda, Sir, I have at home great store of live and dead stock. I will divide it and give you half; let us live in one house together!" The Elder declared to him the suffering which is involved in desire; then rose from his seat, and returned to the monastery.

When the Master asked whether he had seen Roja, he replied that he had. "What did he say to you?" "Sir, Roja invited me to return to the world; then I explained to him the suffering involved in desires and the worldly life." The Master said, "Ānanda, this is not the first time that Roja the Mallian has invited anchorites to return to the world; he did the same before;" and then, at his request, he told a story of the olden time.

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[232] Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was one of a family of brahmins who lived in a certain market town. Coming to years, he took up the religious life, and dwelt for a long time amid the Himalayas.

He went to Benares to purchase salt and seasoning, and abode in the king's grounds; next day he entered Benares.

Now a certain rich man of the place, pleased at his behaviour, took him home, gave him to eat, and receiving his promise to abide with him, caused him to dwell in the garden and attended to his wants. And they conceived a friendship each for the other.

One day, the rich man, by reason of his love and friendship for the Bodhisatta, thought this within himself: "The life of an ascetic is unhappy. I will persuade my friend Vacchanakha to unfrock himself; I will part my wealth in two, and give half to him, and we both will dwell together." So one day, when the meal was done, he spake sweetly to his friend and said—

"Good Vacchanakha, unhappy is the hermit's life; 'tis pleasant to live in a house. Come now, let us both together take our pleasure as we will." So saying, he uttered the first stanza :—

"Houses in the world are sweet,
Full of food, and full of treasure;
There you have your fill of meat—
Eating, drinking at your pleasure."

The Bodhisatta on hearing him, thus replied: "Good Sir, from ignorance you have become greedy in desire, and call the householder's life good, and the life of the ascetic bad; listen now, and I will tell you how bad is the householder's life;" and he uttered the second stanza: [233]

"He that hath houses peace can never know,
He lies and cheats, he must deal many a blow
On others' shoulders: nought this fault can cure:
Then who into a house would willing go?"

With these words the great Buddha told the defects of a householder's life, and went into the garden again.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:—"Roja the Mallian was the Benares merchant, and I was Vacchanakha the mendicant."

No. 236.

BAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*See that twice-born bird*," *etc.*—This story the Master told while staying in Jetavana, about a hypocrite. When he was brought before the Master, the Master said, "Brethren, he was a hypocrite of old just as he is now," and told the following story.

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[234] Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became a Fish in a certain pond in the Himalaya region, and a great shoal went with him. Now a Crane desired to eat the fish. So in a place near the pond he drooped his head, and spread out his wings, and looked vacantly, vacantly at the fish, waiting till they were off their guard[1]. At the same moment the Bodhisatta with his shoal came to that place in search of food. And the shoal of fish on seeing the crane uttered the first stanza:—

"See that twice-born[2] bird, how white—
Like a water-lily seeming;
Wings outspread to left and right—
Oh, how pious! dreaming, dreaming!"

Then the Bodhisatta looked, and uttered the second stanza:—

"What he is ye do not know,
Or you would not sing his praises.
He is our most treacherous foe;
That is why no wing he raises."

Thereupon the fish splashed in the water and drove the crane away.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"This hypocrite was the Crane, and I was the chief of the shoal of fish."

No. 237.

SĀKETA-JĀTAKA.

"*Why are hearts cold,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told during a stay near Sāketa, about a brahmin named Sāketa. Both the circumstances that suggested the story and the story itself have already been given in the First Book[3].

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[1] "A crane's sleep" is an Indian proverb for trickery.

[2] *dijo* is used of a bird as born in the egg and from the egg. It is also applied to Brahmins, and so conveys an additional notion of piety.

[3] No. 68.

[235]...And when the Tathāgata had gone to the monastery, the Brother asked, "How, Sir, did the love begin?" and repeated the first stanza:—

"Why are hearts cold to one—O Buddha, tell!—
And love another so exceeding well?"

The Master explained the nature of love by the second stanza:—

"Those love they who in other lives were dear,
As sure as grows the lotus in the mere."

After this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"These two people were the brahmin and his wife in the story; and I was their son."

No. 238.

EKAPADA-JĀTAKA.

[236] "*Tell me one word,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told in Jetavana, about a certain landowner.

We are told that there was a landowner who lived at Sāvatthi. One day, his son sitting on his hip asked him what is called the "Door[1]" question. He replied, "That question requires a Buddha; nobody else can answer it." So he took his son to Jetavana, and saluted the Master. "Sir," said he, "as my son sat on my hip, he asked me the question called the 'Door.' I didn't know the answer, so here I am to ask you to give it." Said the Master, "This is not the first time, layman, that the lad has been a seeker after the way to accomplish his ends, and asked wise men this question; he did so before, and wise men in olden days gave him the answer; but by reason of the dimness caused by re-birth, he has forgotten it." And at his request the Master told a tale of the olden time.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came into this world as a rich merchant's son. He grew up, and when in course of time the father died, he took his father's place as a merchant.

[1] This question referred to the means of entering on the Paths.

And his son, a young boy, sitting on his hip, asked him a question. "Father," said he, "tell me a thing in one word which embraces a wide range of meaning;" and he repeated the first stanza:—

"Tell me one word that all things comprehends:
By what, in short, can we attain our ends?"

His father replied with the second:—

"One thing for all things precious—that is skill:
Add virtue and add patience, and you will
Do good to friends and to your foes do ill."

[237] Thus did the Bodhisatta answer his son's question. The son used the way which his father pointed out to accomplish his purposes, and by and bye he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths father and son reached the Fruit of the First Path:—"This man was then the son, and I was the merchant of Benares myself."

No. 239.

HARITA-MĀTA-JĀTAKA.

"*When I was in their cage*," *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling in the Bamboo-grove, about Ajātasattu.

Mahā-Kosala, the king of Kosala's father, when he married his daughter to king Bimbisāra, had given her a village in Kāsi for bath-money. After Ajātasattu murdered Bimbisāra, his father, the queen very soon died of love for him. Even after his mother's death, Ajātasattu still enjoyed the revenues of this village. But the king of Kosala determined that no parricide should have a village which was his by right of inheritance, and made war upon him. Sometimes the uncle got the best of it, and sometimes the nephew. And when Ajātasattu was victor, he raised his banner and marched through the country back to his capital in triumph; but when he lost, all downcast he returned without letting any one know.

It happened on a day that the Brethren sat talking about it in the Hall of Truth. "Friend"—so one would say—"Ajātasattu is delighted when he beats his uncle, and when he loses he is cast down." The Master, entering the Hall, asked what they were discussing this time; [238] and they told him. He said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that the man has been happy when he conquered, and miserable when he did not." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became a Green Frog. At the time people set wicker cages in all pits and holes of the rivers, to catch fish withal. In one cage were a large number of fish. And a Water-snake, eating fish, went into the trap himself. A number of the fish thronging together fell to biting him, until he was covered with blood. Seeing no help for it, in fear of his life he slipped out of the mouth of the cage, and lay down full of pain on the edge of the water. At the same moment, the Green Frog took a leap and fell into the mouth of the trap. The Snake, not knowing to whom he could appeal, asked the Frog that he saw there in the trap—"Friend Frog, are you pleased with the behaviour of yonder Fish?" and he uttered the first stanza:—

"When I was in their cage, the fish did bite
Me, though a snake. Green Frog, does that seem right?"

Then the Frog answered him, "Yes, friend Snake, it does: why not? if you eat fish which get into your demesne, [239] the fish eat you when you get into theirs. In his own place, and district, and feeding ground no one is weak." So saying, he uttered the second stanza:—

"Men rob as long as they can compass it;
And when they cannot—why, the biter's bit!"

The Bodhisatta having pronounced his opinion, all the fish observing the Snake's weakness, cried, "Let us seize our foe!" and came out of the cage, and did him to death then and there, and then departed.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:—"Ajātasattu was the Water-snake, and the Green Frog was I."

No. 240.

MAHĀPIṄGALA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*The Yellow King*," *etc.*—This story the Master told at the Jetavana Park, about Devadatta the heretic.

Devadatta for nine months had tried to compass the destruction of the future Buddha, and had sunk down into the earth by the gateway of Jetavana.

[1] *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 126.

Then they that dwelt at Jetavana and in all the country round about were delighted, saying, "Devadatta the enemy of Buddha has been swallowed up in the earth: the adversary is slain, and the Master has become perfectly enlightened!" [240] And hearing these words spoken many a time and oft, the people of all the continent of India, and all the goblins, and living creatures, and gods were delighted likewise. One day, all the brethren were talking together in the Hall of Truth, and thus would they say: "Brother, since Devadatta sank into the earth, what a number of people are glad, saying, Devadatta is swallowed up by the earth!" The Teacher entered, and asked, "What are ye all talking about here, brethren?" They told him. Then said he, "This is not the first time, O brethren, that multitudes have rejoiced and laughed aloud at the death of Devadatta. Long ago they rejoiced and laughed as they do now." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time reigned at Benares a wicked and unjust king named Mahā-piṅgala, the Great Yellow King, who did sinfully after his own will and pleasure. With taxes and fines, and many mutilations[1] and robberies, he crushed the folk as it were sugar-cane in a mill; he was cruel, fierce, ferocious. For other people he had not a grain of pity; at home he was harsh and implacable towards his wives, his sons and daughters, to his brahmin courtiers and the householders of the country. He was like a speck of dust that falls in the eye, like gravel in the broth, like a thorn sticking in the heel.

Now the Bodhisatta was a son of king Mahā-piṅgala. After this king had reigned for a long time, he died. When he died all the citizens of Benares were overjoyed and laughed a great laugh; they burnt his body with a thousand cartloads of logs, and quenched the place of burning with thousands of jars of water, and consecrated the Bodhisatta to be king: they caused a drum of rejoicing to beat about the streets, for joy that they had got them a righteous king. They raised flags and banners, and decked out the city; at every door was set a pavilion, and scattering parched corn and flowers, they sat them down upon the decorated platforms under fine canopies, and did eat and drink. The Bodhisatta himself sat upon a fine divan [241] on a great raised dais, in great magnificence, with a white parasol stretched above him. The courtiers and householders, the citizens and the doorkeepers stood around their king.

But one doorkeeper, standing not far from the king, was sighing and sobbing. "Good Porter," said the Bodhisatta, observing him, "all the people are making merry for joy that my father is dead, but you stand weeping. Come, was my father good and kind to you?" And with the question he uttered the first stanza:—

[1] *-jaṁghakahāpaṇādigahanena* I take to mean 'the taking away of legs, money, etc.' Possibly *jaṁghā* (taking it independently) may mean something like 'boot' or 'stocks,' but I can find no authority for this.

"The Yellow King was cruel to all men;
Now he is dead, all freely breathe again.
Was he, the yellow-eyed, so very dear?
Or, Porter, why do you stand weeping here?"

The man heard, and answered: "I am not weeping for sorrow that Piṅgala is dead. My head would be glad enough. For King Piṅgala, every time he came down from the palace, or went up into it, would give me eight blows over the head with his fist, like the blows of a blacksmith's hammer. So when he goes down to the other world, he will deal eight blows on the head of Yama, the gatekeeper of hell, as though he were striking me. Then the people there will cry—He is too cruel for us! and will send him up again. And I fear he will come and deal fisticuffs on my head again, and that is why I weep." To explain the matter he uttered the second stanza:—[242]

"The Yellow King was anything but dear:
It is his coming back again I fear.
What if he beat the king of Death, and then
The king of Death should send him back again?"

Then said the Bodhisatta: "That king has been burnt with a thousand cartloads of wood; the place of his burning has been soaked with water from thousands of pitchers, and the ground has been dug up all round; beings that have gone to the other world, except by force of fate[1], do not return to the same bodily shape as they had before; do not be afraid!" and to comfort him, he repeated the following stanza:—

"Thousands of loads of wood have burnt him quite,
Thousands of pitchers quenched what still did burn;
The earth is dug about to left and right—
Fear not—the king will never more return.

After that, the porter took comfort. And the Bodhisatta ruled in righteousness; and after giving gifts and doing other good acts, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:—"Devadatta was Piṅgala; and his son was I myself."

[1] Reading *aññatra gativasā*, 'except by the power of re-birth.'

No. 241[1].

SABBADĀṬHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Even as the Jackal,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while staying in the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta.

Devadatta, having won favour in the eyes of Ajātasattu, yet could not make the repute and support which he received last any time. Ever since they saw the miracle[2] done when Nālāgiri was sent against him, the reputation and receipts of Devadatta began to fall off. [243]

So one day, the Brethren were all talking about it in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, Devadatta managed to get reputation and support, yet could not keep it up. This happened in olden days in just the same way." And then he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, Brahmadatta was king of Benares, and the Bodhisatta was his chaplain; and he had mastered the three Vedas and the eighteen branches of knowledge. He knew the spell entitled 'Of subduing the World.' (Now this spell is one which involves religious meditation.)

One day, the Bodhisatta thought that he would recite this spell; so he sat down in a place apart upon a flat stone, and there went through his reciting of it. It is said that this spell could be taught to no one without use of a special rite; for which reason he recited it in the place just described. It so happened that a Jackal lying in a hole heard the spell at the time that he was reciting it, and got it by heart. We are told that this jackal in a previous existence had been some brahmin who had learnt the charm 'Of subduing the World.'

The Bodhisatta ended his recitation, and rose up, saying—"Surely I have that spell by heart now." Then the Jackal arose out of his hole, and cried—"Ho, brahmin! I have learnt the spell better than you know it yourself!" and off he ran. The Bodhisatta set off in chase, and followed some way, crying—"Yon jackal will do a great mischief—catch him, catch him!" But the jackal got clear off into the forest.

The Jackal found a she-jackal, and gave her a little nip upon the body. "What is it, master?" she asked. "Do you know me," he asked, "or do you not?" "[3]I do not know you." He repeated the spell, and thus had

[1] *Folk-Lore Journal*, iv. 60.

[2] A great elephant was let loose for the purpose of destroying the Buddha, but only did him reverence: *Cullavagga*, vii. 3. 11 (*S. B. E.*, *Vinaya Texts*, iii. 247); Hardy, *Manual of Buddhism*, p. 320; *Milinda-pañha* iv. 4. 30 (trans. in *S. B. E.*, i. 288).

[3] Perhaps *ājānāmi* "I do know you."

under his orders several hundreds of jackals, and gathered round him all the elephants and horses, lions and tigers, swine and deer, and all other fourfooted creatures; [244] and their king he became, under the title of Sabbadāṭha, or Alltusk, and a she-jackal he made his consort. On the back of two elephants stood a lion, and on the lion's back sat Sabbadāṭha, the jackal king, along with his consort the she-jackal; and great honour was paid to them.

Now the Jackal was tempted by his great honour, and became puffed up with pride, and he resolved to capture the kingdom of Benares. So with all the fourfooted creatures in his train, he came to a place near to Benares. His host covered twelve leagues of ground. From his position there he sent a message to the king, "Give up your kingdom, or fight for it." The citizens of Benares, smitten with terror, shut close their gates and stayed within.

Then the Bodhisatta drew near the king, and said to him, "Fear not, mighty king! leave me the task of fighting with the jackal king, Sabbadāṭha. Except only me, no one is able to fight with him at all." Thus he gave heart to the king and the citizens. "I will ask him at once," he went on, "what he will do in order to take the city." So he mounted the tower over one of the gates, and cried out—"Sabbadāṭha, what will you do to get possession of this realm?"

"I will cause the lions to roar, and with the roaring I will frighten the multitude: thus will I take it!"

"Oh, that's it," thought the Bodhisatta, and down he came from the tower. He made proclamation by beat of drum that all the dwellers in the great city of Benares, over all its twelve leagues, must stop up their ears with flour. The multitude heard the command; they stopped up their own ears with flour, so that they could not hear each other speak:—nay, they even did the same to their cats and other animals.

Then the Bodhisatta went up a second time into the tower, and cried out "Sabbadāṭha!"

"What is it, Brahmin?" quoth he.

"How will you take this realm?" he asked.

"I will cause the lions to roar, and I will frighten the people, and destroy them; thus will I take it!" he said.

"You will not be able to make the lions roar; these noble lions, with their tawny paws and shaggy manes, will never do the bidding of an old jackal like you!"

The jackal, stubborn with pride, [245] answered, "Not only will the other lions obey me, but I'll even make this one, upon whose back I sit, roar alone!"

"Very well," said the Bodhisatta, "do it if you can."

So he tapped with his foot on the lion which he sat upon, to roar.

And the lion resting his mouth upon the Elephant's temple, roared thrice, without any manner of doubt. The elephants were terrified and dropped the Jackal down at their feet; they trampled upon his head and crushed it to atoms. Then and there Sabbadāṭha perished. And the elephants, hearing the roar of the lion, were frightened to death, and wounding one another, they all perished there. The rest of the creatures, deer and swine, down to the hares and cats, perished then and there, all except the lions; and these ran off and took to the woods. There was a heap of carcases covering the ground for twelve leagues.

The Bodhisatta came down from the tower, and had the gates of the city thrown open. By beat of drum he caused proclamation to be made throughout the city: "Let all the people take the flour from out of their ears, and they that desire meat, meat let them take!" The people all ate what meat they could fresh, and the rest they dried and preserved.

It was at this time, according to tradition, that people first began to dry meat.

The Master having finished this discourse, identified the Birth by the following verses, full of divine wisdom:—

"Even as the Jackal, stiff with pride,
Craved for a mighty host on every side,
And all toothed creatures came
Flocking around, until he won great fame:

"Even so the man who is supplied
With a great host of men on every side,
As great renown has he
As had the Jackal in his sovranty."

[246] "In those days Devadatta was the Jackal, Ānanda was the king, and I was the chaplain."

No. 242.

SUNAKHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Foolish Dog,*" *etc.* This story the Master told whilst living in Jetavana, about a dog that used to be fed in the resting hall by the Ambala tower.

It is said that from a puppy this dog had been kept there and fed by some water-carriers. In course of time it grew up there to be a big dog. Once a

villager happened to see him; and he bought him from the water-carriers for an upper garment and a rupee; then, fastening him to a chain, led the dog away. The dog was led away, unresisting, making no sound, and followed and followed the new master, eating whatever was offered. "He's fond of me, no doubt," thought the man; and let him free from the chain. No sooner did the dog find himself free, than off he went, and never stopped until he came back to the place he started from.

Seeing him, the Brethren guessed what had happened; and in the evening, when they were gathered in the Hall of Truth, they began talking about it. "Friend—here's the dog back again in our resting hall! how clever he must have been, to get rid of his chain! No sooner free, than back he ran!" The Master, entering, asked what they were all talking about as they sat together. They told him. He rejoined, "Brethren, this is not the first time our dog was clever at getting rid of his chain; he was just the same before." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a rich family of the kingdom of Kāsi; and when he grew up, he set up a house of his own. There was a man in Benares who had a dog which had been fed on rice till it grew fat. [247] And a certain villager who had come to Benares saw the dog; and to the owner he gave a fine garment and a piece of money for the dog, which he led off bound by a strap. Arrived at the outskirts of a forest, he entered a hut, tied up the dog, and lay down to sleep. At that moment the Bodhisatta entered the forest on some errand, and beheld the dog made fast by a thong; whereat he uttered the first stanza:—

"Foolish Dog! why don't you bite
Through that strap that holds you tight?
In a trice you would be free,
Scampering off merrily!"

On hearing this stanza, the Dog uttered the second:—

"Resolute—determined, I
Wait my opportunity:
Careful watch and ward I keep
Till the people are asleep."

So spake he; and when the company were asleep, he gnawed through the strap, and returned to his master's house in great glee.

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[248] When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"The dogs are the same, and I was the wise man."

No. 243.

GUTTILA-JĀTAKA.

"*I had a pupil once,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told in the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta.

On this occasion the Brethren said to Devadatta: "Friend Devadatta, the Supreme Buddha is your teacher; of him you learnt the Three Piṭakas and how to produce the Four kinds of Ecstasy; you really should not act the enemy to your own teacher!" Devadatta replied: "Why, friends,—Gotama the Ascetic my teacher? Not a bit: was it not by my own power that I learnt the Three Piṭakas, and produced the Four Ecstasies?" He refused to acknowledge his teacher.

The Brethren fell a-talking of this in the Hall of Truth. "Friend! Devadatta repudiates his teacher! he has become an enemy of the Supreme Buddha! and what a miserable fate has befallen him!" In came the Master, and enquired what they were all talking of together. They told him. "Ah, Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that Devadatta has repudiated his teacher, and shown himself my enemy, and come to a miserable end. It was just the same before." And then he told the following story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a musician's family. His name was Master Guttila. When he grew up, he mastered all the branches of music, and under the name of Guttila the Musician he became the chief of his kind in all India. He married no wife, but maintained his blind parents[1].

At that time certain traders of Benares made a journey to Ujjeni for trade. A holiday was proclaimed; they all clubbed together; they procured scents and perfumes and ointments, and all manner of foods and meats. "Pay the hire," they cried, "and fetch a musician!"

It happened that at the time a certain Mūsila [249] was the chief musician in Ujjeni. Him they sent for, and made him their musician. Mūsila was a player on the lute; and he tuned his lute up to the highest key, to play upon. But they knew the playing of Guttila the Musician, and his music seemed to them like scratching on a mat. So not one of them showed pleasure. When Mūsila saw that they expressed no pleasure, he said to himself—"Too sharp, I suppose," and tuning his lute down to the middle tone, he played it so. Still they sat indifferent. Then thought he, "I suppose they know nothing about it;" and making as though he

[1] Guttila is one of the four men who "even in their earthly bodies attained to glory in the city of the gods." *Milinda*, iv. 8. 25 (trans. in *S. B. E.*, ii. 145).

too were ignorant, he played with the strings all loose. As before, they made no sign. Then Mūsila asked them, "Good merchants, why do you not like my playing?"

"What! are you playing?" cried they. "We imagined that you must be tuning up."

"Why, do you know any better musician," he asked, "or are you too ignorant to like my playing?"

Said the merchants, "We have heard the music of Guttila the Musician, at Benares; and yours sounds like women crooning to soothe their babies."

"Here, take your money back," said he, "I don't want it. Only when you go to Benares, please take me with you."

They agreed, and took him back to Benares with them; they pointed out the dwelling of Guttila, and departed every man to his own house.

Mūsila entered the Bodhisatta's dwelling; he saw his beautiful lute where it stood, tied up: he took it down, and played upon it. At this the old parents, who could not see him because they were blind, [250] cried out—

"The mice are gnawing at the lute! Shoo! shoo! the rats are biting the lute to pieces!"

At once Mūsila put down the lute, and greeted the old folks.

"Where do you come from?" asked they.

He replied, "I come from Ujjeni to learn at the feet of the teacher."

"Oh, all right," said they. He asked where the teacher was.

"He is out, father; but he will be back to-day," came the answer. Mūsila sat down and waited until he came; then after some friendly words, he told his errand. Now the Bodhisatta was skilled in divining from the lineaments of the body. He perceived that this was not a good man; so he refused. "Go, my son, this art is not for you." Mūsila clasped the feet of the Bodhisatta's parents, to help his suit, and prayed them—"Make him teach me!" Again and again his parents besought the Bodhisatta to do so; until he could not stand it any longer, and did as he was asked. And Mūsila went along with the Bodhisatta into the king's palace.

"Who is this, master?" asked the king, on seeing him.

"A pupil of mine, great king!" was the reply.

By and bye he got the ear of the king.

Now the Bodhisatta did not stint his knowledge, but taught his pupil everything which he knew himself. This done, he said, "Your knowledge is now perfect."

Thought Mūsila, "I have now mastered my art. This city of Benares is the chief city in all India. My teacher is old; here therefore must I

stay." So he said to his teacher, "Sir, I would serve the king." "Good, my son," replied he, "I will tell the king of it."

He came before the king, and said, "My pupil is wishful to serve your Highness. Fix what his fee shall be."

The king answered, "His fee shall be the half of yours." And he came and told it to Mūsila. Mūsila said, "If I receive the same as you, I will serve; but if not, then I will not serve him." [251]

"Why?" "Say: do I not know all that you know?" "Yes, you do." "Then why does he offer me the half?"

The Bodhisatta informed the king what had passed. The king said,

"If he is as perfect in his art as you, he shall receive the same as you do." This saying of the king the Bodhisatta told to his pupil. The pupil consented to the bargain; and the king, being informed of this, replied—"Very good. What day will you compete together?" "Be it the seventh day from this, O king."

The king sent for Mūsila. "I understand that you are ready to try issue with your master?"

"Yes, your Majesty," was the reply.

The king would have dissuaded him. "Don't do it," said he, "there should be never rivalry between master and pupil."

"Hold, O king!" cried he—"yes, let there be a meeting between me and my teacher on the seventh day; we shall know which of us is master of his art."

So the king agreed; and he sent the drum beating round the city with this notice:—"Oyez! on the seventh day Guttila the Teacher, and Mūsila the Pupil, will meet at the door of the royal palace, to show their skill. Let the people assemble from the city, and see their skill!"

The Bodhisatta thought within himself, "This Mūsila is young and fresh, I am old and my strength is gone. What an old man does will not prosper. If my pupil is beaten[1], there is no great credit in that. If he beats me, death in the woods is better than the shame which will be my portion." So to the woods he went, but he kept returning through fear of death and going back to the wood through fear of shame. And in this way six days passed by. The grass died as he walked, and his feet wore away a path.

At that time, Sakka's throne became hot. Sakka meditated, and perceived what had happened. "Guttila the Musician is suffering much sorrow in the forest by reason of his pupil. [252] I must help him!" So he went in haste and stood before the Bodhisatta. "Master," said he, "why have you taken to the woods?"

"Who are you?" asked the other.

[1] Reading *antevāsike*.

"I am Sakka."

Then said the Bodhisatta, "I was in fear of being worsted by my pupil, O king of the gods; and therefore did I flee to the woods." And he repeated the first stanza[1]:—

"I had a pupil once, who learnt of me
The seven-stringed lute's melodious minstrelsy;
He now would fain his teacher's skill outdo.
O Kosiya[2]! do thou my helper be!"

"Fear not," said Sakka, "I am your defence and refuge:" and he repeated the second stanza:—

"Fear not, for I will help thee at thy need;
For honour is the teacher's rightful meed.
Fear not! thy pupil shall not rival thee,
But thou shalt prove the better man indeed."

"As you play, you shall break one of the strings of your lute, and play upon six; and the music shall be as good as before. Mūsila too shall break a string, and he shall not be able to make music with his lute; then shall he be defeated. And when you see that he is defeated, you shall break the second string of your lute, and the third, even unto the seventh, and you shall go on playing with nothing but the body; and from the ends of the broken strings the sound shall go forth, and fill all the land of Benares for a space of twelve leagues." [253] With these words he gave the Bodhisatta three playing-dice, and went on: "When the sound of the lute has filled all the city, you must throw one of these dice into the air; and three hundred nymphs shall descend and dance before you. While they dance throw up the second, and three hundred shall dance in front of your lute; then the third, and then three hundred more shall come down and dance within the arena. I too will come with them; go on, and fear not!"

In the morning the Bodhisatta returned home. At the palace door a pavilion was set up, and a throne was set apart for the king. He came down from the palace, and took his seat upon the divan in the gay pavilion. All around him were thousands of slaves, women beauteously apparelled, courtiers, brahmins, citizens. All the people of the town had come together. In the courtyard they were fixing the seats circle on circle, tier above tier. The Bodhisatta, washed and anointed, had eaten of all manner of finest meats; and lute in hand he sat waiting in his appointed place. Sakka was there, invisible, poised in the air, surrounded

[1] These stanzas, together with those which follow on page 255, and others, occur in the *Vimāna-vatthu*, no. 33 (p. 28 in the *P. T. S.* ed.), *Guttila-vimāna*.

[2] A title of Indra; the word means an Owl (Skr. *Kauçika*): it is one of the many Indian clan names that are also names of animals.

by a great company. However, the Bodhisatta saw him. Mūsila too was there, and sat in his own seat. All around was a great concourse of people.

First the two played each the same piece. When they played, both the same, the multitude was delighted, and gave abundant applause. Sakka spoke to the Bodhisatta, from his place in the air: "Break one of the strings!" said he. Then the Bodhisatta brake the bee-string; and the string, though broken, gave out a sound from its broken end; it seemed like music divine. Mūsila too broke a string; but after that no sound came out of it. His teacher broke the second, and so on to the seventh string: he played upon the body alone, and the sound continued, and filled the town:—the multitude in thousands waved and waved their kerchiefs in the air, in thousands they shouted applause. [254] The Bodhisatta threw up one of the dice into the air, and three hundred nymphs descended and began to dance. And when he had thrown the second and third in the same manner, there were nine hundred nymphs a-dancing as Sakka had said. Then the king made a sign to the multitude; up rose the multitude, and cried—"You made a great mistake in matching yourself against your teacher! You know not your measure!' Thus they cried out against Mūsila; and with stones and staves, and anything that came to hand, they beat and bruised him to death, and seizing him by the feet, they cast him upon a dustheap.

The king in his delight showered gifts upon the Bodhisatta, and so did they of the city. Sakka likewise spake pleasantly to him, and said, "Wise Sir, I will send anon my charioteer Mātali with a car drawn by a thousand thoroughbreds; and you shall mount upon my divine car, drawn by a thousand steeds, and travel to heaven"; and he departed.

When Sakka was returned, and sat upon his throne, made all of a precious stone, the daughters of the gods asked him, "Where have you been, O king?" Sakka told them in full all that had happened, and praised the virtues and good parts of the Bodhisatta. Then said the daughters of the gods,

"O king, we long to look upon this teacher; fetch him hither!"

Sakka summoned Mātali. "The nymphs of heaven," said he, "desire to look upon Guttila the Musician. Go, seat him in my divine car, and bring him hither." The charioteer went and brought the Bodhisatta. Sakka gave him a friendly greeting. "The maidens of the gods," said he, "wish to hear your music, Master."

"We musicians, O great king," said he, "live by practice of our art. For a recompense I will play."

"Play on, and I will recompense you."

"I care for no other recompense but this. Let these daughters of the gods tell me what acts of virtue brought them here; then will I play." [255]

Then said the daughters of the gods, "Gladly will we tell you after of the virtues that we have practised; but first do you play to us, Master."

For the space of a week the Bodhisatta played to them, and his music surpassed the music of heaven. On the seventh day he asked the daughters of the gods of their virtuous lives, beginning from the first. One of them, in the time of the Buddha Kassapa, had given an upper garment to a certain Brother; and having renewed existence as an attendant of Sakka, had become chief among the daughters of the gods, with a retinue of a thousand nymphs: of her the Bodhisatta asked—"What did you do in a previous existence, that has brought you here?" The manner of his question and the gift she had given have been told in the Vimāna story: they spoke as follows:—

"O brilliant goddess, like the morning star,
Shedding thy light of beauty near and far[1],
Whence springs this beauty? whence this happiness?
Whence all the blessings that the heart can bless?
I ask thee, goddess excellent in might,
Whence comes this all-pervading wondrous light?
When thou wert mortal woman, what didst thou
To gain the glory that surrounds thee now?"

"Chief among men and chief of women she
Who gives an upper robe in charity.
She that gives pleasant things is sure to win
A home divine and fair to enter in.
Behold this habitation, how divine!
As fruit of my good deeds this home is mine:
A thousand nymphs stand ready at my call;
Fair nymphs—and I the fairest of them all.
And therefore am I excellent in might;
Hence comes this all-pervading wondrous light!"

[256] Another had given flowers for worship to a Brother who craved an alms. Another had been asked for a scented wreath of five sprays for the shrine, and gave it. Another had given sweet fruits. Another had given fine essences. Another had given a scented five-spray to the shrine of the Buddha Kassapa. Another had heard the discourse of Brethren or Sisters in wayfaring, or such as had taken up their abode in the house of some family. Another had stood in the water, and given water to a Brother who had eaten his meal on a boat. Another living in the world had done her duty by mother-in-law and father-in-law, never losing her temper. Another had divided even the share that she received, and so did eat, and was virtuous. Another, who had been a slave in some household, without anger and without pride had given away a share of her own portion, and had been born again as an attendant upon the king of

[1] These two lines occur in the Comm. to the *Dhammapada*, p. 99. See also note on the First Stanza, above.

the gods. So also all those who are written in the story of Guttila-vimāna, thirty and seven daughters of the gods, were asked by the Bodhisatta what each had done to come there, and they too told what they had done in the same way by verses.

On hearing all this, the Bodhisatta exclaimed: "'Tis good for me, in sooth, truly 'tis very good for me, that I came here, and heard by how very small a merit great glory has been attained. Henceforward, when I return to the world of men, I will give all manner of gifts, and perform good deeds." And he uttered this aspiration:—

"O happy dawn! O happy must I be![1]
O happy pilgrimage, whereby I see
These daughters of the gods, divinely fair, [257]
And hear their sweet discourse! Henceforth I swear
Full of sweet peace, and generosity,
Of temperance, and truth my life shall be,
Till I come there where no more sorrows are."

Then after seven days had passed, the king of heaven laid his commands upon Mātali the charioteer, and he seated Guttila in the chariot and sent him to Benares. And when he came to Benares, he told the people what he had seen with his own eyes in heaven. From that time the people resolved to do good deeds with all their might.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth: "In those days Devadatta was Mūsila, Anuruddha was Sakka, Ānanda was the king, and I was Guttila the Musician."

No. 244.

VĪTICCHA-JĀTAKA.

"*What he sees,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a turntail vagrant who wandered about the country.

It is said that this man could not find any one to argue with him in all India; till he came to Sāvatthi, and asked whether any one could dispute with him. Yes—he was told—the Supreme Buddha; hearing which, he and a multitude with him repaired to Jetavana, and put a question to the Master,

[1] *Vimāna-vatthu*, p. 31.

whilst he was discoursing in the midst of the four kinds of disciples. The Master answered his question, and then put one to him in return. This the man failed to answer, got up, and turned tail. The crowd sitting round exclaimed, "One word, Sir, vanquished the itinerant!" Said the Master, "Yes, Brethren, and just as I have vanquished him now with one word, so I did before." Then he told a story of olden days.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin in the kingdom of Kāsi. He grew up, and mastered his passions; and embracing the religious life, [258] he dwelt a long time in the Himalayas.

He came down from the highlands, and took up his abode near a considerable town, in a hut of leaves built beside a bend of the river Ganges.

A certain pilgrim, who found no one that could answer him throughout all India, came to that town. "Is there anyone," asked he, "who can argue with me?"

Yes, they said, and told him the power of the Bodhisatta. So, followed by a great multitude, he made his way to the place where the Bodhisatta dwelt, and after greeting him, took a seat.

"Will you drink," he asked, "of the Ganges water, infused with wild wood odours?"

The pilgrim tried to catch him in his words. "What is Ganges? Ganges may be sand, Ganges may be water, Ganges may be the near bank, Ganges may be the far bank!"

Said the Bodhisatta to the pilgrim, "Besides the sand, the water, the hither and the further bank, what other Ganges can you have?" The pilgrim had no answer for this; he rose up, and went away. When he had gone the Bodhisatta spake these verses by way of discourse to the assembled multitude:—

"What he sees, he will not have;
What he sees not he will crave.
He may go a long way yet—
What he wants he will not get.

"He contemns what he has got;
Once 'tis gained, he wants it not.
He craves everything always:
Who craves nothing earns our praise."

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[259] When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth: "The vagrant is the same in both cases, and I myself was then the ascetic."

No. 245.

MŪLA-PARIYĀYA-JĀTAKA.

"*Time all consumes,*" *etc.*—This is a story told by the Master while he stayed near Ukkaṭṭhā, in the Subhagavana Park, in connexion with the Chapter on the Succession of Causes.

At that time, it is said, five hundred brahmins who had mastered the three Vedas, having embraced salvation, studied the Three Piṭakas. These learnt, they became intoxicated with pride, thinking to themselves—"The Supreme Buddha knows just the Three Piṭakas, and we know them too. So what is the difference between us?" They discontinued their waiting upon the Buddha, and went about with an equal following of their own.

One day the Master, when these men were seated before him, repeated the Chapter on the Succession of Causes, and adorned it with the Eight Stages of Knowledge. They did not understand a word. The thought came into their mind—"Here we have been believing that there were none so wise as we, and of this we understand nothing. There is none so wise as the Buddhas: O the excellence of the Buddhas!" After this they were humbled, as quiet as serpents with their fangs extracted.

When the Master had stayed as long as he wished in Ukkaṭṭhā, he departed to Vesāli; and at Gotama's shrine he repeated the Chapter on Gotama. There was a quaking of a thousand worlds! Hearing this, these Brothers became saints.

But however, after the Master had finished repeating the Chapter on the Succession of Causes, during his visit to Ukkaṭṭhā [260] the Brethren discussed the whole affair in the Hall of Truth. "How great is the power of the Buddhas, friend! Why, these brahmin mendicants, who used to be so drunk with pride, have been humbled by the lesson on the Succession of Causes!" The Master entered and asked what their talk was about. They told him. He said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that I have humbled these men, who used to carry their heads so high with pride; I did the same before." And then he told them a tale of the olden time.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin; who when he grew up, and mastered the Three Vedas, became a far-famed teacher, and instructed five hundred pupils in sacred verses. These five hundred, having given their best energy to their work, and perfected their learning, said within themselves,

"We know as much as our teacher: there is no difference."

Proud and stubborn, they would not come before their teacher's face, nor do their round of duty.

One day, they saw their master seated beneath a jujube tree; and desiring to mock him, they tapped upon the tree with their fingers. "A worthless tree!" said they.

The Bodhisatta observed that they were mocking him. "My pupils," he said, "I will ask you a question."

They were delighted. "Speak on," said they, "we will answer."

Their teacher asked the question by repeating the first stanza:—

"Time all consumes, even time itself as well.
Who is't consumes the all-consumer?—tell[1]!"

[261] The youths listened to the problem; but not one amongst them could answer it. Then said the Bodhisatta,

"Do not imagine that this question is in the Three Vedas. You imagine that you know all that I know, and so you act like the jujube tree[2]. You don't know that I know a great deal which is unknown to you. Leave me now: I give you seven days—think over this question for so long."

So they made salutation, and departed each to his own house. There for a week they pondered, yet they could make neither head nor tail of the problem. On the seventh day, they came to their teacher, and greeted him, sitting down.

"Well, ye of auspicious speech, have you solved the question?"

"No, we have not," said they.

Again the Bodhisatta spoke in reproof, uttering the second stanza:—

"Heads grow on necks, and hair on heads will grow:
How many heads have ears, I wish to know?"

"Fools are ye," he went on, rebuking the youths: "ye have ears with holes in them, but not wisdom;" and he solved the problem. [262] They listened. "Ah," said they, "great are our Teachers!" and they craved his pardon, and quenching their pride they waited upon the Bodhisatta.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time these Brothers were the five hundred pupils; and I myself was their teacher."

[1] *Kālaghaso*, the 'consumer of time,' is he who, by destroying the thirst for existence, so lives as not to be born again (Scholiast's explanation).

[2] The jujube fruit is often contrasted with the cocoa nut, as being only externally pleasing, see *Hitop.* i. 95.

No. 246.

TELOVĀDA-JĀTAKA.

"*The wicked kills,*" *etc.*—This is a story which the Master told while staying in his gabled chamber near Vesāli, about Sīhasenāpati.

It is said that this man, after he had fled to the Refuge, offered hospitality and then gave food with meat in it. The naked ascetics on hearing this were angry and displeased; they wanted to do the Buddha a mischief; "The priest Gotama," sneered they, "with his eyes open, eats meat prepared on purpose for him."

The Brethren discussed this matter in their Hall of Truth: "Friend, Nāthaputta the Ascetic[1] goes about sneering, because, he says, 'Priest Gotama eats meat prepared on purpose for him, with his eyes open'." Hearing this, the Master rejoined:—"This is not the first time, Brethren, that Nāthaputta has been sneering at me for eating meat which was got ready for me on purpose; he did just so in former times." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin. When he came of age he embraced the religious life.

He came down from Himalaya to get salt and seasoning, and next day walked the city, begging alms. A certain wealthy man designed to annoy the ascetic. So he brought him to his dwelling, and pointed out a seat, and then served him with fish. After the meal, the man sat on one side, and said,

"This food was prepared on purpose for you, by killing living creatures. Not upon my head is this wrong, but upon yours!" And he repeated the first stanza:—

"The wicked kills, and cooks, and gives to eat:
He is defiled with sin that takes such meat."

[263] On hearing this, the Bodhisatta recited the second stanza:—

"The wicked may for gift slay wife or son,
Yet, if the holy eat, no sin is done[2]."

[1] He is one of the six *titthiyas* (Heretics), and generally called *Nātaputta* (which is probably the right spelling here). The 'naked ascetics' were probably the Jains.

[2] "...Those who take life are in fault, but not the persons who eat the flesh; my priests have permission to eat whatever food it is customary to eat in any place or country, so that it be done without the indulgence of the appetite, or evil desire." Hardy, *Manual*, p. 327.

And the Bodhisatta with these words of instruction rose from his seat and departed.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth: "Nāthaputta the Naked Ascetic was this wealthy man, and I was the ascetic."

No. 247.

PĀDAÑJALI-JĀTAKA.

"*Surely this lad*," *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about the Elder Lāḷudāyi.

One day, it is said, the two chief disciples were discussing a question. The Brethren who heard the discussion praised the Elders. Elder Lāḷudāyi, who sat amongst the company, curled his lip with the thought—"What is their knowledge compared with mine?" When the Brethren noticed this, they left him. The company broke up.

The Brethren were talking about it in the Hall of Truth. "Friend, did you see how Lāḷudāyi curled his lip in scorn of the two chief disciples?" On hearing which the Master said, "Brethren, in olden days, as now, Lāḷudāyi had no other answer but a curl of the lip." Then he told them an old-world tale.

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[264] Once upon a time, when king Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was his adviser in things spiritual and temporal. Now the king had a son, Pādañjali by name, an idle lazy loafer. By and bye the king died. His obsequies over, the courtiers talked of consecrating his son Pādañjali to be king. But the Bodhisatta said,

"'Tis a lazy fellow, an idle loafer,—shall we take and consecrate him king?"

The courtiers held a trial. They sat the youth down before them, and made a wrong decision. They adjudged something to the wrong owner, and asked him, "Young sir, do we decide rightly?"

The lad curled his lip.

"He is a wise lad, I think," thought the Bodhisatta; "he must know that we have decided wrongly:" and he recited the first verse:—

> "Surely the lad is wise beyond all men.
> He curls his lip—he must see through us, then!"

Next day, as before, they arranged a trial, but this time judged it aright. Again they asked him what he thought of it.

Again he curled his lip. Then the Bodhisatta perceived that he was a blind fool, and repeated the second verse :—

"Not right from wrong, nor bad from good he knows :
He curls his lip—but no more sense he shows."

The courtiers became aware that the young man Pādañjali was a fool, and they made the Bodhisatta king.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth : "Lāḷudāyi was Pādañjali, and I was the wise courtier."

No. 248.

KIṀSUKOPAMA-JĀTAKA.

[265] "*All have seen,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told whilst staying at Jetavana, on the Chapter about the Judas tree[1].

Four Brothers, approaching the Tathāgata, asked him to explain the means by which ecstasy may be induced. This he explained. This done, they dispersed to the several places where they spent their nights and days. One of them, having learnt the Six Spheres of Touch, became a saint ; another did so after learning the Five Elements of Being, the third after learning the Four Principal Elements, the fourth after learning the Eighteen Constituents of Being. Each of them recounted to the Master the particular excellence which he had attained. A thought came into the mind of one of them ; and he asked the Master, "There is only one Nirvana for all these modes of meditation ; how is it that all of them lead to sainthood?" Then the Master asked, "Is not this like the people who saw the Judas tree?" As they requested him to tell them about it, he repeated a tale of bygone days.

Once on a time Brahmadatta the king of Benares had four sons. One day they sent for the charioteer, and said to him,

"We want to see a Judas tree ; show us one!"

[1] *Kiṁsuka = Butea Frondosa.*

"Very well, I will," the charioteer replied. But he did not show it to them all together. He took the eldest at once to the forest in the chariot, and showed him the tree at the time when the buds were just sprouting from the stem. To the second he showed it when the leaves were green, to the third at the time of blossoming, and to the fourth when it was bearing fruit.

After this it happened that the four brothers were sitting together, and some one asked, "What sort of a tree is the Judas tree?" Then the first brother answered,

"Like a burnt stump!"

And the second cried, "Like a banyan tree!"

And the third—"Like a piece of meat[1]!"

And the fourth said, "Like the acacia!"

They were vexed at each other's answers, and ran to find their father. "My lord," they asked, "what sort of a tree is the Judas tree?"

"What did you say to that?" he asked. They told him the manner of their answers. Said the king,

"All four of you have seen the tree. Only when the charioteer showed you the tree, you did not ask him 'What is the tree like at such a time?' [266] or 'at such another time?' You made no distinctions, and that is the reason of your mistake." And he repeated the first stanza:—

"All have seen the Judas tree—
What is your perplexity?
No one asked the charioteer
What its form the livelong year!"

The Master, having explained the matter, then addressed the Brethren: "Now as the four brothers, because they did not make a distinction and ask, fell in doubt about the tree, so you have fallen in doubt about the right": and in his perfect wisdom he uttered the second verse:—

"Who know the right with some deficiency
Feel doubt, like those four brothers with the tree."

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time I was the king of Benares."

[1] It has pink flowers.

No. 249.

SĀLAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Like my own son,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told whilst living in Jetavana, about a distinguished Elder.

It is said that he had ordained a youth, whom he treated unkindly. The novice at last could stand it no longer, and returned to the world. Then the Elder tried to coax him. [267] "Look here, lad," said he, "your robe shall be your own, and your bowl too; I have another bowl and robe which I'll give you. Join us again!" At first he refused, but at last after much asking he did so. From the day he joined the brotherhood the Elder maltreated him as before. Again the lad found it too much, and left the order. As the Elder begged him again several times to join, the lad replied, "You can neither do with me nor without me; let me alone—I will not join!"

The Brethren got talking about this in the Hall of Truth. "Friend," said they, "a sensitive lad that! He knew the Elder too well to join us." The Master came in and asked what they were talking about. They told him. He rejoined, "Not only is the lad sensitive now, Brethren, but he was just the same of old; when once he saw the faults of that man, he would not accept him again." And he told a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time, in the reign of Brahmadatta king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a landowner's family, and gained a living by selling corn. Another man, a snake-charmer, had trained a monkey, made him swallow an antidote, and making a snake play with the monkey he gained his livelihood in this way.

A merrymaking had been proclaimed; this man wished to make merry at the feast, and he entrusted the monkey to this merchant, bidding him not neglect it. Seven days after he came to the merchant, and asked for his monkey. The monkey heard his master's voice, and came out quickly from the grain shop. At once the man beat him over the back with a piece of bamboo; then he took him off to the woods, tied him up and fell asleep. So soon as the monkey saw that he was asleep, he loosed his bonds, scampered off and climbed a mango tree. He ate a mango, and dropped the stone upon the snake-charmer's head. The man awoke, and looked up: there was the monkey. "I'll wheedle him!" he thought, "and when he comes down from the tree, I'll catch him!" So to wheedle him, he repeated the first verse:—

"Like my own son you shall be,
Master in our family:
[268] Come down, Nuncle[1] from the tree—
Come and hurry home with me?"

[1] *sālaka*, lit. 'brother-in-law,' often used as a term of abuse.

The monkey listened, and repeated the second verse:—

"You are laughing in your sleeve!
Have you quite forgot that beating?
Here I am content to live
(So good-bye) ripe mangoes eating."

Up he arose, and was soon lost in the wood; while the snake-charmer returned to his house in high dudgeon.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth: "Our novice was the Monkey. The Elder was the snake-charmer, and I myself was the corn-merchant."

No. 250.

KAPI-JĀTAKA.

"*A holy sage,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master whilst living at Jetavana, about a hypocritical Brother.

The Brotherhood found out his hypocrisy. In the Hall of Truth they were talking it over: "Friend, Brother So-and-so, after embracing the Buddha's religion, which leads to salvation, still practises hypocrisy." The Master on coming in [269] asked what they were discussing together. They told him. Said he, "Brethren, it is not the only time this Brother has been a hypocrite; for a hypocrite he was before, when he shammed simply for the sake of warming himself at the fire." Then he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born one of a brahmin family. When he grew up, and his own son was of an age to run about, his wife died; he took the child on his hip, and departed into the Himalayas, where he became an ascetic, and brought up his son to the same life, dwelling in a hut of leaves.

It was the rainy season, and the heaven poured down its floods incessantly: a Monkey wandered about, tormented with the cold, chattering and rattling his teeth. The Bodhisatta fetched a great log, lit a fire, and lay down upon his pallet. His son sat by him, and chafed his feet.

Now the Monkey had found a dress belonging to some dead anchorite. He clad himself in the upper and lower garment, throwing the skin over one shoulder; he took the pole and waterpot, and in this sage's dress he came to the leaf-hut for the fire: and there he stood, in his borrowed plumes.

The lad caught sight of him, and cried out to his father, "See, father—there is an ascetic, trembling with cold! Call him hither; he shall warm himself." Thus addressing his father, he uttered the first stanza:—

"A holy sage stands shivering at our gate,
A sage, to peace and goodness consecrate.
O father! bid the holy man come in,
That all his cold and misery may abate."

The Bodhisatta listened to his son; he rose up, and looked; then he knew it was a monkey, and repeated the second stanza: [270]

"No holy sage is he: it is a vile
And loathsome Monkey, greedy all to spoil
That he can touch, who dwells among the trees;
Once let him in, our home he will defile."

With these words, the Bodhisatta seized a firebrand, and scared away the monkey; and he leaped up, and whether he liked the wood or whether he didn't, he never returned to that place any more. The Bodhisatta cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments, and to the young ascetic he explained the process of the mystic trance; and he too let the Faculties and the Attainments spring up within him. And both of them, without a break in their ecstasy, became destined to Brahma's world.

Thus did the Master discourse by way of shewing how this man was not then only, but always, a hypocrite. This ended, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths some reached the First Path, some the Second, and yet some the Third:—"The hypocritical Brother was the Monkey, Rāhula was the son, and I was the hermit myself."

BOOK III.—TIKA-NIPĀTA.

No. 251.

SAṀKAPPA-JĀTAKA.

[271] "*No archer*," *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a backsliding Brother.

A young nobleman, living in Sāvatthi, gave his heart to the doctrine of the Treasures[1], and embraced the religious life. But one day, as he went his rounds in Sāvatthi, he happened to see a woman dressed in gay apparel. Passion sprang up in his heart; he became disconsolate. When his teachers, counsellors and friends saw him thus, they at once asked him the cause. Seeing that he longed to return to the world, they said to one another, "My friend, the Master can remove the sins of those who are tormented by the sin of lust and the like, and by declaring the Truths, he brings them to enjoy the fruition of sanctity. Come, let us lead him to the Master." So to the Master they brought him. Said he, "Why do you bring me this youth against his will, Brothers?" They told him the reason. "Is this true," he asked, "that you are a backslider, as they say?" He assented. The Master asked the reason, and he recounted what had happened. Said he, "O Brother, it has happened before that these women have caused impurity to spring up even in pure beings whose sins have been stayed by the power of ecstasy. Why should not vain men like you be defiled, when defilement comes even to the pure? Even men of the highest repute have fallen into dishonour; how much more the unpurified! Shall not the wind that shakes Mount Sineru also stir a heap of old leaves? [272] This sin has troubled the enlightened Buddha himself, sitting on his throne, and shall it not trouble such an one as you?" and at their request he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a great brahmin family, which had wealth to the amount of eight hundred millions of money. He grew up, and received his education at Takkasilā, and returned to Benares. There he married a wife; and on his parents' death, he performed their obsequies.

[1] Buddha, the Law, the Order.

Then, as he inspected his treasure, he reflected—"The treasure is still here, but they who gathered it are here no more!" He was overcome with grief, and the sweat poured from his body.

He lived a long time at home, and gave much in alms; he mastered his passions; then he left his weeping friends, and went into the Himalayas, where he built a hut in a delightful spot, and lived upon the wild fruits and roots of the forest, which he found in his goings to and fro. Ere long he cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments, and lived awhile in the bliss of joyous meditation.

Then a thought came to him. He would go amongst mankind, to buy salt and seasoning; thus his body would grow strong, and he would wander about on foot. "All that shall give alms to a virtuous man like me," thought he, "and greet me with respect, shall fill the heavenly regions." So down he came from Himalaya, and by and bye, as he tramped onwards, he came to Benares at the time of the sun-setting. He looked about for a place to bide in, and spied the royal park. "Here," said he, "is a place fit for retirement; here will I dwell." So he entered the park, and sat at the foot of a tree, and spent the night in the joy of meditation.

Next day in the forenoon, having seen to his bodily needs, and adjusted his matted hair, his skin and robes of bark, he took up his alms-bowl; all his senses were quiet, his pride was calmed, he bore himself nobly, looking no more than a plough's length before him; by the glory of his appearance, which was perfect in every way, [273] he drew upon him the eyes of the world. In this fashion he entered the city, and begged from door to door, till he came to the king's palace.

Now the king was upon his terrace, walking to and fro. He spied the Bodhisatta through a window. He was pleased with his bearing; "If," thought he, "there is such a thing as perfect quietude, it must be found in this man." So he sent one of his courtiers, bidding him fetch the ascetic. The man came up with a greeting, and took his alms-bowl, saying, "The king sends for you, Sir."

"Noble friend," replied the Bodhisatta, "the king does not know me!"

"Then, Sir, please remain here until I return." So he told the king what the beggar had said. Then said the king,

"We have no confidential priest: go, fetch him;" and at the same time he beckoned out of the window, calling to him—"Here, come in, Sir!"

The Bodhisatta gave up his alms-bowl to the courtier, and mounted upon the terrace. Then the king greeted him, and set him upon the king's couch, and offered him all the foods and meats prepared for himself. When he had eaten, he put a few questions to him; and the answers which

were given pleased him ever more and more, so that with a word of respect, he asked,

"Good Sir, where do you live? whence did you come hither?"

"I dwell in Himalaya, mighty king, and from Himalaya have I come."

The king asked, "Why?"

"In the rainy season, O king, we must seek a fixed abode."

"Then," the king said, "abide here in my royal park, you shall not lack for the four things needful; I shall acquire the merit which leads to heaven."

The promise was given; and having broken his fast he went with the Bodhisatta into the grounds, and caused a hut of leaves to be built there. A covered walk he had made, and prepared all the places for his living by night and by day. All the furniture and requisites for an anchorite's life he had brought, and bidding him be comfortable he gave him in charge to the park-keeper.

For twelve years after this, [274] the Bodhisatta had his dwelling in that place.

Once it so happened that a frontier district rose in rebellion. The king desired to go himself to quell it. Calling his queen, he said—"Lady, either you or I must stay behind."

"Why do you say that, my lord?" she asked.

"For the sake of the good ascetic."

"I will not neglect him," said she. "Mine be it to attend upon the holy father; do you go away without anxiety."

So the king departed; and then the queen waited attentively upon the Bodhisatta.

Now the king was gone; at the fixed season the Bodhisatta came. When it pleased him, he would come to the palace, and take his meal there. One day, he tarried a long time. The queen had made ready all his food; she bathed and adorned herself, and prepared a low seat; with a clean robe thrown loosely over her, she reclined, waiting for the Bodhisatta to come. Now the Bodhisatta noted the time of day; he took up his alms-bowl, and passing through the air, came up to the great window. She heard his bark robes rustle, and as she rose hastily, her yellow dress slipped. The Bodhisatta let this unusual sight penetrate his senses, and looked upon her with desire. Then the evil passion that had been calmed by the power of his ecstasy, rose as a cobra rises spreading his hood, from the basket in which he is kept: he was like a milky tree struck by the axe. As his passion gained force, his ecstatic calm gave way, his senses lost their purity; he was as it were a crow with a broken wing. He could not sit down as before, and take his meal; not though she begged him to be seated, could he take his seat. So the queen placed all the food together in his alms-bowl; [275] but that day he could not do as he used

to do after his meal, and go out of the window through the air; taking the food, he went down by the great staircase, and so into the grove.

When he came there, he could eat nothing. He set down the food at the foot of his bench, murmuring, "What a woman! lovely hands, lovely feet! what a waist, what thighs!" and so forth. Thus he lay for seven days. The food all went bad, and was covered with a cloud of black flies.

Then the king returned, having reduced his frontier to order. The city was all decorated; he went round it in solemn procession, keeping it always on the right, and then proceeded to the palace. Next he entered the grove, wishing to see the Bodhisatta. He noticed the dirt and rubbish about the hermitage, and thinking he must be gone, he pushed back the hut door, and stepped in. There lay the anchorite. "He must be ill," thought the king. So he had the putrid food thrown away, and the hut set in order, and then asked,

"What is the matter, Sir?"

"Sire, I am wounded!"

Then the king thought, "I suppose my enemies must have done this. They could not get a chance at me, so they determined to do a mischief to what I love." So he turned him over, looking for the wound; but no wound could he see. Then he asked, "Where's the place, Sir?"

"No one has hurt me," replied the Bodhisatta, "only I have wounded my own heart." And he rose, and sat upon a seat, and repeated the following verses:

"No archer drew an arrow to his ear
To deal this wound; no feathered shaft is here
Plucked from a peacock's wing, and decked out fine
By skilful fletchers:—'tis this heart of mine,

"Once cleansed from passion by my own firm will,
And keen intelligence, which through desire
Hath dealt the wound that bids me fair to kill,
And burns through all the limbs of me like fire.

[276] "I see no wound from which the blood might flow:
My own heart's folly 'tis that pierces so."

Thus did the Bodhisatta explain matters to the king by these three stanzas. Then he made the king retire from the hut, and induced the mystic trance; and so he recovered his interrupted ecstasy. Then he left the hut, and sitting in the air, exhorted the king. After this he declared that he would go up to Himalaya. The king would have dissuaded him, but he said,

"O king, see what humiliation has come upon me while I dwelt here! I cannot live here." And although the king entreated him, he uprose in

the air, and departed to Himalaya, where he abode his life long, and then went to Brahma's world.

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[277] When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth :—at the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother became a Saint, and some entered the First Path, some the Second, and some the Third :—"Ānanda was the king, and I was the hermit."

No. 252.

TILA-MUṬṬHI-JĀTAKA.

"*Now I bethink me,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told in Jetavana, about a passionate man. We learn that there was a Brother who was full of bitterness. No matter how little was said to him, he fell in a rage and spoke roughly; showing wrath, hatred, and mistrust. In the Hall of Truth the Brethren discussed the matter. "Friend, how angry and bitter is Brother So-and-so! He goes snapping about for all the world like salt in the fire. Though he has adopted this peaceful religion, yet he cannot even restrain his anger." The Master heard this and sent a brother to fetch the man in question. "Are you really as passionate as they say?" he asked. The man said he was. Then the Master added, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that this man has been passionate. He was just the same before;" and he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, Brahmadatta the king of Benares had a son named Prince Brahmadatta. Now kings of former times, though there might be a famous teacher living in their own city, often used to send their sons to foreign countries afar off to complete their education, that by this means they might learn to quell their pride and highmindedness, and endure heat or cold, and be made acquainted with the ways of the world. So did this king. Calling his boy to him—now the lad was sixteen years old—he gave him one-soled sandals, a sunshade of leaves, and a thousand pieces of money, with these words:

"My son, get you to Takkasilā, and study there."

[278] The boy obeyed. He bade his parents farewell, and in due course arrived at Takkasilā. There he enquired for the teacher's dwelling, and reached it at the time when the teacher had finished his lecture, and

was walking up and dcwn at the door of the house. When the lad set eyes upon the teacher, he loosed his shoes, closed his sunshade, and with a respectful greeting stood still where he was. The teacher saw that he was weary, and welcomed the new-comer. The lad ate, and rested a little. Then he returned to the teacher, and stood respectfully by him.

"Where have you come from?" he asked.

"From Benares."

"Whose son are you?"

"I am the son of the king of Benares."

"What brings you here?"

"I come to learn," replied the lad.

"Well, have you brought a teacher's fee? or do you wish to attend on me in return for teaching you?"

"I have brought a fee with me:" and with this he laid at the teacher's feet his purse of a thousand pieces.

The resident pupils attend on their teacher by day, and at night they learn of him: but they who bring a fee are treated like the eldest sons in his house, and thus they learn. And this teacher, like the rest, gave schooling to the prince on every light and lucky day[1]. Thus the young prince was taught.

Now one day, he went to bathe along with his teacher. There was an old woman, who had prepared some white seeds, and strewed them out before her: there she sat, watching them. The youth looked upon these white seeds, and desired to eat; he picked up a handful, and ate them.

"Yon fellow must be hungry," thought she; but she said nothing, and sat silent.

Next day the same thing happened at the same time. Again the woman said nothing to him. On the third day, he did it again; then the old dame cried out, saying,

"The great Teacher is letting his pupils rob me!" and uplifting her arms she raised a lamentation.

The Teacher turned back. [279] "What is it, mother?" he asked.

"Master, I have been parching some seeds, and your pupil took a handful and ate them! This he has done to-day, he did it yesterday, and he did it the day before! Surely he will eat me out of house and home!"

"Don't cry, mother: I will see that you are paid."

"Oh, I want no payment, master: only teach your pupil not to do it again."

"See here, then, mother," said he; and he caused two lads to take the

[1] There are four *nakkhattas* called *lahu*, 'light'; there is another reading *subhanakkhattena*, 'every fair day'. The meaning is by no means clear.

young fellow by his two hands, and smote him thrice upon the back with a bamboo stick, bidding him take care not to do it again.

The prince was very angry with his teacher. With a bloodshot glare, he eyed him from his head to foot. The teacher observed how angry he was, and how he eyed him.

The youth applied himself to his work, and finished his courses. But the offence he hid away in his heart, and determined to murder his teacher. When the time came for him to go away, he said to him,

"O my Teacher, when I receive the kingdom of Benares, I will send for you. Then come to me, I pray." And so he exacted a promise most affectionately.

He returned to Benares, and visited his parents, and showed proof of what he had learnt. Said the king, "I have lived to see my son again, and while I yet live, I will see the magnificence of his rule." So he made his son king in his stead.

When the prince enjoyed the splendour of royalty, he remembered his grudge, and anger rose within him. "I will be the death of that fellow!" he thought, and sent off a messenger to fetch his teacher.

"I shall never be able to appease him while he is young," thought the teacher; so he came not. But when the prince's time of rule was half over, he thought he could appease him then; and he came, and stood at the king's door, and sent to say that the teacher from Takkasilā had arrived. The king was glad, and caused the brahmin to be led in. Then his anger rose, and his eyes grew bloodshot. He beckoned to those about him. "Ha, the place which my teacher struck still hurts me to-day! He has come here with death written upon his forehead, [280] to die! To-day his life must end!" and he repeated the first two verses:—

"Now I bethink me, for a few poor seeds, in days of yore,
You seized me by the arm, and beat me with a stick full sore.
Brahmin, are you in love with death, and do you nothing fear
For seizing me and beating me, that now you venture here?"

Thus he threatened him with death. As he heard, the teacher uttered the third verse:—

"The gently born[1] who uses blows ungentleness to quell—
This is right discipline, not wrath: the wise all know it well."

[1] The Scholiast explains what 'gentle breeding' means. It may be used of conduct, both in men and animals; as—

"'Tis gentle to respect old age, red Goose:
Go where you will: I set your husband loose:"

"And so, great king, understand this yourself. Know that this is no just cause for anger. Indeed, if you had not been taught this lesson by me, you would have gone on taking cakes and sweets, fruit, and the like, until you became covetous through these acts of theft; then by degrees you would have been lured on to house-breaking, highway robbery, and murder about the villages; the end would have been, that you would have been taken red-handed and haled before the king for a public enemy and a robber; and you would have come in fear of public punishment, when the king should say, 'Take this man, and punish him according to his crimes.' Whence could have come all this prosperity which you now enjoy? Is it not through me that you have attained to such magnificence?"

Thus did his teacher talk over the king. [282] And the courtiers, who stood round, said when they heard his speech, "Of a truth, my lord, all your magnificence really belongs to your teacher!"

At once the king recognised the goodness of his teacher, and said to him,

"All my power I give to you, my teacher! receive the kingdom!"

But the other refused, saying, "No, my lord king; I have no wish for the kingdom."

And the king sent to Takkasilā for the teacher's wife and family; he gave them great power, and made him the royal priest; he treated him like a father, and obeyed his admonitions; and after bestowing gifts and doing good deeds he became destined for paradise.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths:—at the conclusion of the Truths the passionate brother attained the Fruit of the Third Path, and many others entered on the First, or Second, or Third:—"At that time the passionate Brother was the king; but the Teacher was I myself."

or of form, 'noble,' 'thoroughbred': as—[281]

"Your mien shows breeding, and your clear calm eye:
You must have left some noble family.
What made you wish to leave your home and wealth
To be an anchorite for your soul's health?"

and adds yet this other:

"Clad in a semblance of fair piety
But all deceitful, boldly forth leapt he,
A babbler of vain sayings, mean and base,
Intemperate, the ruin of his race."

(The last four lines occur in Sutta Nipāta, verse 89.)

No. 253.

MAṆI-KAṆṬHA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Rich food and drink,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while he was dwelling at the shrine of Aggālava, near Ālavī, about the rules for building cells.

Some Brethren who lived in Ālavī[2] were begging[3] from all quarters the materials for houses which they were getting made for themselves. They were for ever dinning and dunning; "Give us a man, give us somebody to do servant's work," and so forth. Everybody was annoyed at this begging and solicitation. So much annoyed were they, that at sight of these Brethren they were startled and scared away.

It happened that the reverend father Mahākassapa entered Ālavī, and traversed the place in quest of alms. The people, as soon as they saw the Elder, ran away as before[4]. After mealtime, having returned from his rounds, he summoned the brethren, and thus addressed them: "Once Ālavī was a capital place for alms; why is it so poor now?" They told him the reason.

Now the Blessed One was at the time dwelling at the Aggālava shrine. To the Blessed One came the Elder, and told him all about it. The Master convened the Brethren touching this matter. [283] "I hear," said he, "that you are building houses and worrying everybody for help. Is this true?" They said it was. Then the Master rebuked them, adding these words: "Even in the serpent world, Brethren, full as it is of the seven precious stones, this kind of begging is distasteful to the serpents. How much more to men, from whom it is as hard to get a rupee as it is to skin a flint!" and he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a rich brahmin's son. When he was old enough to run about, his mother gave birth to another wise being. Both the brothers, when they grew up, were so deeply pained at their parents' death, that they became anchorites, and dwelt in leaf-huts which they made them at a bend of the Ganges river. The elder had his lodge by the upper Ganges, and the younger by the lower river.

One day, a Serpent-King (his name was Maṇikaṇṭha, or Jewel-throat) left his dwelling-place, and taking the shape of a man, walked along the river bank until he came to the younger brother's hermitage. He greeted

[1] I think this Jātaka is represented on the Stupa of Bharhut. In pl. XLII. 1 we see a man sitting before a hut, apparently conversing with a great five-headed cobra. The story is also told in the Vinaya Piṭaka, *Suttavibhaṅga*, VI. 1. 3.

[2] The introductory story occurs in the Vinaya, *Suttavibhaṅga*, *Saṁghādisesa*, vi. 1. The sin was importunity.

[3] Reading *saṁyācikāya* (as in *Suttavibhaṅga*).

[4] Reading *paṭipajjiṁsu*.

the owner, and sat down at one side. They conversed pleasantly together; and such friends did they become, that there was no living apart for them. Often and often came Jewel-throat to visit the younger recluse, and sat talking and chatting; and when he left, so much did he love the man, he put off his shape, and encircled the ascetic with snake's folds, and embraced him, with his great hood upon his head; there he lay a little, till his affection was satisfied; then he let go his friend's body, and bidding him farewell, returned to his own place. For fear of him, the hermit grew thin; he became squalid, lost his colour, grew yellower and yellower, and the veins stood out upon his skin.

It happened one day that he paid a visit to his brother. "Why, brother," said he, "what makes you thin? how did you lose your colour? why are you so yellow, and why do your veins stand out like this upon your skin?"

The other told him all about it.

"Come tell me," said the first, "do you like him to come or not?" [284]. "No, I don't."

"Well, what ornament does the Serpent-King wear when he visits you?"

"A precious jewel!"

"Very well. When he comes again, before he has time to sit down, ask him to give you the jewel. Then he will depart without embracing you in his snaky folds. Next day stand at your door, and ask him for it there; and on the third ask him just as he emerges from the river. He will never visit you again."

The younger promised so to do, and returned to his hut. On the morrow, when the Serpent had come, as he stood there the hermit cried, "Give me your beautiful jewel!" The Serpent hurried away without sitting down. On the day following, the hermit stood at his door, and called out as the Serpent came—"You would not give me your jewel yesterday! now to-day you must!" And the Serpent slipt off without entering the hut. On the third day, the man called out just as the Serpent was emerging from the water—"This is the third day that I have asked you for it: come, give this jewel to me!" And the Serpent, speaking from his place in the water, refused, in the words of these two stanzas:—

"Rich food and drink in plenty I can have
By means of this fine jewel which you crave:
You ask too much; the gem I will not give;
Nor visit you again while I shall live.

"Like lads who wait with tempered sword in hand,
You scare me as my jewel you demand,
You ask too much—the gem I will not give,
Nor ever visit you while I shall live!"

[285] With these words, the King of the Serpents plunged beneath the water, and went to his own place, never to return.

Then the ascetic, not seeing his beautiful Serpent-King again, became thinner and thinner still; he grew more squalid, lost his colour worse than before, and grew more yellow, and the veins rose thicker on his skin!

The elder brother thought he would go and see how his brother was getting on. He paid him a visit, and found him yellower than he had been before.

"Why, how is this? worse than ever!" said he.

His brother replied, "It is because I never see the lovely King of Serpents!"

"This hermit," said the elder, on hearing his answer, "cannot live without his Serpent-King;" and he repeated the third verse:—

"Importune not a man whose love you prize,
For begging makes you hateful in his eyes.
The brahmin begged the Serpent's gem so sore
He disappeared and never came back more."

Then he counselled his brother not to grieve, and with this consolation, left him and returned to his own hermitage. And after that [286] the two brothers cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments, and became destined for the heaven of Brahma.

The Master added, "Thus, Brethren, even in the world of serpents, where are the seven precious stones in plenty, begging is disliked by the serpents: how much more by men!" And, after teaching them this lesson, he identified the Birth:—"At that time, Ānanda was the younger brother, but the elder was I myself."

No. 254.

KUṆḌAKA-KUCCHI-SINDHAVA-JĀTAKA.

"*Grass and the scum of gruel*," *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana about the Elder Sāriputta.

It once fell out that the Buddha had been spending the rainy season in Sāvatthi, and afterwards had been on alms-pilgrimage. On his return, the inhabitants determined to welcome his home-coming; and they made their gifts to the Buddha and his following. They posted the clerk who used to sound the

call for preaching, to distribute the Brethren amongst all comers, according to the number they wished to provide for.

There was one poor old woman, who had prepared one portion. The Brethren were assigned, some to this giver, some to that. At sunrise, the poor woman came to the clerk, and said, "Give a Brother to me!" He answered, "I have already distributed them all; but Elder Sāriputta is still in the monastery, and you may give your portion to him." At this she was delighted, and waited by the gate of Jetavana until the Elder came out. She gave him greeting, took his bowl from his hand, and leading him to her house, offered him a seat.

Many pious families heard a rumour that some old woman had got Sāriputta to sit down at her door. Amongst those who heard it was king Pasenadi the Kosala. He at once sent her food of all sorts, together with a garment and a purse of a thousand pieces, with the request, "Let her who is entertaining the priest, put on this robe, and spend this money, and thus entertain the Elder." As the king did, so did Anātha-piṇḍika, [287] the younger Anātha-piṇḍika, the lay sister Visākhā (a great lady),—all sent the same: other families sent one hundred, two hundred or so, as their means allowed. Thus in a single day the old woman got as much as a hundred thousand pieces of money.

Our Elder drank the broth which she gave him, and ate her food, and the rice that she cooked; then he thanked her, and so edified her that she was converted. Then he returned to the monastery.

In the Hall of Truth, the brethren discussed the Elder's goodness. "Friend, the Captain of the Faith has rescued an old housewife from poverty. He has been her mainstay. The food she offered he did not disdain to eat."

The Master entered, and asked what they were talking of now as they sat together. They told him. And he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Sāriputta has been the refuge of this old woman; nor the first time he did not disdain to eat the food she offered. He did the same before." And he told an old-world tale.

It happened once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, that the Bodhisatta was born into a trader's family in the Northern province. Five hundred people of that country, horse-dealers, used to convey horses to Benares, and sell them there.

Now a certain dealer took the road to Benares with five hundred horses for sale. On this road, not far off Benares, there is a town, where had formerly lived a rich merchant. A vast dwelling once was his; but his family had gradually gone down in the world, and only one old woman was left, who lived in the family house. The dealer took up his lodging for a certain hire in that house, and kept his horses hard by.

On that very day, as luck would have it, a thoroughbred mare of his foaled. He tarried two or three days, and then taking his horses with him went off to visit the king. Thereat the old woman asked him for the hire of the house.

"All right, mother, I'll pay you," said he. [288]

"When you pay me, my son," she said then, "give me this foal, and deduct its value from the hire." The dealer did as she asked and went his way. The woman loved the foal like a son; and she fed him upon parched rice drippings, on broken meats, and grass.

Some time after, the Bodhisatta, on his way with five hundred horses,

took lodging in this house. But the horses scented this highbred foal, that fed on red rice-powder, and not one of them would enter the place. Then said the Bodhisatta to the dame,

"There seems to be some horse in the place, mother?"

"Oh, my son, the only horse there is a young foal which I keep here as tenderly as it were my son!"

"Where is he, mother?"

"Gone out to graze."

"When will he return?"

"Oh, he'll soon come back."

The Bodhisatta kept the horses without, and sat down to wait until the foal should come in; and soon the foal returned from his walk. When he set eyes on the fine foal with his belly full of rice powder, the Bodhisatta noted his marks, and thought he, "This is a priceless thoroughbred; I must buy him of the old woman."

By this time the foal had entered the house and gone to his own stable. At once all the horses were able to go in too.

There abode the Bodhisatta for a few days, and attended to his horses. Then as he made to go, "Mother," said he to the old woman, "let me buy this foal of you."

"What are you saying! one mustn't sell one's own foster child!"

"What do you give him to eat, mother?"

"Rice boiled, and rice gruel, and parched rice; broken meats and grass; and rice-broth to drink."

"Well, mother, if I get him, I'll feed him on the daintiest of fare; [289] when he stands, he shall have a cloth awning spread over him; I will give him a carpet to stand on."

"Will you, my son? Then take this child of mine, and go, and may he be happy!"

And the Bodhisatta paid a separate price for the foal's four feet, for his tail and for his head; six purses of a thousand pieces of money he laid down, one for each; and he caused the dame to robe herself in a new dress, and decked her with ornaments, and set her in front of the foal. And the foal opened his eyes, and looked upon his mother, and shed tears. She stroked his back, and said, "I have received the recompense for what I have done for thee: go, my son!" and then he departed.

Next day the Bodhisatta thought he would make trial of the foal, whether he knew his own power or no. So after preparing common food, he caused red rice gruel to be poured out, presented to him in a bucket. But this he could not swallow; and refused to touch any such food. Then the Bodhisatta to test him, uttered the first verse:—

"Grass and the scum of gruel you thought good
In former times: why don't you eat your food?"

On hearing which, the Foal answered with the two other couplets following:—

"When people do not know one's birth and breed,
Rice-scum is good enough to serve one's need.

"But I am chief of steeds, as you are ware;
Therefore from you I will not take this fare."

[290] Then answered the Bodhisatta, "I did this to try you; do not be angry"; and he cooked the fine food and offered it to him. When he came to the king's courtyard, he set the five hundred horses on one side, and on the other an embroidered awning, under which he laid a carpet, with a canopy of stuff over it; and here he lodged the foal.

The king coming to inspect the horses asked why this horse was housed apart.

"O king," was the reply, "if this horse be not kept apart, he will let loose these others."

"Is he a beautiful horse?" the king asked.

"Yes, O king."

"Then let me see his paces."

The owner caparisoned him, and mounted on his back. Then he cleared the courtyard of men, and rode the horse about in it. The whole place appeared to be encircled with lines of horses, without a break!

Then said the Bodhisatta, "See my horse's speed, O king!" and let him have his head. Not a man could see him at all! Then he fastened a red leaf upon the horse's flank; and they saw just the leaf. And then he rode him over the surface of a pond in a certain garden of the city. Over he went, and not even the tips of his hoofs were wet. Again, he galloped over lotus leaves, [291] without even pushing one of them under water.

When his master had thus showed off the steed's magnificent paces, he dismounted, clapped his hands, and held out one, palm upwards. The horse got upon it, and stood on the palm of his master's hand, with his four feet close together. And the Bodhisatta said, "O mighty king! not even the whole circle of the ocean would be space enough for this horse to show off all his skill." The king was so pleased that he gave him the half of his kingdom: the horse he installed as his horse of state, sprinkling him with ceremonial water. Dear was he and precious to the king, and great honour was done him; and his dwelling place was made like the chamber where the king dwelt, all beautiful: the floor was sprinkled with all the four manners of perfumes, the walls were hung with wreaths of flowers and frequent garlands; up in the roof was an awning of cloth spangled with golden stars; it was all like a lovely pavilion round about. A lamp of scented oil burnt always; and in the retiring closet was set a golden jar. His food was always fit for a king. And after he came there,

the lordship over all India came into this king's hand. And the king did good deeds and almsgiving according to the Bodhisatta's admonition, and became destined for paradise.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth: (now at the conclusion of the Truths many entered the First Path, or the Second, or the Third:) "At that time the old woman was the same, Sāriputta was the thoroughbred, Ānanda was the king, and the horsedealer was I myself."

No. 255.

SUKA-JĀTAKA.

"*What time the bird,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about a Brother who died of over-eating.

[292] On his death, the brethren assembled in the Hall of Truth, and discussed his demerits on this fashion: "Friend, Brother So-and-so was ignorant how much he could safely eat. So he ate more than he could digest, and died in consequence." The Master entered, and asked what they talked of now as they sat together; and they told him. "Brethren," he said, "this is not the first time our friend died of surfeit; the same has happened before." Then he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when king Brahmadatta reigned over Benares, the Bodhisatta became a Parrot, and dwelt in the Himalaya region. He was king over several thousands of his kind, who lived on the seaward side of the Himalayas; and one son was his. When his son grew up to be strong, the father Parrot's eyes became weak. The truth is, that parrots fly with great swiftness; wherefore when they be old it is the eye that weakens first. His son kept his parents in the nest, and would bring them food to feed them.

It happened one day that our young Parrot went to the place where he found his food, and alighted upon a mountain-top. Thence he looked over the ocean, and beheld an island, in which was a mango grove full of sweet golden fruit. So next day, at the time of the fetching of food, he rose in the air and flew to this grove of mangoes, where he sucked the mango juice,

and took of the fruit, and bore it home to his mother and father. As the Bodhisatta ate of it, he knew the taste.

"My son," said he, "this is a mango of such and such an island," naming it.

"Even so, father!" replied the young Parrot.

"Parrots that go thither, my son, have not length of life," he said. "Go not to that island again!"—But the son obeyed him not, and went yet again.

Then one day it befel that he went as usual, and drank much of the mango juice. With a mango in his beak [293] he was passing over the ocean, when he grew worn out with so long carrying, and sleep mastered him; sleeping he flew on, and the fruit which he carried fell from out of his beak. And by degrees he left his path, and sinking down skimmed the surface of the water, till in the end he fell in. And then a fish caught and devoured him. When he should have returned, he returned not, and the Bodhisatta knew that he must have fallen into the water. Then his parents, receiving no sustenance, pined away and died.

The Master, having told this tale, in his perfect wisdom, uttered the following stanzas:—

"What time the bird without excess did eat,
He found the way, and brought his mother meat.

"But once he ate too much, forgot the mean,
He fell; and afterward was no more seen.

"So be not greedy; modest be in all.
To spare is safe; greed goeth before a fall[1]."

[1] The Scholiast adds the following lines:

"Be moderate in eating wet or dry,
And this thy hunger's need will satisfy.
Who eats with care, whose belly is not great,
Will be a holy hermit soon or late.
[294] Four or five mouthfuls,—then a drink is right;
Enough for any earnest eremite.
A careful moderate eater has small pain,
Slowly grows old, lives twice as long again."

And these:

"When sons bring meat to fathers in the wood,
Like ointment to the eye, 'tis very good.
Thus for bare life, with weariness forspent,
He nourished him upon such nourishment."

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths (at the conclusion of which many persons entered the First Path, or the Second, or Third, or Fourth), and identified the Birth: "At that time, the brother who has over-eaten was the young Parrot, and the king of the Parrots was I myself."

No. 256.

JARUDAPĀNA-JĀTAKA.

"*Some merchants,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while living at Jetavana, about some traders whose home was at Sāvatthi.

The tradition is that these men had acquired wares in Sāvatthi, which they loaded on carts. When the time came for them to set about their business, they gave an invitation to the Blessed One, and offered him rich alms; they received the Refuges, were strengthened in the Precepts, and took their leave of the Master with these words, "Sir, we are going a long way. When we have parted with our wares, if we are fortunate and return in safety, we will come and wait upon you again." Then they set off on their journey.

In a difficult part of their road they observed a disused well. There was no water in it that they could see, and they were athirst; so they resolved to dig deeper. As they dug, [295] they came upon successive layers of minerals of all sorts, from iron to lapis lazuli. This find contented them; they filled their waggons with these treasures, and got back safe to Sāvatthi. They stowed away the treasure which they had brought; and then bethought them, that having been so lucky they would give food to the brotherhood. So they invited the Blessed One, and made him presents; and when they had respectfully greeted him, and sat down on one side, they recounted how they had found their treasure. Said he, "You, good laymen, are content with your find, and accept your wealth and your livelihood with all moderation. But in other days there were men not content, immoderate, who refused to do as wise men advised them, and so lost their life." And he told at their request an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into the family of a business man; and grew up to be a great merchant. At one time he had filled his waggons with goods, and in company with a large caravan he came to this very same wood and saw this very same well. No sooner had the traders seen it, than they wanted to drink, and began to dig, and as they dug they came upon a

quantity of metal and gems. But though they got a great deal of treasure, they were discontented. "There must be another treasure here, better than this!" they thought, and they dug and dug.

Then said the Bodhisatta to them, "Merchants, greed is the root of destruction. Ye have won a great deal of wealth; with this be ye content, and dig no more." But they digged yet the more notwithstanding.

Now this well was haunted by serpents. The Serpent-king, incensed at the falling of clods and earth, slew them with the breath of his nostrils[1], all saving the Bodhisatta, [296] and destroyed them; and he came up from the serpent world, and put the oxen to the carts, filled them with jewels, and seating the Bodhisatta upon a fine waggon, he made certain young serpents drive the carts, and brought him to Benares. He led him into his house, set the treasure in order, and went away again to his own place in the serpent land. And the Bodhisatta spent his treasure, so that he made much stir throughout all India by his almsgiving, and, having undertaken the deeds of virtue, and kept the holy day, at the end of his life he came to paradise.

The Master, after telling this tale, in his perfect wisdom, uttered the following lines:—

"Some merchants, wanting water, dug the ground
In an old well, and there a treasure found:—
Tin, iron, copper, lead, silver and gold,
Beryls and pearls and jewels manifold.

"But not content, still more they did desire,
And fiery serpents slew them all with fire.
Dig if thou wilt, but dig not to excess;
For too much digging is a wickedness.

"Digging bestowed a treasure on these men;
But too much digging lost it all again."

When the Master had finished this discourse, he identified the Birth:—"At that time, Sāriputta was the Serpent-king, and the master of the caravan was I myself."

[1] *Nāsikavātena*. Perhaps this throws light on the disease *ahivātarogo*, p. 55 *note*.

No. 257.

GĀMAṆI-CAṆḌA-JĀTAKA[1].

[297] "*It is not a clever builder,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while sojourning at Jetavana, about the praise of wisdom. In the Hall of Truth sat the Brethren, praising the wisdom of the Buddha: "The Blessed One has wisdom great and wide, wisdom witty and quick, wisdom sharp and penetrating. He excels this world and the world of gods in wisdom."

The Master entered, and asked what they were talking of now as they sat there. They told him. He answered, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that the Blessed One has been wise; he was the same before." And he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, Brethren, when Janasandha was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of his chief queen. His face was resplendent, wearing a look of auspicious beauty, like a golden mirror well polished. On the day of his naming they called him Ādāsa-mukha, Prince Mirror-face.

Within the space of seven years his father caused him to be taught the Three Vedas, and all the duties of this world; and then he died, when the lad was seven years old. The courtiers performed the king's obsequies with great pomp, and made the offerings for the dead; and on the seventh day they gathered together in the palace court, and talked together. The prince was very young, they thought, and he could not be made king.

Before they made him king, they would test him. So they prepared a court of justice, and set a divan. Then they came into the prince's presence, and said they, "You must come, my lord, to the law-court." To this the prince agreed; and with a great company he repaired thither, and sat upon the dais.

Now at the time when the king sat down for judgement, the courtiers had dressed up a monkey, in the garb of a man who is skilled in the lore which tells what are good sites for a building. They made him go upon two feet, and brought him into the judgement hall.

[1] See Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 337; Tawney, *Phil. Journ.* xii. 112—119; *Academy*, Aug. 6, 1887, no. 796. Problems to be solved are a common part of the machinery of fairy tales; *e.g.* Grimm, no. 29, *The Devil with the Three Golden Hairs*, and the editors' notes.

"My lord," said they, "in the time of the king your father this man was one who divined by magic as to desirable sites, and well did he know his art. [298] Down in the earth as deep as seven cubits he can see a fault. By his help there was a place chosen for the king's house; let the king provide for him, and give him a post."

The prince scanned him from head to foot. "This is no man, but a monkey," he thought; "and monkeys can destroy what others have made, but of themselves can neither make anything nor carry out such a thing." And so he repeated the first stanza to his court:—

"It is not a clever builder, but an ape with a wrinkled face;
He can destroy what others make; that is the way of his race."

"It must be so, my lord!" said the courtiers, and took him away. But after a day or two they dressed this same creature in grand clothes, and brought him again to the judgement hall. "In the king your father's time, my lord, this was a judge who dealt justice. Him should you take to help you in the awarding of justice."

The prince looked at him. Thought he, "A man with mind and reason is not so hairy as all that. This witless ape cannot dispense justice;" and he repeated the second stanza:—

"There's no wit in this hairy creature; he breeds no confidence;
He knows nought, as my father taught: the animal has no sense!"

[299] "So it must be, my lord!" said the courtiers, and led him away. Yet once again did they dress up the very same monkey, and bring him to the hall of judgement. "Sire," said they, "in the time of the king your father this man did his duty to father and mother, and paid respect to old age in his family. Him you should keep with you."

Again the prince looked at him, and thought—"Monkeys are fickle of mind; such a thing they cannot do." And then he repeated the third stanza:—

"One thing Dasaratha[1] has taught me: no help such a creature would send
To father or mother, to sister or brother, or any who call him friend!"

"So must it be, my lord!" answered they, and took him away again. And they said amongst themselves, "'Tis a wise prince; he will be able to rule"; [300] and they made the Bodhisatta king; and throughout the city by beat of drum they made proclamation, saying, "The edicts of king Mirror-face!"

From that time the Bodhisatta reigned righteously; and his wisdom was noised abroad throughout all India. To show forth the matter of

[1] Dasaratha is another name for his father (*Schol.*).

this wisdom of his, these fourteen problems were brought to him to decide:—

"An ox, a lad, a horse, a basket-knight,
A squire, a light-o'-love, and a young dame,
A snake, a deer, a partridge, and a sprite,
A snake, ascetics, a young priest I name."

This happened as we shall now explain. When the Bodhisatta was inaugurated king, a certain servant of king Janasandha, named Gāmaṇi-caṇḍa, thus considered within himself: "This kingdom is glorious if it be governed by aid of those who are of an age with the king. Now I am old, and I cannot wait upon a young prince: so I will get me a living by farming in the country." So he departed from the city a distance of three leagues, and abode in a certain village. But he had no oxen for farming. And so, after rain had fallen, he begged the loan of two oxen from a friend; all day long he ploughed with them, and then he gave them grass to eat, and went to the owner's house to give them back again. At the moment it happened that the owner sat at meat with his wife; and the oxen entered the house, quite at home. As they entered, the master was raising his plate, and the wife putting hers down. Seeing that they did not invite him to share the meal, Gāmaṇi-caṇḍa departed without formally making over the oxen. During the night, thieves broke into the cow-pen, and stole the oxen away.

Early on the morrow, the owner of these oxen entered the cow-shed, but cattle there were none; he perceived that they had been stolen away by thieves. "I'll make Gāmaṇi pay for it!" thought he, and to Gāmaṇi he went. [301]

"I say, return me my oxen!" cried he.

"Are not they in their stall?"

"Now did you return them to me?"

"No, I didn't."

"Here's the king's officer: come along!"

Now this people have a custom that they pick up a bit of stone or a potsherd, and say—"Here's the king's officer; come along!" If any man refuses to go, he is punished. So when Gāmaṇi heard the word "officer," he went along.

So they went together towards the king's court. On the way, they came to a village where dwelt a friend of Gāmaṇi's. Said he to the other,

"I say, I'm very hungry. Wait here till I go in and get me something to eat!" and he entered his friend's house.

But his friend was not at home. The wife said,

"Sir, there is nothing cooked. Wait but a moment; I will cook at once and set before you."

She climbed a ladder to the grain store, and in her haste she fell to the

ground. And as she was seven months gone with child, a miscarriage followed.

At that moment, in came the husband, and saw what had happened. "You have struck my wife," cried he, "and brought her labour upon her untimely! Here's a king's officer for you—come along!" and he carried him off. After this they went on, the two of them, with Gāmaṇi between.

As they went, there was a horse at a village gate; and the groom could not stop it, but it ran along with them. The horsekeeper called out to Gāmaṇi—

"Uncle[1] Caṇḍagāmaṇi, hit the horse with something, and head him back!" Gāmaṇi picked up a stone, and threw it at the horse. The stone struck his foot, and broke it like the stalk of a castor-oil plant. Then the man cried,

"Oh, you've broken my horse's leg! Here's a king's officer for you!" and he laid hold of him.

Gāmaṇi was thus three men's prisoner. As they led him along, he thought: "These people will denounce me to the king; [302] I can't pay for the oxen; much less the fine for causing an untimely birth; and then where shall I get the price of the horse? I were better dead." So, as they went along, he saw a wood hard by the road, and in it a hill with a precipice on one side of it. In the shadow of it were two basket-makers, father and son, weaving a mat. Said Gāmaṇi,

"I say, I want to retire for a moment: wait here, while I go aside"; and with these words he climbed the hill, and threw himself down the precipice. He fell upon the back of the elder basket-maker, and killed him on the spot. Gāmaṇi got up, and stood still.

"Ah, you villain! you've murdered my father!" cried the younger basket-maker; "here's the king's officer!" He seized Gāmaṇi's hands, and came out of the thicket.

"What's this?" asked the others.

"The villain has murdered my father!"

So on they went, the four of them, with Gāmaṇi in the middle.

They came to the gate of another village. The headman was there, who hailed Gāmaṇi: "Uncle[1] Caṇḍa, whither away?"

"To see the king," says Gāmaṇi.

"Oh indeed, to see the king. I want to send him a message; will you take it?"

"Yes, that I will."

"Well—I am usually handsome, rich, honoured, and healthy; but now I am miserable and have the jaundice too. Ask the king why this is.

[1] It is worth noting that this term of affection means a *mother's* brother.

He is a wise man, so they say; he will tell you, and you can bring me his message again."

To this the other agreed.

At another village a light-o'-love called out to him—"Whither bound, Uncle[1] Caṇḍa?"

"To see the king," says he.

"They say the king is a wise man; take him a message from me," says the woman. [303] "Aforetime I used to make great gains; now I don't get the worth of a betel-nut, and nobody courts me. Ask the king how this may be, and then you can tell me."

At a third village, there was a young woman who told Gāmaṇi, "I can live neither with my husband nor with my own family. Ask the king how this is, and then tell me."

A little further on there was a snake living in an ant-hill near the road. He saw Gāmaṇi, and called out,

"Whither away, Caṇḍa?"

"To see the king."

"The king is wise; take him a message from me. When I go out to get my food, I leave this ant-hill faint and famishing, and yet I fill the entrance hole with my body, and I get out with difficulty, dragging myself along. But when I come in again, I feel satisfied, and fat, yet I pass quickly through the hole without touching the sides. How is this? ask the king, and bring me his answer."

And further on a deer saw him, and said—"I can't eat grass anywhere but underneath this tree. Ask the king the reason." And again a partridge said, "When I sit at the foot of this ant-heap, and utter my note, I can make it prettily; but nowhere else. Ask the king why." And again, [304] a tree spirit saw him, and said,

"Whither away, Caṇḍa?"

"To the king."

"The king's a wise man, they say. In former times I was highly honoured; now I don't receive so much as a handful of twigs. Ask the king what the reason is."

And further on again he was seen by a serpent-king, who spoke to him thus: "The king is said to be a wise man: then ask him this question. Heretofore the water in this pool has been clear as crystal. Why is it that now it has become turbid, with scum all over it?"

Further on, not far from a town, certain ascetics who dwelt in a park saw him, and said, in the same way, "They say the king is wise. Of yore there were in this park sweet fruits in plenty, now they have grown tasteless and dry. Ask him what the reason is." Further on again, he was accosted by some brahmin students who were in a hall at the gate of a town. They said to him,

[1] See note, p. 210.

"Where are you going, Caṇḍa, eh?"

"To the king," says Caṇḍa.

"Then take a message for us. Till now, whatever passage we learnt was bright and clear; now it does not stay with us, it is not understood, but all is darkness,—it is like water in a leaky jar. Ask the king what the reason is."

Gāmaṇi-caṇḍa came before the king with his fourteen questions. When the king saw him, he recognised him. "This is my father's servant, who used to dandle me in his arms. Where has he been living all this time?" And "Caṇḍa," said he, "where have you been living all this time? [305] We have seen nothing of you for a long while; what brings you here?"

"Oh, my lord, when my lord the late king went to heaven, I departed into the country and kept myself by farming. Then this man summoned me for a suit regarding his cattle, and here he has brought me."

"If you had not been brought here, you had never come; but I'm glad that you were brought anyhow. Now I can see you. Where is that man?"

"Here, my lord."

"It is you that summoned our friend Caṇḍa?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Why?"

"He refuses to give back my pair of oxen!"

"Is this so, Caṇḍa?"

"Hear my story too, my lord!" said Caṇḍa; and told him the whole. When he had heard the tale, the king accosted the owner of the oxen. "Did you see the oxen," said he, "entering the stall?"

"No, my lord," the man replied.

"Why, man, did you never hear my name? They call me king Mirror-face. Speak out honestly."

"I saw them, my lord!" said he.

"Now, Caṇḍa," said the king, "you failed to return the oxen, and therefore you are his debtor for them. But this man, in saying that he had not seen them, told a direct lie. Therefore you with your own hands shall pluck his eyes out, and you shall yourself pay him twenty-four pieces of money as the price of the oxen." Then they led the owner of the oxen out of doors.

"If I lose my eyes, what do I care for the money?" thought he. And he fell at Gāmaṇi's feet, and besought him—"O master Caṇḍa, keep those twenty-four pieces, and take these too!" and he gave him other pieces, and ran away.

The second man said, "My lord, this fellow struck my wife, [306] and

made her miscarry." "Is this true, Caṇḍa?" asked the king. Caṇḍa begged for a hearing, and told the whole story.

"Did you really strike her, and cause her to miscarry?" asked the king.

"No, my lord! I did no such thing."

"Now, can you"—to the other—"can you heal the miscarriage which he has caused?"

"No, my lord, I cannot."

"Now, what do you want to do?"

"I ought to have a son, my lord."

"Now then, Caṇḍa—you take the man's wife to your house; and when a son shall be born to you, hand him over to the husband."

Then this man also fell at Caṇḍa's feet, crying, "Don't break up my home, master!" threw down some money, and made off.

The third man then accused Caṇḍa of laming his horse's foot. Caṇḍa as before told what had happened. Then the king asked the owner,

"Did you really bid Caṇḍa strike the horse, and turn him back?"

"No, my lord, I did not." But on being pressed, he admitted that he had said so.

"This man," said the king, "has told a direct lie, in saying that he did not tell you to head back the horse. You may tear out his tongue; and then pay him a thousand pieces for the horse's price, which I will give you." But the fellow even gave him another sum of money, and departed.

Then the basket-maker's son said,

"This fellow is a murderer, and he killed my father!"

"Is it so, Caṇḍa?" asked the king. "Hear me, my lord," said Caṇḍa, and told him about it.

"Now, what do you want?" asked the king.

"My lord, I must have my father." [307]

"Caṇḍa," said the king, "this man must have a father. But you cannot bring him back from the dead. Then take his mother to your house, and do you be a father to him."

"Oh, master!" cried the man, "don't break up my dead father's home!" He gave Gāmaṇi a sum of money, and hurried away.

Thus Gāmaṇi won his suit, and in great delight he said to the king,

"My lord, I have several questions for you from several persons; may I tell you them?"

"Say on," said the king.

So Gāmaṇi told them all in reverse order, beginning with the young brahmins. The king answered them in turn. To the first question, he answered: "In the place where they lived there used to be a crowing cock that knew the time. When they heard his crow, they used to rise up, and repeat their texts, until the sun rose, and thus they did not forget

what they learnt. But now there is a cock that crows out of season; he crows at dead of night, or in broad day. When he crows in the depth of night, up they rise, but they are too sleepy to repeat the text. When he crows in broad day, they rise up, but they have not the chance to repeat their texts. Thus it is, that whatever they learn, they soon forget."

To the second question, he answered: "Formerly these men used to do all the duties of the ascetic, and they induced the mystic trance. Now they have neglected the ascetic's duties, and they do what they ought not to do; the fruits which grow in the park they give to their attendants; they live in a sinful way, exchanging their alms[1]. This is why this fruit does not grow sweet. [308] If they once more with one consent do their duty as ascetics, again the fruit will grow sweet for them. Those hermits know not the wisdom of kings; tell them to live the ascetic life."

He heard the third question, and answered, "Those serpent chiefs quarrel one with another, and that is why the water becomes turbid. If they make friends as before, the water will be clear again." After hearing the fourth, "The tree-spirit," said he, "used formerly to protect men passing through the wood, and therefore she received many offerings. Now she gives them no protection, and so she receives no offerings. If she protects them as before, she will receive choice offerings again. She knows not that there are kings in the world. Tell her, then, to guard the men who go up into that wood." And on hearing the fifth, "Under the ant-hill where the partridge finds himself able to utter a pleasant cry is a crock of treasure; dig it up and get it." To the sixth he answered, "On the tree under which the deer found he could eat grass, is a great honey-comb. He craves the grass on which this honey has dropped, and so he can eat no other. You get the honeycomb, send the best of it to me, and eat the rest yourself." Then on hearing the seventh, "Under the snake's ant-heap lies a large treasure-crock, and there he lives guarding it. So when he goes out, from greed for this treasure his body sticks fast; but after he has fed, his desire for the treasure prevents his body from sticking, and he goes in quickly and easily. Dig up the treasure, and keep it." Then he replied to the eighth question, "Between the villages where dwell the young woman's husband and her parents [309] lives a lover of hers in a certain house. She remembers him, and her desire is toward him; therefore she cannot stay in her husband's house, but says she will go and see her parents, and on the way she stays a few days with her lover. When she has been at home a few days, again she remembers him, and saying she will return to her husband, she goes again to her lover. Go, tell her there are kings in the land; say, she must dwell with her husband,

[1] Some staying at home, while others beg for all, to save trouble. See p. 57, *note* 1.

and if she will not, let her have a care, the king will cause her to be seized, and she shall die." He heard the ninth, and to this he said, "The woman used formerly to take a price from the hand of one, and not to go with another until she was off with him[1], and that is how she used to receive much. Now she has changed her manner, and without leave of the first she goes with the last, so that she receives nothing, and none seek after her. If she keeps to her old custom, it will be as it was before. Tell her that she should keep to that." On hearing the tenth, he replied, "That village headman used once to deal justice indifferently, so that men were pleased and delighted with him; and in their delight they gave him many a present. This is what made him handsome, rich, and honoured. Now he loves to take bribes, and his judgement is not fair; so he is poor and miserable, and jaundiced. If he judges once again with righteousness, he will be again as he was before. He knows not that there are kings in the land. Tell him that he must use justice in giving judgement."

And Gāmaṇi-caṇḍa told all these messages, as they were told to him. And the king having resolved all these questions by his wisdom, like Buddha omniscient, [310] gave rich presents to Gāmaṇi-caṇḍa; and the village where Caṇḍa dwelt he gave to him, as a brahmin's gift, and let him go. Caṇḍa went out of the city, and told the king's answer to the brahmin youths, and the ascetics, to the serpent and to the tree-spirit; he took the treasure from the place where the partridge sat, and from the tree beneath which the deer did eat, he took the honeycomb, and sent honey to the king; he broke into the snake's ant-hill, and gathered the treasure out of it; and to the young woman, and the light-o'-love, and the village headman he said even as the king had told him. Then he returned to his own village, and dwelt there so long as he lived, and afterward passed away to fare according to his deserts. And king Mirror-face also gave alms, and wrought goodness, and finally after his death went to swell the hosts of heaven.

When the Master had ended this discourse, to show that not now only is the Blessed One wise, but wise he was before, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth: (now at the conclusion of the Truths many persons entered on the First Path, or the Second, or the Third, or the Fourth:) "At that time Ānanda was Gāmaṇi-Caṇḍa; but king Mirror-face was I myself."

[1] Literally, "until she had made him enjoy his money's worth," *ajīrāpetvā*.

No. 258[1].

MANDHĀTU-JĀTAKA.

"*Wherever sun and moon,*" *etc.* This story the Master told during a stay at Jetavana, about a backsliding brother.

We are told that this brother, in traversing Sāvatthi for his alms, saw a finely dressed woman and fell in love with her. Then the Brethren led him to the Hall of Truth, and informed the Master that he was a backslider. The Master asked whether it were true; and was answered, yes, it was. [311]

"Brother," said the Master, "when will you ever satisfy this lust, even while you are a householder? Such lust is as deep as the ocean, nothing can satisfy it. In former days there have been supreme monarchs, who attended by their retinue of men held sway over the four great continents encircled by two thousand isles, ruling even in the heaven of the four great kings, even when they were kings of the gods in the Heaven of the Thirty Three, even in the abode of the Thirty Six Sakkas,—even these failed to satisfy their lust, and died before they could do so; when will you be able to satisfy it?" And he told an old-world tale.

Long ago, in the early ages of the world, there lived a king named Mahāsammata, and he had a son Roja, who had a son Vararoja, who had a son Kalyāṇa, who had a son Varakalyāṇa, and Varakalyāṇa had a son named Uposatha, and Uposatha had a son Mandhātā. Mandhātā was endowed with the Seven Precious Things and the Four Supernatural Powers; and he was a great monarch. When he clenched his left hand, and then touched it with his right, there fell a rain of seven kinds of jewels, knee-deep, as though a celestial rain-cloud had arisen in the sky; so wondrous a man was he. Eighty-four thousand years he was a prince, the same number he took some share in ruling the kingdom, and even so many years he ruled as supreme king; his life lasted for countless ages.

One day, he could not satisfy some desire, so he showed signs of discontent.

"Why are you cast down, my lord?" the courtiers asked him.

"When the power of my merit is considered, what is this kingdom? Which place seems worth desiring?"

"Heaven, my lord."

[1] See *Divyāvadāna*, p. 210; Thibetan Tales, p. 1—20, *King Māndhātar*. This king is named as one of the four persons who have attained in their earthly bodies to glory in the city of the gods; *Milinda*, iv. 8. 25 (ii. p. 145 in the trans., *S. B. E.*).

So rolling along the Wheel of Empire, with his suite [312] he went to the heaven of the four great kings. The four kings, with a great throng of gods, came to meet him in state, bearing celestial flowers and perfumes; and having escorted him into their heaven, gave him rule over it. There he reigned in state, and a long time went by. But not there either could he satisfy his craving; and so he began to look sick with discontent.

"Why, mighty king," said the four monarchs, "are you unsatisfied?" And the king replied,

"What place is more lovely than this heaven?"

They answered, "My lord, we are like servants. The Heaven of the Thirty-three is more lovely than this!"

Mandhātā set the Wheel of Empire a-rolling, and with his court all round him turned his face to the Heaven of the Thirty-three. And Sakka, king of the Gods, bearing celestial flowers and perfumes, in the midst of a great throng of gods, came to meet him in state, and taking charge of him showed him the way he should go. At the time when the king was marching amidst the throng of gods, his eldest son took the Wheel of Empire, and descending to the paths of men, came to his own city. Sakka led Mandhātā into the Heaven of the Thirty-three, and gave him the half of his own kingdom. After that the two of them ruled together. Time went on, until Sakka had lived for sixty times an hundred thousand years, and thirty millions of years, then was born on earth again; another Sakka grew up, and he too reigned, and lived his life, and was born on earth. In this way six and thirty Sakkas followed one after another. Still Mandhātā reigned with his crowd of courtiers round him. As time went on, the force of his passion and desire grew stronger and stronger. "What is half a realm to me?" said he in his heart; "I will kill Sakka, and reign alone!" But kill Sakka he could not. This desire and greed of his was the root of his misfortune. The power of his life began to wane; old age seized upon him; [313] but a human body does not disintegrate in heaven. So from heaven he fell, and descended in a park. The gardener made known his coming to the royal family; they came and appointed him a resting-place in the park; there lay the king in lassitude and weariness. The courtiers asked him,

"My lord, what word shall we take from you?"

"Take from me," quoth he, "this message to the people: Mandhātā, king of kings, having ruled supreme over the four quarters of the globe, with all the two thousand islands round about, for a long time having reigned over the people of the four great kings, having been king of Heaven during the lifetime of six and thirty Sakkas, now lies dead." With these words he died, and went to fare according to his deserts.

This tale ended, the Master became perfectly enlightened and uttered the following stanzas:—

"Wherever sun and moon their courses run
All are Mandhātā's servants, every one:
Where'er earth's quarters see the light of day,
There king Mandhātā holds imperial sway.

"Not though a rain of coins fall from the sky[1]
Could anything be found to satisfy.
Pain is desire, and sorrow is unrest:
He that knows this is wise, and he is blest.

"Where longing is, there pleasure takes him wings,
Even though desire be set on heavenly things.
Disciples of the Very Buddha try
To crush out all desire eternally."

[314] When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Four Truths, and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother and many others attained to the Fruit of the First Path:—"At that time, I was the great king Mandhātā."

No. 259.

TIRĪṬA-VACCHA-JĀTAKA.

"*When all alone,*" *etc.* This story the Master told whilst living at Jetavana, about the gift of a thousand garments, how the reverend Ānanda received five hundred garments from the women of the household of the king of Kosala, and five hundred from the king himself. The circumstances have been described above, in the Sigāla Birth, of the Second Book[2].

Once on a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of a brahmin in Kāsi. On his nameday they called him Master Tirīṭavaccha. In due time he grew up, and studied at Takkasilā. He married and settled down, but his parents' death so distressed him [315] that he became an ascetic, and lived in a woodland dwelling, feeding upon the roots and fruits of the forest.

[1] See *Dhammapada*, verses 186 and 187, which are the last two of these stanzas.

[2] No. 152, page 4, where however there is no word of this incident; it really occurs in No. 156, p. 17 of this volume.

Whilst he lived there, arose a disturbance on the frontiers of Benares. The king repaired thither, but was worsted in the fight; fearing for his life, he mounted an elephant, and fled away covertly through the forest. In the morning, Tirīṭavaccha had gone abroad to gather wild fruit, and meanwhile the king came upon his hut. "A hermit's hut!" quoth he; down he came from his elephant, weary with wind and sun, and athirst; he looked about for a waterpot, but none could he find. At the end of the covered walk he spied a well, but he could see no rope and bucket for the drawing of water. His thirst was too great to bear; he took off the girth which passed under the elephant's belly, made it fast on the edge, and let himself down into the well. But it was too short; so he tied on to the end of it his lower garment, and let himself down again. Still he could not reach the water. He could just touch it with his feet: he was very thirsty! "If I can but quench my thirst," thought he, "death itself will be sweet!" So down he dropped, and drank his fill; but he could not get up again, so he remained standing there in the well. And the elephant, so well trained was he, stood still, waiting for the king.

In the evening, the Bodhisatta returned, laden with wild fruits, and espied the elephant. "I suppose," thought he, "the king is come; but nothing is to be seen save the armed elephant. What's to do?" And he approached the elephant, which stood and waited for him. He went to the edge of the well, and saw the king at the bottom. "Fear nothing, O king!" he called out; then he placed a ladder, and helped the king out; he chafed the king's body, and anointed him with oil; after which he gave him of the fruits to eat [316], and loosed the elephant's armour. Two or three days the king rested there; then he went away, after making the Bodhisatta promise to pay him a visit.

The royal forces were encamped hard by the city; and when the king was perceived coming, they flocked around him.

After a month and half a month, the Bodhisatta returned to Benares, and settled in the park. Next day he came to the palace to ask for food. The king had opened a great window, and stood looking out into the courtyard; and so seeing the Bodhisatta, and recognising him, he descended and gave him greeting; he led him to a dais, and set him upon the throne under a white umbrella; his own food the king gave him to eat, and ate himself of it. Then he took him to the garden, and caused a covered walk and a dwelling to be made for him, and furnished him with all the necessaries of an ascetic; then giving him in charge of a gardener, he bade farewell, and departed. After this, the Bodhisatta took his food in the king's dwelling: great was the respect and honour paid to him.

But the courtiers could not endure it. "If a soldier," said they, "were to receive such honour, how would he behave?" They betook

them to the viceroy: "My lord, our king is making too much of an ascetic! What can he have seen in the man? You speak with the king about it." The viceroy consented, and they all went together before the king. And the viceroy greeted the king, and uttered the first stanza:

"There is no wit in him that I can see;
He is no kinsman, nor a friend of thee;
Why should this hermit with three bits of wood[1],
Tirīṭavaccha, have such splendid food?"

[317] The king listened. Then he said, addressing his son,

"My son, you remember how once I went to the marches, and how I was conquered in war, and came not back for a few days?"

"I remember," said he.

"This man saved my life," said the king; and he told him all that had happened. "Well, my son, now that this my preserver is with me, I cannot requite him for what he has done, not even were I to give him my kingdom." And he recited the two stanzas following:—

"When all alone, in a grim thirsty wood,
He, and no other, tried to do me good;
In my distress he lent a helping hand;
Half-dead he drew me up and made me stand.

"By his sole doing I returned again
Out of death's jaws back to the world of men.
To recompense such kindness is but fair;
Give a rich offering, nor stint his share."

[318] So spake the king, as though he were causing the moon to rise up in the sky; and as the virtue of the Bodhisatta was declared, so was declared his own virtue everywhere; and his takings increased, and the honour shown to him. After that neither his viceroy nor his courtiers nor any one else durst say anything against him to the king. The king abode in the Bodhisatta's admonition; and he gave alms and did good, and at the last went to swell the hosts of heaven. And the Bodhisatta, having cultivated the Perfections and the Attainments, became destined to the world of Brahma.

Then the Master added, "Wise men of old gave help too;" and having thus concluded his discourse, he identified the Birth as follows: "Ānanda was the king, and I was the hermit."

[1] To hang his waterpot upon.

No. 260.

DŪTA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*O king, the Belly's messenger,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while staying at Jetavana, about a Brother who was addicted to covetousness. The circumstances will be given at large under the Kāka[2] Birth, in Book the Ninth. Here again the Master told the Brother, [319] "You were greedy before, Brother, as you are now; and in olden days for your greed you had your head cleft with a sword." Then he told an old-world story.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king over Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as his son. He grew up, and finished his education at Takkasilā. On his father's death, he inherited the kingdom, and he was very dainty in his eating; accordingly he earned the name of King Dainty. There was so much extravagance about his eating, that on one dish he spent an hundred thousand pieces. When he ate, he ate not within doors; but as he wished to confer merit[3] upon many people by showing them the costly array of his meals, he caused a pavilion adorned with jewels to be set up at the door, and at the time of eating, he had this decorated, and there he sat upon a royal dais made all of gold, under a white parasol with princesses all around him, and ate the food of an hundred delicate flavours from a dish which cost an hundred thousand pieces of money.

Now a certain greedy man saw the king's manner of eating, and desired to have a taste. Unable to master his craving, he girt up his loins tight, and ran up to the king, calling out loudly—"Messenger! messenger! O king"—with his hands held up. (At that time and in that nation, if a man called out "Messenger!" no one would stay him; and so it was that the multitude divided and gave him way to pass.)

The man ran up swiftly, and catching a piece of rice from the king's dish, he put it in his mouth. The swordsman drew his sword, to cleave the man's head. But the king stayed him. "Smite not," said he;—then to the man, "fear nothing, eat on!" He washed his hands, and sat down.

[1] See Morris, *Folk-lore Journal*, iv. 54.

[2] There is no such heading in Book IX. There is a Kāka-Jātaka in Book VI. no. 395, where the Introd. Story is not given, but said to be "the same as before."

[3] The Talmud says that one should always run to meet the kings of Israel and even gentile kings.

[320] After the meal, the king caused his own drinking water and betel nut to be given to the man, and then said—

"Now my man, you had tidings, you said. What are your tidings?"

"O king, I am a messenger from Lust and the Belly. Says Lust to me, Go! and sent me here as her messenger;" and with these words he spake the first two stanzas:—

"O king, the Belly's messenger you see:
O lord of chariots, do not angry be!
For Belly's sake men very far will go,
Even to ask a favour of a foe.

"O king, the Belly's messenger you see;
O lord of chariots, do not angry be!
The Belly holds beneath his puissant sway
All men upon the earth both night and day."

When this the king heard, he said, "That is true; Belly-messengers are these; urged by lust they go to and fro, and lust makes them go. How prettily this man has put it!" he was pleased with him, and uttered the third stanza:—

"Brahmin, a thousand red kine I present
To thee; thereto the bull, for complement.
One messenger may to another give;
For Belly's messengers are all that live."

So said the king; and continued, "I have heard something I never heard before, or thought of, said by this great man." And so pleased was he, that he showered honours upon him.

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[321] When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths the greedy Brother reached the Fruit of the Third Path, and many others entered the other Paths:—"The greedy man is the same in both stories, and I was King Dainty."

No. 261.

PADUMA-JĀTAKA.

"*Cut, and cut, and cut again,*" *etc.* This story the Master told at Jetavana, about some Brethren who made offering of garlands under Ānanda's tree. The circumstances will be given in the Kāliṅga-bodhi Birth[1]. This was called

[1] No. 479.

Ānanda's tree, because Ānanda planted it. All India heard tell how the Elder had planted this tree by the gate of Jetavana.

Some Brethren who lived in the country thought they would make offerings before Ānanda's tree. They journeyed to Jetavana, did their devoirs to the Master, and next day wended their way to Sāvatthi, to the Lotus Street; but not a garland could they get. So they told Ānanda, how they had wished to make an offering to the tree, but that not a garland was to be had in all the Lotus Street. The Elder promised to fetch some; so he went off to the Lotus Street, and returned with many handfuls of blue lotus, which he gave them. With these they made their offering to the tree.

When the Brethren got wind of this, they began discussing the Elder's merits in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, some brothers of little merit from the country could not get a single nosegay in the Lotus Bázaar; but the Elder went and fetched them some." The Master entered, and asked what they were talking of as they sat there; and they told him. Said he, [322] "Brethren, this is not the first time that the clever tongue has gained a garland for clever speaking; it was the same before." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a rich merchant's son. In the town was a tank, in which the lotus flowered. A man who had lost his nose looked after the tank.

It happened one day that they proclaimed holiday in Benares; and the three sons of this rich man thought that they would put wreaths upon them, and go a merrymaking. "We'll flatter up the old lacknose fellow, and then we'll beg some flowers of him." So at the time when he used to pluck the lotus flowers, to the tank they went, and waited. And one of them uttered the first stanza:—

"Cut, and cut, and cut again,
Hair and whiskers grow amain;
And your nose will grow like these.
Give me just one lotus, please!"

But the man was angry, and gave none. Then the second said the second stanza:—

"In the autumn seeds are sown
Which ere long are fully grown;
May your nose sprout up like these.
Give me just one lotus, please!"

Again the man was angry, and gave no lotus. Then the third of them repeated the third stanza:—

"Babbling fools! to think that they
Can get a lotus in this way.
Say they yes, or say they no,
Noses cut no more will grow.
See, I ask you honestly:
Give a lotus, sir, to me!"

[323] On hearing this the lake keeper said, "The other two lied, but you have spoken the truth. You deserve to have some lotuses." So he gave him a great bunch of lotus, and went back to his lake.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "The boy who got the lotus was I myself."

No. 262.

MUDU-PĀṆI-JĀTAKA.

"*A soft hand,*" *etc.* This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a backsliding Brother. They brought him to the Hall of Truth, and the Master asked him if he were really a backslider? He replied, yes, he was. Then said the Master, "O Brethren! It is impossible to keep women from going after their desires. In olden days, even wise men could not guard their own daughters; while they stood holding their fathers' hand, without their fathers' knowing, they went away wrong-doing with a paramour"; and he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, while king Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of his Queen Consort. Growing up, he was educated at Takkasilā, and on his father's death he became king in his stead, and reigned righteously.

There dwelt with him a daughter and a nephew, both together in his house. One day as he sat with his court, he said,

"When I am dead my nephew will be king, [324] and my daughter will be his chief queen."

Afterwards, when they were grown up, he was sitting again amidst his court; and he said to them,

"I will bring home some other man's daughter for my nephew, and my own daughter will I marry into another king's family. In this way I shall have many relations." The courtiers agreed. Then the king assigned to the nephew a house outside the palace, and forbade his coming to the palace.

But these two were in love with each other. Thought the youth, "How shall I get the king's daughter outside the house?—Ah, I have it." He gave a present to the nurse.

"What am I to do for this, master?" she asked.

"Well, mother, I want to get a chance of bringing the princess out of doors."

"I will talk it over with the princess," said she, "and then tell you."

"Very good, mother," he replied.

To the princess she came. "Let me pick the insects out of your head," said she.

She sat the princess upon a low stool, and herself sitting on a higher one, she put the princess's head upon her lap, and in looking for the insects, she scratched the princess's head. The princess understood. She thought, "She has scratched me with my cousin the prince's nail, not her own.—Mother," asked she, "have you been with the prince?"

"Yes, my daughter."

"And what did he say?"

"He asked how he could find a way of getting you out of doors."

"If he is wise, he will know," said the princess; and she recited the first stanza, bidding the old woman learn it and repeat it to the prince:—

> "A soft hand, and a well-trained elephant,
> And a black rain-cloud, gives you what you want."

The woman learnt it, and returned to the prince.

"Well, mother, what did the princess say?" he asked.

"Nothing, [325] but only sent you this stanza," replied she; and she repeated it. The prince took it in, and dismissed her.

The prince understood exactly what was meant. He found a beautiful and soft-handed page lad, and prepared him. He bribed the keeper of a state elephant, and having trained the elephant to be impassive, he bided his time. Then, one fast-day of the dark fortnight, just after the middle watch, rain fell from a thick black cloud. "This is the day the princess meant," thought he; he mounted the elephant, and placed the lad of the soft hands on its back, and set out. Opposite the palace he fastened the elephant to the great wall of an open courtyard, and stood before a window getting drenched.

Now the king watched his daughter, and let her rest nowhere but upon a little bed, in his presence. She thought to herself, "To-day the prince will come!" and lay down without going to sleep.

"Father," said she, "I want to bathe."

"Come along, my daughter," said the king. Holding her hands, he led her to the window; he lifted her, and placed her on a lotus ornament outside it, holding her by one hand. As she bathed herself, she held out a

hand to the prince. He loosed off the bangles from her arm, and fastened them on the arm of his page boy; then he lifted the lad, and placed him upon the lotus beside the princess. [326] She took his hand, and placed it in her father's, who took it, and let go his daughter's hand. Then she loosed the ornaments from her other arm, and fastened them on the other hand of the lad, which she placed in her father's, and went away with the prince. The king thought the lad to be his own daughter; and when the bathing was over, he put him to sleep in the royal bedchamber, shut to the door, and set his seal on it; then setting a guard, he retired to his own chamber, and lay down to rest.

When the daylight came, he opened the door, and there he saw this lad. "What's this?" cried he. The lad told how she was fled along with the prince. The king was cast down. "Not even if one goes along and holds hands," thought the king, "can one guard a woman. Thus women it is impossible to guard;" and he uttered these other two stanzas:—

"Though soft of speech, like rivers hard to fill,
Insatiate, nought can satisfy their will:
Down, down they sink: a man should flee afar
From women, when he knows what kind they are.
Whomso they serve for gold or for desire,
They burn him up like fuel in the fire[1]."

[327] So saying, the great Being added, "I must support my nephew;" so with great honour he gave his daughter to this very man, and made him viceroy. And the nephew at his uncle's death became king himself.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths, the backsliding Brother was firmly established in the Fruit of the First Path:—"In those days, I was the king."

[1] The following verses are given by the commentator:

"Where women rule, the seeing lose their sight,
The strong grow weak, the mighty have no might.
Where women rule, virtue and wisdom fly:
Reckless the prisoners in durance lie.
Like highway robbers, all they steal away
From their poor victims, careless come what may—
Reflection, virtue, truth, and reasoning
Self-sacrifice, and goodness—everything.
As fire burns fuel, for each careless wight
They burn fame, glory, learning, wit, and might."

The word for fire is the archaic *jātaveda*, used already in no. 35. See note in vol. i. p. 90.

No. 263.

CULLA-PALOBHANA-JĀTAKA.

[328] "*Not through the sea,*" *etc.* This story the Master told at Jetavana, also about a backsliding Brother. The Master had him brought into the Hall of Truth, and asked if it were true that he was a backslider. Yes, said he, it was. "Women," said the Master, "in olden days made even believing souls to sin." Then he told a story.

Once on a time Brahmadatta, the king of Benares, was childless. He said to his queen, "Let us offer prayer for a son." They offered prayer. After a long time, the Bodhisatta came down from the world of Brahma, and was conceived by this queen. So soon as he was born, he was bathed, and given to a serving woman to nurse. As he took the breast, he cried. He was given to another; but while a woman held him, he would not be quiet. So he was given to a man servant; and as soon as the man took him, he was quiet. After that men used to carry him about. When they suckled him, they would milk the breast for him, or they gave him the breast from behind a screen. Even when he grew older, they could not show him a woman. The king caused to be made for him a separate place for sitting or what not, and a separate room for meditation, all by himself.

When the lad was sixteen years old, the king thought thus within himself. "Other son have I none, and this one enjoys no pleasures. He will not even wish for the kingdom. What's the good of such a son?"

And there was a certain dancing girl, clever at dance and song and music, young, able to gain ascendancy over any man she came across. She approached the king, and asked what he was thinking about; the king told her what it was. [329]

"Let be, my lord," said she: "I will allure him, I will make him love me."

"Well, if you can allure my son, who has never had any dealings whatsoever with women, he shall be king, and you shall be his chief queen!"

"Leave that to me, my lord," said she; "and don't be anxious." So she came to the people of the guard, and said, "At dawn of day I will go to the sleeping place of the prince, and outside the room where he meditates apart I will sing. If he is angry, you must tell me, and I will go away; but if he listens, speak my praises." This they agreed to do.

So in the morning time she took her stand in that place, and sang with a voice of honey, so that the music was as sweet as the song, and the song as sweet as the music. The prince lay listening. Next day, he commanded that she should stand near and sing. The next day, he commanded her to stand in the private chamber, and the next, in his own presence; and so by and bye desire arose in him; he went the way of the world, and knew the joy of love. "I will not let another have this woman," he resolved; and taking his sword, he ran amuck through the street, chasing the people. The king had him captured, and banished him from the city along with the girl.

Together they journeyed to the jungle, away down the Ganges. There, with the river on one side and the sea on the other, they made a hut, and there they lived. She sat indoors, and cooked the roots and bulbs; the Bodhisatta brought wild fruits from the forest.

One day, when he was away in search of fruits, a hermit from an island in the sea, who was going his rounds to get food, saw smoke as he passed through the air, and alighted beside this hut.

"Sit down until it is cooked," said the woman; then her woman's charms seduced his soul, and brought it down from his mystic trance, making a breach in his purity. And he, like a crow with broken wing, [330] unable to leave her, sat there the whole day till he saw the Bodhisatta coming, and then ran off quickly in the direction of the sea. "This must be an enemy," thought he, and drawing his sword set off in chase. But the ascetic, making as though he would rise in the air, fell down into the sea. Then thought the Bodhisatta,

"Yon man is doubtless an ascetic who came hither through the air; and now that his trance is broken, he has fallen into the sea. I must go help him." And standing on the shore he uttered these verses:—

"Not through the sea, but by your magic power,
You journeyed hither at an earlier hour;
Now by a woman's evil company
You have been made to plunge beneath the sea.

"Full of seductive wiles, deceitful all,
They tempt the most pure-hearted to his fall.
Down—down they sink: a man should flee afar
From women, when he knows what kind they are.

"Whomso they serve, for gold or for desire,
They burn him up like fuel in the fire[1]."

[1] The Scholiast gives the following lines in his note:

Hallucination, sorrow, and disease,
Mirage, distress (and solid bonds are these),
The snare of death, deep-seated in the mind—
Who trusts in these is vilest of his kind.

When the ascetic heard these words which the Bodhisatta spake, he stood up in the midst of the sea, and resuming his interrupted trance, he rose through the air, and went away to his dwelling place. Thought the Bodhisatta, "Yon ascetic, with so great a burden, goes through the air like a fleck of cotton. [331] Why should not I like him cultivate the trance, and pass through the air?" So he returned to his hut, and led the woman among mankind again; then he told her to be gone, and himself went into the jungle, where he built him a hut in a pleasant spot, and became an ascetic; he prepared for the mystic trance, cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments, and became destined for the world of Brahma.

When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths: (now at the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother became established in the Fruit of the First Path:) "At that time," said he, "I was myself the youth that had never had anything to do with women."

No. 264.

MAHĀ-PANĀDA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*'Twas king Panāda,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told when he was settled on the bank of the Ganges, about the miraculous power of Elder Bhaddaji.

On one occasion, when the Master had passed the rains at Sāvatthi, he thought he would show kindness to a young gentleman named Bhaddaji. So with all the Brethren who were with him, he made his way to the city of Bhaddiya, and stayed three months in Jātiyā Grove, waiting until the young man should mature and perfect his knowledge. Now young Bhaddaji was a magnificent person, the only son of a rich merchant in Bhaddiya, with a fortune of eight hundred millions. He had three houses for the three seasons, in each of which he stayed four months; and after spending this period in one of them, he used to migrate with all his kith and kin to another in the greatest pomp. On these occasions all the town was a-flutter to see the young man's magnificence; and between these houses used to be erected seats in circles on circles and tiers above tiers.

When the Master had been there three months, he informed the townspeople that he intended to leave. Begging him to wait until the morrow, the townsfolk on the following day collected magnificent gifts for the Buddha and his attendant Brethren; and set up a pavilion in the midst of the town, decorating it and laying out seats; then they announced that the hour had come. The Master

[1] Cp. *Divyāvadāna*, p. 57.

with his company went and took their seats there. Everybody gave generously to them. After the meal was over, the Master in a voice sweet as honey returned thanks to them.

At this moment, young Bhaddaji was passing from one of his residences to another. [332] But that day not a soul came to see his splendour; only his own people were about him. So he asked his people how it was. Usually all the city was in a flutter to see him pass from house to house; circles on circles and tiers above tiers the seats were built; but just then there was nobody but his own followers! What could be the reason?

The reply was, "My lord, the Supreme Buddha has been spending three months near the town, and this day he leaves. He has just finished his meal, and is holding a discourse. All the town is there listening to his words."

"Oh, very well, we will go and hear him too," said the young man. So, in a blaze of ornaments, with his crowd of followers about him, he went and stood on the skirt of the crowd; as he heard the discourse, he threw off all his sins, and attained to high fruition and sainthood.

The Master, addressing the merchant of Bhaddiya, said, "Sir, your son, in all his splendour, while hearing my discourse has become a saint; this very day he should either embrace the religious life, or enter Nirvana."

"Sir," replied he, "I do not wish my son to enter Nirvana. Admit him to the religious order; this done, come with him to my house to-morrow."

The Blessed One accepted this invitation; he took the young gentleman to the monastery, admitted him to the brotherhood, and afterward to the lesser and greater orders. For a week the youth's parents showed generous hospitality to him.

After remaining these seven days, the Master went on alms-pilgrimage, taking the young man with him, and arrived at a village called Koṭi. The villagers of Koṭi gave generously to the Buddha and his followers. At the end of this meal, the Master began to express his thanks. While this was being done, the young gentleman went outside the village, and by a landing-place of the Ganges he sat down under a tree, and plunged in a trance, thinking that he would rise as soon as the Master should come. When the Elders of greatest age approached, he did not rise, but he rose as soon as the Master came. The unconverted folk were angry because he behaved as though he were a Brother of old standing, not rising up even when he saw the eldest Brethren approach.

The villagers constructed rafts. This done, [333] the Master asked where Bhaddaji was. "There he is, Sir." "Come, Bhaddaji, come aboard my raft." The Elder rose, and followed him to his raft. When they were in mid-river, the Master asked him a question.

"Bhaddaji, where is the palace you lived in when Great Panāda was king?" "Here, under the water," was the reply. The unconverted said one to the other, "Elder Bhaddaji is showing that he is a saint!" Then the Master bade him disperse the doubt of his fellow-students.

In a moment, the Elder, with a bow to his Master, moving by his mysterious power, took the whole pile of the palace on his finger, and rose in the air bearing the palace with him (it covered a space of twenty-five leagues); then he made a hole in it and showed himself to the present inhabitants of the palace below, and tossed the building above the water first one league, then two, then three. Then those who had been his kinsfolk in this former existence, who had now become fish or tortoises, water-snakes or frogs, because they loved the palace so much, and had come to life in the very same place, wriggled out of it when it rose up, and tumbled over and over into the water again. When the Master saw this, he said, "Bhaddaji, your relations are in trouble." At his Master's words the Elder let the palace go, and it sank to the place where it had been before.

The Master passed to the further side of the Ganges. Then they prepared

[1] For an explanation of this phrase, *aññaṁ vyākaroti*, see *Mahāvagga* I. v. 19 with the translators' note (*S. B. E.*, *Vinaya Texts* ii. p. 10).

him a seat just on the river bank. On the seat prepared for the Buddha, he sat, like the sun fresh risen pouring forth his rays. Then the Brethren asked him when it was that Elder Bhaddaji had lived in that palace. The Master answered, "In the days of king Great Panāda," and went on to tell them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, a certain Suruci was king of Mithilā, which is a town in the kingdom of Videha. He had a son, named Suruci likewise, and he again had a son, the Great Panāda. They obtained possession of that mansion. They obtained it by a deed done in a former existence. A father and son made a hut of leaves with canes and branches of the fig-tree, as a dwelling for a Paccekabuddha.

The rest of the story will be told in the Suruci Birth, Book XIV.[1]

[334] The Master, having finished telling this story, in his perfect wisdom uttered these stanzas here following:—

"'Twas king Panāda who this palace had,
  A thousand bowshots high, in breadth sixteen,
A thousand bowshots high, in banners clad;
  An hundred storeys, all of emerald green.

"Six thousand men of music to and fro
  In seven companies did dance withal:
As Bhaddaji has said, 'twas even so:
  I, Sakka, was your slave, at beck and call."

[335] At that moment the unconverted people became resolved of their doubt.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:—"Bhaddaji was the Great Panāda, and I was Sakka."

No. 265.

KHURAPPA-JĀTAKA.

"*When many a bow,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told in Jetavana, about a Brother who had lost all energy. The Master asked, was it true that this Brother had lost his energy. Yes, he replied. "Why," asked he, "have you slackened your energy, after embracing this doctrine of salvation? In days of yore, wise men were energetic even in matters which do not lead to salvation;" and so saying he told an old-world tale.

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[1] No. 489.

Once on a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into the family of a forester. When he grew up, he took the lead of a band of five hundred foresters, and lived in a village at the entrance to the forest. He used to hire himself out to guide men through it.

Now one day a man of Benares, a merchant's son, arrived at that village with a caravan of five hundred waggons. Sending for the Bodhisatta, he offered him a thousand pieces to be his guide through the forest. He agreed, and received the money from the merchant's hand; and as he took it, he mentally devoted his life to the merchant's service. Then he guided him into the forest.

In the midst of the forest, up rose five hundred robbers. As for the rest of the company, no sooner did they see these robbers, than they grovelled upon their belly: the head forester alone, shouting and leaping and dealing blows, put to flight all the five hundred robbers, and led the merchant across the wood in safety. Once across the forest, the merchant encamped his caravan; [336] he gave the chief forester choice meats of every kind, and himself having broken his fast, sat pleasantly by him, and talked with him thus: "Tell me," said he, "how it was that even when five hundred robbers, with arms in their hands, were spread all around, you felt not even any fear in your heart?" And he uttered the first stanza:

"When many a bow the shaft at speed let fly—
Hands grasping blades of tempered steel were nigh—
When Death had marshalled all his dread array—
Why, 'mid such terror, felt you no dismay?"

On hearing this the forester repeated the two verses following:

"When many a bow the shaft at speed let fly—
Hands grasping blades of tempered steel were nigh—
When Death had marshalled all his dread array—
I felt a great and mighty joy this day.

"And this my joy gave me the victory;
I was resolved to die, if need should be;
He must contemn his life, who would fulfil
Heroic deeds and be a hero still."

[337] Thus did he send forth his words like a shower of arrows; and having explained how he had done heroically through being free from the desire to live, he parted from the young merchant, and returned to his own village; where after giving alms and doing good he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths the disheartened Brother attained to Sainthood:—"At that time I was the chief of the foresters."

No. 266.

VĀTAGGA-SINDHAVA-JĀTAKA.

"*He for whose sake,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a certain land-owner.

At Sāvatthi, we learn, a handsome woman saw this man, who was also handsome, and fell in love. The passion within her was like a fire burning her body through and through. She lost her senses, both of body and of mind; she cared nothing for food; she only lay down hugging the frame of the bedstead.

Her friends and handmaidens asked her what troubled her at heart that she lay hugging the bedstead; what was the matter, they wished to know. The first few times she answered nothing; but as they continued pressing her, she told them what it was.

"Don't worry," said they, "we'll bring him to you;" and they went and had a talk with the man. At first he refused, but by their much asking he at last consented. They got his promise to come at a certain hour on a fixed day, and told the woman.

She prepared her chamber, and dressed herself in her finery, and sat on the bed waiting until he came. He sat down beside her. Then a thought came into her mind. [338] "If I accept his addresses at once, and make myself cheap, my pride will be humbled. To let him have his will the very first day he comes would be out of place. I will be capricious to-day, and afterwards I will give way." So no sooner had he touched her, and begun to dally, she caught his hands, and spoke roughly to him, bidding him go away, as she did not want him. He shrank back angrily, and went off home.

When the women found out what she had done, and that the man had gone off, they reproached her. "Here you are," they said, "in love with somebody, and lie down refusing to take nourishment; we had great difficulty in persuading the man, but at last we bring him; and then you'll have nothing to say to him!" She told them why it was, and they went off, warning her that she would get talked about.

The man never even came to look at her again. When she found she had lost him, she would take no nourishment, and soon died. When the man heard of her death, he took a quantity of flowers, scents, and perfumes, and went to Jetavana, where he saluted the Master and sat on one side.

The Master asked him, "How is it, lay brother, that we never see you here?" He told him the whole story, adding that he had avoided waiting on the Buddha all this time for shame. Said the Master, "Layman, on this occasion the woman sent for you through her passion, and then would have nothing to do with you and sent you away angry; and just so in olden days, she fell in love with wise persons, sent for them, and when they came refused to have anything to do with them, and thus plagued them and sent them to the right-about." Then at his request the Master told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was a Sindh horse, and they called him Swift-as-the-Wind; and he was the king's horse of ceremony. The grooms used to take him to bathe in the Ganges. There a certain she-ass saw him, and fell in love.

Trembling with passion, [339] she neither ate grass nor drank water; but pined away and became thin, until she was nothing but skin and bone. Then a foal of hers, seeing her pining away, said, "Why do you eat no grass, mother, and drink no water; and why do you pine away, and lie trembling in this place or that? What is the matter?" She would not say; but after he had asked again and again, she told him the matter. Then her foal comforted her, saying,

"Mother, do not be troubled; I will bring him to you."

So when Swift-as-the-Wind went down to bathe, the foal said, approaching him,

"Sir, my mother is in love with you: she takes no food, and she is pining away to death. Give her life!"

"Good, my lad, I will," said the horse. "When my bath is over, the grooms let me go awhile to exercise on the river bank. Do you bring your mother to that place."

So the foal fetched his mother, and turned her loose in the place; then he hid himself hard by.

The groom let Swift-as-the-Wind go for a run; he spied the she-ass, and came up to her.

Now when the horse came up and began to sniff at her, thought the ass to herself, "If I make myself cheap, and let him have his way as soon as he has come here, my honour and pride will perish. I must make as though I did not wish it." So she gave him a kick on the lower jaw, and scampered away. It broke his jaw, and half killed him. "What does she matter to me?" thought Swift-as-the-Wind; [340] he felt ashamed and made off.

Then the ass repented, and lay down on the spot in grief. And her son the foal came up, and asked her a question in the following lines:

"He for whose sake you thin and yellow grew,
  And would not eat a bite,
That dear beloved one is come to you;
  Why do you take to flight?"

Hearing her son's voice, the ass repeated the second verse:

"If at the very first, when by her side
  He stands, without delay
A woman yields, all humbled is her pride:
  Therefore I ran away."

In these words she explained the feminine nature to her son.

The Master, in his perfect wisdom, repeated the third stanza:

"If she refuse a suitor nobly born
Who by her side would stay,
As Kundalī mourned Windswift, she must mourn
For many a long day."

When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths, this land-owner entered on the Fruit of the First Path:—"This woman was the she-ass, and I was Swift-as-the-Wind."

No. 267.

KAKKATĀ-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Gold-clawed creature*," *etc.*—[341] This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about a certain woman.

We are told that a certain land-owner of Sāvatthi, with his wife, was on a journey into the country for the purpose of collecting debts, when he fell among robbers. Now the wife was very beautiful and charming. The robber chief was so taken by her that he purposed killing the husband to get her. But the woman was good and virtuous, a devoted wife. She fell at the robber's feet, crying, "My lord, if you kill my husband for love of me, I will take poison, or stop my breath, and kill myself too! With you I will not go. Do not kill my husband uselessly!" In this way she begged him off.

They both got back safe to Sāvatthi. Then it occurred to them as they passed the monastery in Jetavana, that they would visit it and salute the Master. So to the perfumed cell they went, and after salutation sat down on one side. The Master asked them where they had been. "To collect our debts," they replied. "Did your journey pass off without mishap?" he asked next. "We were captured by robbers on the way," said the husband, "and the chief wanted to murder me; but my wife here begged me off, and I owe my life to her." Then said the Master, "You are not the only one, layman, whose life she has saved. In days of yore she saved the lives of other wise men." And then at his request the Master told an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, there was a great lake in Himalaya, wherein was a great golden Crab. Because he lived there, the place was known as the Crab Tarn. The Crab was very large, as big round as a threshing floor; it would catch elephants, and kill

[1] Cf. Morris in *Contemp. Rev.* 1881, vol. 39, p. 742; Cunningham, *Stupa of Bharhut*, pl. xxv. 2.

and eat them; and from fear of it [342] the elephants durst not go down and browse there.

Now the Bodhisatta was conceived by the mate of an elephant, the leader of a herd, living hard by this Crab Tarn. The mother, in order to be safe till her delivery, sought another place on a mountain, and there she was delivered of a son; who in due time grew to years of wisdom, and was great and mighty, and prospered, and he was like a purple mountain of collyrium.

He chose another elephant for his mate, and he resolved to catch this Crab. So with his mate and his mother, he sought out the elephant herd, and finding his father, proposed to go and catch the Crab.

"You will not be able to do that, my son," said he.

But he begged the father again and again to give him leave, until at last he said, "Well, you may try."

So the young Elephant collected all the elephants beside the Crab Tarn, and led them close by the lake. "Does the Crab catch them when they go down, or while they are feeding, or when they come up again?"

They replied, "When the beasts come up again."

"Well then," said he, "do you all go down to the lake and eat whatever you see, and come up first; I will follow last behind you." And so they did. Then the Crab, seeing the Bodhisatta coming up last, caught his feet tight in his claw, like a smith who seizes a lump of iron in a huge pair of tongs. The Bodhisatta's mate did not leave him, but stood there close by him. The Bodhisatta pulled at the Crab, but could not make him budge. Then the Crab pulled, and drew him towards himself. At this in deadly fear the Elephant roared and roared; hearing which all the other elephants, in deadly terror, ran off trumpeting, and dropping excrement. Even his mate could not stand, but began to make off. [343] Then to tell her how he was held a prisoner, he uttered the first stanza, hoping to stay her from her flight:

"Gold-clawed[1] creature with projecting eyes,
Tarn-bred, hairless, clad in bony shell,
He has caught me! hear my woful cries!—
Mate! don't leave me—for you love me well!"

Then his mate turned round, and repeated the second stanza to his comfort:

"Leave you? never! never will I go—
Noble husband, with your years threescore.
All four quarters of the earth can show
None so dear as thou hast been of yore."

[1] *Siṅgī* means either 'horned' or 'gold,' and the scholiast gives both interpretations. As the word suggested both to the writer, I use a word which expresses both in English.

In this way she encouraged him; and saying, "Noble sir, now I will talk to the Crab a while to make him let you go," she addressed the Crab in the third stanza: [344]

"Of all the crabs that in the sea,
Ganges, or Nerbudda be,
You are best and chief, I know:
Hear me—let my husband go!"

As she spoke thus, the Crab's fancy was smitten with the sound of the female voice, and forgetting all fear he loosed his claws from the Elephant's leg, and suspected nothing of what he would do when he was set free. Then the Elephant lifted his foot, and stepped upon the Crab's back; and at once his eyes started out. The Elephant shouted the joy-cry. Up ran the other elephants all, pulled the Crab along and set him upon the ground, and trampled him to mincemeat. His two claws broken from his body lay apart. And this Crab Tarn, being near the Ganges, when there was a flood in the Ganges, was filled with Ganges water; when the water subsided it ran from the lake into the Ganges. Then these two claws were lifted and floated along the Ganges. One of them reached the sea, the other was found by the ten royal brothers while playing in the water, and they took it and made of it the little drum called Ānaka. The Titans found that which reached the sea, and made it into the drum called Āḷambara. These afterwards being worsted in battle with Sakka, ran off and left it behind. Then Sakka caused it to be kept for his own use; and it is of this they say, "There is thunder like the Āḷambara cloud!"

When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths both husband and wife attained the Fruit of the First Path:—[345] "In those days, this lay sister was the she-elephant, and I myself was her mate."

No. 268[1].

ĀRĀMA-DŪSA-JĀTAKA.

"*Best of all,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told whilst dwelling in the country near Dakkhiṇāgiri, about a gardener's son.

After the rains, the Master left Jetavana, and went on alms-pilgrimage in the

[1] This is the same story as No. 46 (vol. i. of the translation, p. 118): it is briefer, and the verses are not the same. See *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 251; Cunningham, *Bharhut*, XLV. 5.

district about Dakkhiṇāgiri. A layman invited the Buddha and his company, and made them sit down in his grounds till he gave them of rice and cakes. Then he said, "If any of the holy Fathers care to see over the grounds, they might go along with the gardener;" and he ordered the gardener to supply them with any fruit they might fancy.

By and bye they came upon a bare spot. "What is the reason," they asked, "that this spot is bare and treeless?" "The reason is," answered the gardener, "that a certain gardener's son, who had to water the saplings, thought he had better give them water in proportion to the length of the roots; so he pulled them all up to see, and watered them accordingly. The result was that the place became bare."

The Brethren returned, and told this to their Master. Said he, "Not now only has the lad destroyed a plantation; he did just the same before;" and then he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when a king named Vissasena was reigning over Benares, proclamation was made of a holiday. The park keeper thought he would go and keep holiday; so calling the monkeys that lived in the park, he said:

"This park is a great blessing to you. I want to take a week's holiday. Will you water the saplings on the seventh day?" "Oh, yes," said they; he gave them the watering-skins, and went his way.

The monkeys drew water, and began to water the roots.

The eldest monkey cried out: "Wait, now! It's hard to get water always. We must husband it. Let us pull up the plants, [346] and notice the length of their roots; if they have long roots, they need plenty of water; but short ones need but a little." "True, true," they agreed; then some of them pulled up the plants; then others put them in again, and watered them.

The Bodhisatta at the time was a young gentleman living in Benares. Something or other took him to this park, and he saw what the monkeys were doing.

"Who bids you do that?" asked he.

"Our chief," they replied.

"If that is the wisdom of the chief, what must the rest of you be like!" said he; and to explain the matter, he uttered the first stanza:

"Best of all the troop is this:
What intelligence is his!
If he was chosen as the best,
What sort of creatures are the rest!"

Hearing this remark, the monkeys rejoined with the second stanza:

"Brahmin, you know not what you say
Blaming us in such a way!
If the root we do not know,
How can we tell the trees that grow?"

To which the Bodhisatta replied by the third, as follows:

"Monkeys, I have no blame for you,
Nor those who range the woodland through.
The monarch is a fool, to say
'Please tend my trees while I'm away.'"

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[347] When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth: "The lad who destroyed the park was the monkey chief, and I was the wise man."

No. 269.

SUJĀTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Those who are dowered,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while living in Jetavana about one Sujātā, a daughter-in-law of Anātha-piṇḍika, daughter of the great merchant Dhanañjaya, and youngest sister of Visākhā.

We are told that she entered the house of Anātha-piṇḍika full of haughtiness, thinking how great a family she had come from, and she was obstinate, violent, passionate, and cruel; refused to do her part towards her new father and mother, or her husband; and went about the house with harsh words and hard blows for everyone.

One day, the Master and five hundred brothers visited Anātha-piṇḍika's house, and took their seats. The great merchant sat beside the Blessed One, hearkening to his discourse. At the same time Sujātā happened to be scolding the servants.

The Master ceased speaking, and asked what that noise was. The merchant explained that it was his rude daughter-in-law; that she did not behave properly towards her husband or his parents, she gave no alms, and had no good points; faithless and unbelieving, she went about the house scolding day and night. The Master bade send for her.

The woman came, and after saluting the Master, she stood on one side. Then the Master addressed her thus:

"Sujātā, there are seven kinds of wife a man may have; of which sort are you?" She replied, "Sir, you speak too shortly for me to understand; please explain." "Well," said the Master, "listen attentively," and he uttered the following verses:

"One is bad-hearted, nor compassionates
The good; loves others, but her lord she hates.
Destroying all that her lord's wealth obtains[1],
This wife the title of Destroyer gains.

[1] It is not clear whether *vadhena kītassa* is 'the thing bought by his wealth,' or the 'person'; probably both.

"Whate'er the husband gets for her by trade,
Or skilled profession, or the farmer's spade,
[348] She tries to filch a little out of it.
For such a wife the title Thief is fit.

"Careless of duty, lazy, passionate,
Greedy, foul-mouthed, and full of wrath and hate,
Tyrannical to all her underlings—
All this the title High and Mighty brings.

"Who evermore compassionates the good,
Cares for her husband as a mother would,
Guards all the wealth her husband may obtain—
This wife the title Motherly will gain.

"She who respects her husband in the way
Young sisters reverence to elders pay,
Modest, obedient to her husband's will,
The Sisterly is this wife's title still.

"She whom her husband's sight will always please
As friend that friend after long absence sees,
High-bred and virtuous, giving up her life
To him—this one is called the Friendly wife.

"Calm when abused, afraid of violence,
No passion, full of dogged patience,
True-hearted, bending to her husband's will,
Slave is the title given to her still."

[349] "These, Sujātā, are the seven wives a man may have. Three of these, the Destructive wife, the Dishonest wife, and Madam High and Mighty are reborn in hell; the other four in the Fifth Heaven.

"They who are called Destroyer in this life,
The High and Mighty, or the Thievish wife,
Being angry, wicked, disrespectful, go
Out of the body into hell below.

"They who are called the Friendly in this life,
Motherly, Sisterly, or Slavish wife,
By virtue and their long self-mastery
Pass into heaven when their bodies die."

Whilst the Master was explaining these seven kinds of wives, Sujātā attained to the Fruit of the First Path; and when the Master asked to which class she belonged, she answered, "I am a slave, Sir!" and respectfully saluting the Buddha, gained pardon of him.

Thus by one admonition the Master tamed the shrew; and after the meal, when he had declared their duties amidst the Brotherhood, he entered his scented chamber.

Now the Brethren gathered together in the Hall of Truth, and sang the Master's praises. "Friend, by a single admonition the Master has tamed a shrew, and raised her to Fruition of the First Path!" The Master entered, and asked what they were talking of as they sat together. They told him. Said he, "Brethren, this is not the first time that I have tamed Sujātā by a single admonition." And he proceeded to tell an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, while Brahmadatta reigned over Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of his Queen Consort. When he grew up

he received his education at Takkasilā, and after the death of his father, became king and ruled in righteousness.

His mother was a passionate woman, cruel, harsh, shrewish, ill-tongued. The son wished to admonish his mother; but he felt he must not do anything so disrespectful; so he kept on the look-out for a chance of dropping a hint.

One day he went down into the grounds, and his mother went with him. [350] A blue jay screeched on the road. At this all the courtiers stopped their ears, crying—

"What a harsh voice, what a shriek!—don't make that noise!"

While the Bodhisatta was walking through the park with his mother, and a company of players, a cuckoo, perched amid the thick leaves of a sāl[1] tree, sang with a sweet note. All the bystanders were delighted at her voice; clasping their hands, and stretching them out, they besought her—"Oh, what a soft voice, what a kind voice, what a gentle voice!—sing away, birdie, sing away!" and there they stood, stretching their necks, eagerly listening.

The Bodhisatta, noting these two things, thought that here was a chance to drop a hint to the queen-mother. "Mother," said he, "when they heard the jay's cry on the road, every body stopped their ears, and called out—Don't make that noise! don't make that noise! and stopped up their ears: for harsh sounds are liked by no body." And he repeated the following stanzas:—

"Those who are dowered with a lovely hue,
Though ne'er so fair and beautiful to view,
Yet if they have a voice all harsh to hear
Neither in this world nor the next are dear.

"There is a bird that you may often see;
Ill-favoured, black, and speckled though it be,
Yet its soft voice is pleasant to the ear:
How many creatures hold the cuckoo dear!

"Therefore your voice should gentle be and sweet,
Wise-speaking, not puffed up with self-conceit.
And such a voice—how sweet the sound of it!—
Explains the meaning of the Holy Writ[2]."

When the Bodhisatta had thus admonished his mother with these three verses, he won her over to his way of thinking; and ever afterwards she followed a right course of living. And he having by one word made his mother a self-denying woman afterwards passed away to fare according to his deeds.

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[1] *Shorea Robusta.*

[2] The last stanza comes from *Dhammapada*, v. 363, not quoted word for word, but adapted to the context.

[351] When the Master had ended this discourse, he thus identified the Birth: "Sujātā was the mother of the king of Benares, and I was the king himself."

No. 270.

ULŪKA-JĀTAKA.

"*The owl is King,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while living at Jetavana, about a quarrel between Crows and Owls.

At the period in question, the Crows used to eat Owls during the day, and at night, the Owls flew about, nipping off the heads of the Crows as they slept, and thus killing them. There was a certain brother who lived in a cell on the outskirts of Jetavana. When the time came for sweeping, there used to be a quantity of crows' heads to throw away, which had dropt from the tree, enough to fill seven or eight pottles. He told this to the brethren. In the Hall of Truth the Brethren began to talk about it. "Friend, Brother So-and-so finds ever so many crows' heads to throw away every day in the place where he lives!" [352] The Master came in, and asked what they were talking about as they sat together. They told him. They went on to ask how long it was since the Crows and Owls fell a-quarrelling. The Master replied, "Since the time of the first age of the world;" and then he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, the people who lived in the first cycle of the world gathered together, and took for their king a certain man, handsome, auspicious, commanding, altogether perfect. The quadrupeds also gathered, and chose for king the Lion; and the fish in the ocean chose them a fish called Ānanda. Then all the birds in the Himalayas assembled upon a flat rock, crying,

"Among men there is a king, and among the beasts, and the fish have one too; but amongst us birds king there is none. We should not live in anarchy; we too should choose a king. Fix on some one fit to be set in the king's place!"

They searched about for such a bird, and chose the Owl; "Here is the bird we like," said they. And a bird made proclamation three times to all that there would be a vote taken on this matter. After patiently hearing this announcement twice, on the third time up rose a Crow, and cried out,

"Stay now! If that is what he looks like when he is being consecrated king, what will he look like when he is angry? If he only looks at us in anger, we shall be scattered like sesame seeds thrown on a hot

plate. I don't want to make this fellow king!" and enlarging upon this he uttered the first stanza:—[353]

"The owl is king, you say, o'er all bird-kind:
With your permission, may I speak my mind?"

The Birds repeated the second, granting him leave to speak:—

"You have our leave, Sir, so it be good and right:
For other birds are young, and wise, and bright."

Thus permitted, he repeated the third:—

"I like not (with all deference be it said)
To have the Owl anointed as our Head.
Look at his face! if this good humour be,
What will he do when he looks angrily?"

Then he flew up into the air, cawing out "I don't like it! I don't like it!" The Owl rose and pursued him. Thenceforward those two nursed enmity one towards another. And the birds chose a golden Goose for their king, and dispersed.

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[354] When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—"At that time, the wild Goose chosen for king was I myself."

No. 271.

UDAPĀNA-DŪSAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*This well a forest-anchorite,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told whilst dwelling at Isipatana, about a Jackal that fouled a well.

We learn that a Jackal used to foul a well where the Brethren used to draw water, and then used to make off. One day the novices pelted him with clods of earth, and made it uncomfortable for him. After that he never came to look at the place again.

The Brethren heard of this and began to discuss it in the Hall of Truth. "Friend, the jackal that used to foul our well has never come near it since the novices chased him away with clods!" The Master came in, and asked what they were talking about now as they sat together. They told him. Then he replied, "Brethren, this is not the first time that this jackal fouled a well. He did the same before;" and then he told an old-world tale.

Once on a time, in this place near Benares called Isipatana was that very well. At that time the Bodhisatta was born of a good family. When he grew up he embraced the religious life, and with a body of followers dwelt at Isipatana. A certain Jackal fouled the well as has been described, and took to his heels. One day, the ascetics surrounded him, and having caught him somehow, they led him before the Bodhisatta. He addressed the Jackal in the lines of the first stanza:—

"This well a forest-anchorite has made
Who long has lived a hermit in the glade.
And after all his trouble and his toil
Why did you try, my friend, the well to spoil?"

[355] On hearing this, the Jackal repeated the second stanza:—

"This is the law of all the Jackal race,
To foul when they have drunk in any place:
My sires and grandsires always did the same;
So there is no just reason for your blame."

Then the Bodhisatta replied with the third:—

"If this is 'law' in jackal polity
I wonder what their 'lawlessness' can be!
I hope that I have seen the last of you,
Your actions, lawful and unlawful too."

Thus the Great Being admonished him, and said, "Do not go there again." Thenceforward he did not even pause to look at it.

When the Master had ended this discourse he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—"The Jackal that fouled the well is the same in both cases; and I was the chief of the ascetic band."

No. 272.

VYAGGHA-JĀTAKA.

"*What time the nearness,*" *etc.*—[356] This story the Master told whilst living at Jetavana, about Kokālika[1]. The circumstances of this story will be given in the Thirteenth Book, and the Takkāriya-jātaka[2]. Here again Kokālika said, "I will take Sāriputta and Moggallāna with me." So having left Kokālika's country, he travelled to Jetavana, greeted the Master, and went on to the

[1] Kokālika was a follower of Devadatta.
[2] No. 481.

Elders. He said, "Friends, the citizens of Kokālika's country summon you. Let us go thither!" "Go yourself, friend, we won't," was the answer. After this refusal he went away by himself.

The Brethren got talking about this in the Hall of Truth. "Friend! Kokālika can't live either with Sāriputta and Moggallāna, or without them! He can't put up with their room or their company!" The Master came in, and enquired what they were all talking about together. They told him. He said, "In olden days, just as now, Kokālika couldn't live with Sāriputta and Moggallāna, or without them." And he told a story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was a tree-spirit living in a wood. Not far from his abode lived another tree-spirit, in a great monarch of the forest. In the same forest dwelt a lion and a tiger. For fear of them no one durst till the earth, or cut down a tree, no one could even pause to look at it. And the lion and tiger used to kill and eat all manner of creatures; and what remained after eating, they left on the spot and departed, so that the forest was full of foul decaying stench.

The other spirit, being foolish and knowing neither reason nor unreason, one day bespoke thus the Bodhisatta:

"Good friend, the forest is full of foul stench all because of this lion and this tiger. I will drive them away."

Said he, "Good friend, it is just these two creatures [357] that protect our homes. Once they are driven off, our homes will be made desolate. If men see not the lion and the tiger tracks, they will cut all the forest down, make it all one open space, and till the land. Please do not do this thing!" and then he uttered the first two stanzas:

"What time the nearness of a bosom friend
Threatens your peace to end,
If you are wise, guard your supremacy
Like the apple of your eye.

"But when your bosom friend does more increase
The measure of your peace,
Let your friend's life in everything right through
Be dear as yours to you."

When the Bodhisatta had thus explained the matter, the foolish sprite notwithstanding did not lay it to heart, but one day assumed an awful shape, and drove away the lion and tiger. The people, no longer seeing the footmarks of these, divined that the lion and tiger must have gone to another wood, and cut down one side of this wood. Then the sprite came up to the Bodhisatta [358] and said to him,

"Ah, friend, I did not do as you said, but drove the creatures away; and now men have found out that they are gone, and they are cutting down the wood! What is to be done?" The reply was, that they were

gone to live in such and such a wood; the sprite must go and fetch them back. This the sprite did; and, standing in front of them, repeated the third stanza, with a respectful salute:

"Come back, O Tigers! to the wood again,
And let it not be levelled with the plain;
For, without you, the axe will lay it low;
You, without it, for ever homeless go."

This request they refused, saying, "Go away! we will not come." The sprite returned to the forest alone. And the men after a very few days cut down all the wood, made fields, and brought them under cultivation.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—"Kokālika was then the foolish Sprite, Sāriputta the Lion, Moggallāna the Tiger, and the wise Sprite was I myself."

No. 273.

KACCHAPA-JĀTAKA.

[359] "*Quis pateram extendens*," *etc.*—This story the Master told during a stay in Jetavana, how a quarrel was made up between two magnates of the king's court in Kosala[1]. The circumstances have been told in the Second Book.

Brahmadatta quondam Benari regnante, Bodisatta sacerdotali genere regno Kasensi natus, postquam ad puberem aetatem pervenit, in urbe Takkasila studiis se dedit, et mox, cum lubidines tandem compressisset, solitarius homo in agro Himavanto prope ripam Gangae frondibus ramisque arborum mapale contexit ubi habitaret, Facultates Potentiasque magicas foveret, gaudium perpetuae cogitationis perciperet. Tum quidem hoc modo nato ita mens erat placida placataque ut ad summam patientiam unus pervenerit.

[1] Compare Nos. 154, 165.

Quem in limine casae sedentem visitabat Simius quidam impudentissimus pessimusque, inque aurem eius semen emittere solebat, neque tamen eum commovere poterat, sed sedebat porro summa animi tranquillitate Bodisatta. Accidit quondam ut ex aqua Testudo egressa somnum ore aperto captaret, in sole apricans. Quam cum vidisset Simius ille impudens, nec mora, pene in os inserto incepit futuere. Continuo Testudo experrecta os velut cistellam conclusit dentibusque comprendit id quod insertum erat. Simius cum nequiret nimium dolorem mulcere 'quo eam,' inquit, 'cui persuadeam ut hoc dolore me liberet?' Fore ut liberaretur ratus si ad Bodisattam pervenisset, Testudine ambabus manibus sublata ad Bodisattam pergit: qui ludos fecit Simium versibus his: [360]

"quis pateram extendens[1] nostram mendicat ad aulam?
unde venis? precibus quae, precor, esca datast?"

Quibus auditis Simius respondit:

"quod tetigisse nefas, tetigi: sum simius amens.
eripe me! ereptus mox nemora alta petam."

Continuo pergit Bodisatta, Simium allocutus:

"Cassapa testudo genus est: Condannus at ille:
Cassapa Condannum mitte fututa precor[2]."

[361] His verbis valde delectata Testudo Simium omisit: qui Bodisattae dicta salute, se in fugam dedit, neque umquam postea eum locum ne oculis quidem usurpavit. Testudo quoque cum salutem dixisset abiit, at Bodisatta, defixo in contemplatione perpetua animo, tandem in eum locum, cuius dominus Brahma deus, pervenit.

When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: "The two magnates were the Monkey and Tortoise, and I was the hermit."

[1] The tortoise looked like a begging bowl.

[2] A curious verse, as bearing on the laws of marriage. *Kassapa* means 'belonging to the Tortoise clan' (for which see e.g. Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, i. 438). The scholiast's note is: "The Tortoises are of the Kassapa clan, monkeys of the Koṇḍañña" = Skr. *Kauṇḍinya*, "between which two clans there is intermarriage (*āvāhavivāhasambandho*); now that it is consummated, let go."

No. 274

LOLA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Who is this tufted crane*," *etc.*—This story the Master told in Jetavana about a greedy Brother. He too was brought to the Audience Hall, when the Master said—"It is not only now that he is greedy; greedy he was before, and his greed lost him his life; and by his means wise men of old were driven out of house and home." Then he told a story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, a rich merchant's cook of that town hung up a nest-basket in the kitchen to win merit by it. The Bodhisatta at that time was a Pigeon; and he came and lived in it.

Now a greedy Crow as he flew over the kitchen was attracted by the fish which lay about in great variety. He fell a-hungering after it. "How in the world can I get some?" [362] thought he. Then his eye fell upon the Bodhisatta. "I have it!" thinks he, "I'll make this creature my cat's-paw." And this is how he carried out his resolve.

When the Pigeon went out to seek his day's food, behind him, following, following, came the Crow.

"What do you want with me, Mr Crow?" says the Pigeon. "You and I don't feed alike."

"Ah, but I like you," says the Crow. "Let me be your humble servant, and feed with you."

The Pigeon agreed. But when they went feeding together, the Crow only pretended to eat with him; ever and anon he would turn back, peck to bits some lump of cow-dung, and get a worm or two. When he had had his bellyful, up he flies—"Hullo, Mr Pigeon! what a time you take over your meal! You never know where to draw the line. Come, let's be going back before it is too late." And so they did. When they got back together, the Cook, seeing that their Pigeon had brought a friend, hung up another basket.

In this way things went on for four or five days. Then a great purchase of fish came to the rich man's kitchen. How the Crow longed

[1] The same story occurs in vol. i. p. 112 (no. 42). It has been also translated and slightly shortened by the writer, in Jacobs' *Indian Fairy Tales*, page 222. The two birds and the nest-basket seem to be figured on the Bharhut Stupa (Cunningham, pl. XLV. 7).

for some! There he lay, from early morn, groaning and making a great noise. In the morning, says the Pigeon to the Crow:

"Come along, old fellow,—breakfast!"

"You can go," says he, "I have such a fit of indigestion!"

"A Crow with indigestion? Nonsense!" says the Pigeon. "Even a lamp-wick hardly stays any time in your stomach; and anything else you digest in a trice, as soon as you eat it. Now you do what I tell you. [363] Don't behave in this way just for seeing a little fish!"

"Why, Sir, what are you saying? I tell you I have a bad pain inside!"

"All right, all right," says the Pigeon; "only do take care." And away he flew.

The Cook got all the dishes ready, and then stood at the kitchen door, mopping the sweat off him. "Now's my time!" thinks Mr Crow, and alights on a dish with some dainty food in it. Click! The cook heard the noise, and looked round. Ah! in a twinkling he caught the Crow, and plucked off all his feathers, except one tuft on the top of his head; then he powdered ginger and cinnamon, and mixt it up with buttermilk, and rubbed it in well all over the bird's body. "That's for spoiling my master's dinner, and making me throw it away!" said he, and threw him into his basket. Oh, how it hurt!

By and by, in came the Pigeon from his hunt. The first thing he saw was our Crow, making a great to-do. What fun he did make of him, to be sure! He dropt into poetry, as follows:—

"Who is this tufted crane[1] I see
Where she has no right to be?
Come out! my friend the Crow is near,
Who will do you harm, I fear!"

[364] To this the Crow answered with another verse:—

"No tufted crane am I—no, no!
Nothing but a greedy Crow.
I would not do as I was told
So I'm plucked, as you behold."

And the Pigeon rejoined with a third:—

"You'll come to grief again, I know—
It is your nature to do so.
If people make a dish of meat,
'Tis not for little birds to eat."

[1] The epithet "whose grandfather is the cloud (*lit.* swift one)" is added. I hope the reader will pardon its omission; it is unmanageable The scholiast explains it by the curious superstition:—Cranes are conceived at the sound of thunder. Hence thunder is called their father, and the thundercloud their grandfather.

Then the Pigeon flew away, saying—"I can't live with this creature." And the Crow lay there groaning until he died.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths the greedy Brother reached the Fruit of the Third Path:—"The greedy Brother in those days was the greedy Crow; and I was the Pigeon."

No. 275.

[365] "*Who is this pretty Crane,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana about some greedy Brother. The two stories are just the same as the last. And these are the verses:—

"Who is this pretty Crane, and why
Does he in my Crow's basket lie?
An angry bird, my friend the Crow!
This is his nest, I'd have you know!"

"Do you not know me, friend, indeed?
Together we were used to feed!
I would not do as I was told,
So now I'm plucked, as you behold."

"You'll come to grief again, I know—
It is your nature to do so.
When people make a dish of meat
'Tis not for little birds to eat."

As before, the Bodhisatta said—"I can't live here any more," and flew away some whither.

When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the conclusion of the Truths, the greedy Brother attained the Fruit of the Third Path:—"The greedy Brother was the Crow, and I was the Pigeon."

No. 276.

KURUDHAMMA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Knowing thy faith*," *etc.*—This story the Master told whilst dwelling in Jetavana, about a Brother that killed a wild goose. [366] Two Brothers, great friends, who came from Sāvatthi, and had embraced the religious life, after taking the higher orders used generally to go about together. One day they came to Aciravatī. After a bath, they stood on the sand, basking in the sunlight and talking pleasantly together. At this moment two wild geese flew over their heads. One of the young fellows picked up a stone. "I'm going to hit that goose bird in the eye!" says he. "You can't," says the other. "That I can," says the first, "and not only that—I can hit either this eye or that eye, as I please." "Not you!" says the other. "Look here, then!" says the first; and picking up a three-cornered stone, threw it after the bird. The bird turned its head on hearing the pebble whizz through the air. Then the other, seizing a round pebble, threw it so that it hit the near eye and came out of the other. The goose with a loud cry turned over and over and fell at their very feet.

The Brothers who were standing about saw what had occurred, and ran up, reproaching him. "What a shame," said they, "that you, who have embraced such a doctrine as ours, should take the life of a living creature!" They made him go before the Tathāgata with them. "Is what they say true?" asked the Master. "Have you really taken the life of a living creature?" "Yes, Sir," replied the Brother. "Brother," said he, "how is it that you have done this thing, after embracing so great salvation? Wise men of old, before the Buddha appeared, though they lived in the world, and the worldly life is impure, felt remorse about mere trifles; but you, who have embraced this great doctrine, have no scruples. A Brother ought to hold himself in control in deed, word, and thought." Then he told a story.

Once upon a time, when Dhanañjaya was king of Indapatta City, in the Kuru kingdom, the Bodhisatta was born as a son of his Queen Consort. By and bye he grew up, and was educated at Takkasilā. His father made him Viceroy, [367] and afterwards on his father's death he became king, and grew in the Kuru righteousness, keeping the ten royal duties. The Kuru righteousness means the Five Virtues; these the Bodhisatta observed, and kept pure; as did the Bodhisatta, even so did queen-mother, queen-consort, younger brother, viceroy, family priest, brahmin, driver, courtier, charioteer, treasurer, master of the granaries, noble, porter, courtesan, slave-girl—all did the same.

King, mother, consort, viceroy, chaplain too,
Driver and charioteer and treasurer,
And he that governed the king's granaries,
Porter, and courtesan, eleven in all,
Observed the rules of Kuru righteousness.

[1] Cf. *Cariyā-Piṭaka*, I. 3; *Dhammapada*, p. 416.—In this story the king appears as a rain-maker, and on certain occasions dresses like the gods.

Thus all these did observe the Five Virtues, and kept them untarnished. The king built six Almonries,—one at each of the four city gates, one in the midst of the city, and one at his own door; daily he distributed 600,000 pieces of money in alms, by which he stirred up the whole of India. All India was overspread by his love and delight in charity.

At this period there was in the city of Dantapura, in the kingdom of Kāliṅga, a king named King Kāliṅga. In his realms the rain fell not, and because of the drought there was a famine in the land. The people thought that lack of food might produce a pestilence; and there was fear of drought, and fear of famine—these three fears were ever present before them. The people wandered about destitute hither and thither, leading their children by the hand. All the people in the kingdom gathered together, and came to Dantapura; and there at the king's door they made outcry.

As the king stood, by the window, he heard the noise, and asked why the people were making all that noise. [368]

"Oh, Sire," was the reply, "three fears have seized upon all your kingdom: there falls no rain, the crops fail, there is a famine. The people, starving, diseased, and destitute, are wandering about with their little ones by the hand. Make rain for us, O king!"

Said the king, "What used former monarchs to do, if it would not rain?"

"Former monarchs, O king, if it would not rain, used to give alms, to keep the holy day, to make vows of virtue, and to lie down seven days in their chamber on a grass pallet: then the rain would fall."

"Very good," the king said; and even so did he. Still even so there came no rain. The king said to his court,

"As you bade me, so I have done; but there is no rain. What am I to do?"

"O king, in the city of Indapatta, there is a state elephant, named Añjana-vasabho, the Black Bull. It belongs to Dhanañjaya, the Kuru king. This let us fetch; then the rain will come."

"But how can we do that? The king and his army are not easy to overcome."

"O king, there is no need to fight him. The king is fond of giving, he loves giving: were he but asked, he would even cut off his head in all its magnificence, or tear out his gracious eyes, or give up his very kingdom. There will be no need even to plead for the elephant. He will give it without fail."

"But who is able to ask him?" said the king.

"The Brahmins, great king!"

The king summoned eight Brahmins from a Brahmin village, and with all honour and respect sent them to ask for the elephant. They took

money for their journey, and donned travelling garb, and without resting past one night in a place, travelled quickly until after a few days they took their meal at the almshall in the city gate. When they had satisfied their bodily wants, they asked, "When does the king come to the Almonry?"

The answer was, [369] "On three days in the fortnight—fourteenth, fifteenth, and eighth; but to-morrow is the full moon, so he will come to-morrow also."

So early the next morning, the brahmins went, and entered by the eastern gate. The Bodhisatta also, washed and anointed, all adorned and rarely arrayed, mounted upon a fine elephant richly caparisoned, came with a great company to the Almshall at the eastern gate. There he dismounted, and gave food to seven or eight people with his own hand. "In this manner give," said he, and mounting his elephant departed to the south gate. At the eastern gate the brahmins had had no chance, owing to the force of the royal guard; so they proceeded to the south, and watched when the king should come. When the king reached a rising ground not far from the gate, they raised their hands, and hailed the king victorious. The king guided his animal with the sharp goad to the place where they were. "Well, Brahmins, what is your wish?" asked he. Then the brahmins declared the virtues of the Bodhisatta in the first stanza:—

"Knowing thy faith and virtue, Lord, we come;
For this beast's sake our wealth we spent at home[1].

[370] To this the Bodhisatta made answer, "Brahmins, if all your wealth has been exhausted in getting this elephant, never mind—I give him to you with all his splendour." Thus comforting them, he repeated these two verses:—

"Whether or no ye serve for livery,
Whatever creature shall come here to me,
As my preceptors taught me long ago,
All that come here shall always welcome be.

"This elephant to you for gift I bring:
'Tis a king's portion, worthy of a king!
Take him, with all his trappings, golden chain,
Driver and all, and go your ways again."

[371] Thus spake the great Being, mounted upon his elephant's back; then, dismounting, he said to them—"If there is a spot on him unadorned, I will adorn it and then give him to you." Thrice he went about the creature, turning towards the right, and examined him; but he found no spot on him without adornment. Then he put the trunk into the brahmins'

[1] i.e. we spent all we had on food, trusting that you would give us the elephant when we asked for it.

hands; he besprinkled him with scented water from a fine golden vase, and made him over to them. The brahmins accepted the elephant with his belongings, and seating themselves upon his back rode to Dantapura, and handed him over to their king. But although the elephant was come, no rain fell yet.

Then the king asked again—"What can be the reason?"

They said, "Dhanañjaya, the Kuru King, observes the Kuru righteousness; therefore in his realms it rains every ten or fifteen days. That is the power of the king's goodness. If in this animal there is any good, how little it must be!" Then said the king, "Take this elephant, caparisoned as he is, with all his belongings, and give it back to the king. Write upon a golden plate the Kuru righteousness which he observes, and bring it hither." With these words he despatched the brahmins and courtiers.

These came before the king, and restored his elephant, saying, "My lord, even when your elephant came, [372] no rain fell in our country. They say that you observe the Kuru righteousness. Our king is wishful himself to observe it; and he has sent us, bidding us write it upon a golden plate, and bring it to him. Tell us this righteousness!"

"Friends," says the king, "indeed I did once observe this righteousness; but now I am in doubt about this very point. This righteousness does not bless my heart now: therefore I cannot give it you."

Why, you may ask, did not virtue bless the king any longer? Well, every third year, in the month of Kattika[1] the kings used to hold a festival, called the Kattika Feast. While keeping this feast, the kings used to deck themselves out in great magnificence, and dress up like gods; they stood in the presence of a goblin named Cittarāja, the King of Many Colours, and they would shoot to the four points of the compass arrows wreathed in flowers, and painted in divers colours. This king then, in keeping the feast, stood on the bank of a lake, in the presence of Cittarāja, and shot arrows to the four quarters. They could see whither three of the arrows went; but the fourth, which was shot over the water, this they saw not. Thought the king, "Perchance the arrow which I have shot has fallen upon some fish!" As this doubt arose, the sin of life-taking made a flaw in his virtue; that is why his virtue did not bless him as before. This the king told them; and added, "Friends, I am in doubt about myself, whether or no I do observe the Kuru righteousness; but my mother keeps it well. You can get it from her."

"But, O king," said they, "you had no intent to take life. Without the intent of the heart there is no taking of life. Give us the Kuru righteousness which you have kept!"

[1] October—November.

"Write, then," said he. And he caused them to write upon the plate of gold: "Slay not the living; take not what is not given; [373] walk not evilly in lust; speak no lies; drink no strong drink." Then he added,

"Still, it does not bless me; you had better learn it from my mother."

The messengers saluted the king, and visited the Queen-mother. "Lady," said they, "they say you keep the Kuru righteousness: pass it on to us!"

Said the Queen-mother, "My sons, indeed I did once keep this righteousness, but now I have my doubts. This righteousness does not make me happy, so I cannot give it to you." Now we are told that she had two sons, the elder being king and the younger viceroy. A certain king sent to the Bodhisatta perfumes of fine sandal wood worth an hundred thousand pieces, and a golden neckband worth an hundred thousand. And he, thinking to do his mother honour, sent the whole to her. Thought she: "I do not perfume myself with sandal-wood, I do not wear necklets. I will give them to my sons' wives." Then the thought occurred to her—"My elder son's wife is my lady; she is the chief queen: to her will I give the gold necklet; but the wife of the younger is a poor creature,—to her I will give the sandal perfume." And so to the one she gave the necklet, and the perfume gave she to the other. Afterward she bethought her, "I keep the Kuru righteousness; whether they be poor or whether they be not poor is no matter. It is not seemly that I should pay court to the elder. Perchance by not doing this I have made a flaw in my virtue!" And she began to doubt; that is why she spoke as she did.

The messengers said, "When it is in your hands, a thing is given even as you will. If you have scruples about a thing so small as that, what other sin would you ever do? Virtue is not broken by a thing of that kind. [374] Give us the Kuru righteousness!" And from her also they received it, and wrote it upon the golden plate.

"All the same, my sons," said the Queen-mother, "I am not happy in this righteousness. But my daughter-in-law observes it well. Ask her for it."

So they took their leave respectfully, and asked the daughter in the same way as before. And, as before, she replied, "I cannot, for I keep it myself no longer!"—Now one day as she sat at the lattice, looking down she saw the king making a solemn procession about the city; and behind him on the elephant's back sat the viceroy. She fell in love with him, and thought, "What if I were to strike up a friendship with him, and his brother were to die, and then he were to become king, and take me to wife!" Then it flashed across her mind—"I who keep the Kuru righteousness, who am married to a husband, I have looked with love

upon another man! Here is a flaw in my virtue!" Remorse seized upon her. This she told the messengers.

Then they said, "Sin is not the mere uprising of a thought. If you feel remorse for so small a thing as this, what transgression could you ever commit? Not by such a small matter is virtue broken; give us this righteousness!" And she likewise told it to them, and they wrote it upon a golden plate. But she said, "However, my sons, my virtue is not perfect. But the viceroy observes these rules well; go ye and receive them from him."

Then again they repaired to the viceroy, and as before asked him for the Kuru righteousness.—Now the viceroy used to go and pay his devoirs to the king at evening; and when they came to the palace courtyard, in his car, if he wished to eat with the king, and spend the night there, he would throw his reins and goad upon the yoke; and that was a sign for the people to depart; and next morning early they would come again, and stand awaiting the viceroy's departure. And the charioteer [375] would attend the car, and come again with it early in the morning, and wait by the king's door. But if the viceroy would depart at the same time, he left the reins and goad there in the chariot, and went in to wait upon the king. Then the people, taking it for a sign that he would presently depart, stood waiting there at the palace door. One day he did thus, and went in to wait upon the king. But as he was within, it began to rain; and the king, remarking this, would not let him go away, so he took his meal, and slept there. But a great crowd of people stood expecting him to come out, and there they stayed all night in the wet. Next day the viceroy came out, and seeing the crowd standing there drenched, thought he—"I, who keep the Kuru righteousness, have put all this crowd to discomfort! Surely here is a flaw in my virtue!" and he was seized with remorse. So he said to the messengers: "Now doubt has come upon me if indeed I do keep this righteousness; therefore I cannot give it to you;" and he told them the matter.

"But," said they, "you never had the wish to plague those people. What is not intended is not counted to one's score. If you feel remorse for so small a thing, in what would you ever transgress?" So they received from him too the knowledge of this righteousness, and wrote it on their golden plate. "However," said he, "this righteousness is not perfected in me. But my chaplain keeps it well; go, ask him for it." Then again they went on to the chaplain.

Now the chaplain one day had been going to wait upon the king. On the road he saw a chariot, sent to the king by another king, coloured like the young sun. "Whose chariot?" he asked. "Sent for the king," they said. Then he thought, "I am an old man; if the king were to give me that chariot, how nice it would be to ride about in it!" When he

came before the king, and stood by after greeting him with the prayer for prosperity, [376] they showed the chariot to the king. "That is a most beautiful car," said the king; "give it to my teacher." But the chaplain did not like taking it; no, not though he was begged again and again. Why was this? Because the thought came into his mind—"I, who practise the Kuru righteousness, have coveted another's goods. Surely this is a flaw in my virtue!" So he told the story to these messengers, adding, "My sons, I am in doubt about the Kuru righteousness; this righteousness does not bless me now; therefore I cannot teach it to you."

But the messengers said, "Not by mere uprising of covetise is virtue broken. If you feel a scruple in so small a matter, what real transgression would you ever do?" And from him also they received the righteousness, and wrote it on their golden plate. "Still, this goodness does not bless me now," said he; "but the royal driver[1] carefully practises it. Go and ask him." So they found the royal driver, and asked him.

Now the driver one day was measuring a field. Tying a cord to a stick, he gave one end to the owner of the field to hold, and took the other himself. The stick tied to the end of the cord which he held came to a crab's lurk-hole. Thought he, "If I put the stick in the hole, the crab in the hole will be hurt: if I put it on the other side, the king's property will lose; and if I put it on this side, the farmer will lose. What's to be done?" Then he thought again—"The crab ought to be in his hole; but if he were, he would show himself;" so he put the stick in the hole. The crab made a click! inside. Then he thought, "The stick must have struck upon the crab, and it must have killed him! I observe the Kuru righteousness, and now here's a flaw in it!" [377] So he told them this, and added, "So now I have my doubts about it, and I cannot give it to you."

Said the messengers, "You had no wish to kill the crab. What is done without intent is not counted to the score; if you feel a scruple about so small a matter, what real transgression would you ever do?" And they took the righteousness from his lips likewise, and wrote it on their golden plate. "However," said he, "though this does not bless me, the charioteer practises it carefully; go and ask him."

So they took their leave, and sought out the charioteer. Now the charioteer one day drove the king into his park in the car. There the king took his pleasure during the day, and at evening returned, and entered the chariot. But before he could get back to the city, at the time of sunset a storm cloud arose. The charioteer, fearing the king might get wet, touched up the team with the goad: the steeds sped swiftly home.

[1] Some difference there must be between *rajjugāhakaamacco* and *sāratthi* (the same words occur in *Dhp.* p. 416). I would suggest that the former is the more important, and may answer to the Greek παραιβάτης, Skr. *savyēṣṭhar*.

Ever since, going to the park or coming from it, from that spot they went at speed. Why was this? Because they thought there must be some danger at this spot, and that was why the charioteer had touched them with the goad. And the charioteer thought, "If the king is wet or dry, 'tis no fault of mine; but I have given a touch of the goad out of season to these well-trained steeds, and so they run at speed again and again till they are tired, all by my doing. And I observe the Kuru righteousness! Surely there's a flaw in it now!" This he told the messengers, and said, "For this cause I am in doubt about it, and I cannot give it to you." "But," said they, "you did not mean to tire the horses, and what is done without meaning is not set down to the score. If you feel a scruple about so small a matter, what real transgression could you ever commit?" And they learnt the righteousness from him also, [378] and wrote it down upon their golden plate. But the charioteer sent them in search of a certain wealthy man, saying, "Even though this righteousness does not bless me, he keeps it carefully."

So to this rich man they came, and asked him. Now he one day had gone to his paddy field, and seeing a head of rice bursting the husk, went about to tie it up with a wisp of rice; and taking a handful of it, he tied the head to a post. Then it occurred to him—"From this field I have yet to give the king his due, and I have taken a handful of rice from an untithed field! I, who observe the rules of Kuru righteousness! Surely I must have broken them!" And this matter he told to the messengers, saying, "Now I am in doubt about this righteousness, and so I cannot give it to you."

"But," said they, "you had no thought of thieving; without this one cannot be proclaimed[1] guilty of theft. If you feel scruples in such a small matter, when will you ever take what belongs to another man?" And from him too they received the righteousness, and wrote it down on their golden plate. He added, "Still, though I am not happy in this matter, the Master of the Royal Granaries keeps these rules well. Go, ask him for them." So they betook them to the Master of the Granaries.

Now this man, as he sat one day at the door of the granary, causing the rice of the king's tax to be measured, took a grain from the heap which was not yet measured, and put it down for a marker. At that moment rain began to fall. The official counted up the markers, so many, and then swept them all together and dropt them upon the heap which had been measured. Then he ran in quickly and sat in the gate-house. "Did I throw the markers on the measured heap or the unmeasured?" he wondered; and the thought came into his mind—[379] "If I threw them on what was already measured, the king's property has been increased,

[1] I.e. in the *saṁgha* (*ñatti* is a 'resolution').

and the owners have lost; I keep the Kuru righteousness; and now here's a flaw!" So he told this to the messengers, adding that therefore he had his doubts about it, and could not give it to them. But the messengers said, "You had no thought of theft, and without this no one can be declared guilty of dishonesty. If you feel scruples in a small matter like this, when would you ever steal any thing belonging to another?" And from him too they received the righteousness, and wrote it on their golden plate. "But," added he, "although this virtue is not perfect in me, there is the gatekeeper, who observes it well: go and get it from him." So they went off and asked the gatekeeper.

Now it so happened that one day, at the time for closing the city gate, he cried aloud three times. And a certain poor man, who had gone into the woodland a-gathering sticks and leaves with his youngest sister, hearing the sound came running up with her. Says the door keeper—"What! don't you know that the king is in the city? Don't you know that the gate of this town is shut betimes? Is that why you go out into the woods, making love?" Said the other, "No, master, it is not my wife, but my sister." Then the porter thought, "How unseemly to address a sister as a wife! And I keep the rules of the Kurus; surely I must have broken them now!" This he told the messengers, adding, "In this way I have my doubts whether I really keep the Kuru righteousness, and so I cannot give it to you." But they said, "You said it because you thought so; [380] this does not break your virtue. If you feel remorse on so slight a cause, how could you ever tell a lie with intent?" And so they took down those virtues from him too, and wrote them on their golden plate.

Then he said, "But though this virtue does not bless me, there is a courtesan who keeps it well; go and ask her." And so they did. She refused as the others had done, for the following reason. Sakka, king of the gods, designed to try her goodness; so putting on the shape of a youth, he gave her a thousand pieces, saying, "I will come by and bye." Then he returned to heaven, and did not visit her for three years. And she, for honour's sake, for three years took not so much as a piece of betel from another man. By degrees she got poor; and then she thought—"The man who gave me a thousand pieces has not come these three years; and now I have grown poor. I cannot keep body and soul together. Now I must go tell the Chief Justices, and get my wage as before." So to the court she came, and said, "There was a man three years ago gave me a thousand pieces, and never came back; whether he be dead I know not. I cannot keep body and soul together; what am I to do, my lord?" Said he, "If he does not come for three years, what can you do? Earn your wage as before." As soon as she left the court, after this award, there came a man who offered her a thousand. As she held out her hands to take it, Sakka showed himself. Said she, "Here is the man who gave me

a thousand pieces three years ago: I must not take your money;" and she drew back her hand. Then Sakka caused his own proper shape to be seen, and hovered in the air, shining like the sun fresh risen, and gathered all the city together. Sakka, in the midst of the crowd, [381] said, "To test her goodness I gave her a thousand pieces three years ago. Be like her, and like her keep your honour;" and with this monition, he filled her dwelling with jewels of seven kinds, and saying, "Henceforth be vigilant," he comforted her, and went away to heaven. So for this cause she refused, saying, "Because before I had earned one wage I held out my hand for another, therefore my virtue is not perfect, and so I cannot give it to you." To this the messengers replied, "Merely to hold out the hand is not a breach of virtue: that virtue of yours is the highest perfection!" And from her, as from the rest, they received the rules of virtue, and wrote them on their golden plate. They took it with them to Dantapura, and told the king how they had fared.

Then their king practised the Kuru precepts, and fulfilled the Five Virtues. And then in all the realm of Kāliṅga the rain fell; the three fears were allayed; the land became prosperous and fertile. The Bodhisatta all his life long gave alms and did good, and then with his subjects went to fill the heavens.

When the Teacher had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths, and explained the Birth-tale. At the conclusion of the Truths, some entered the First Path, some the Second, some entered the Third, and some became saints. And the Birth-tale is thus explained:

"Uppalavaṇṇā was the courtesan,
Puṇṇa the porter, and the driver was
Kuccāna; Kolita, the measurer;
The rich man, Sāriputta; he who drove
The chariot, Anuruddha; and the priest
Was Kassapa the Elder; he that was
The Viceroy, now is Nandapaṇḍita;
Rāhula's mother was the queen-consort,
The Queen-mother was Māyā; and the King
Was Bodhisatta.—Thus the Birth is clear."

No. 277.

ROMAKA-JĀTAKA.

[382] "*Here in the hills,*" etc.—This story was told by the Master when at the Bamboo-grove, about attempted murder. The circumstances explain themselves.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became a Pigeon, and with a large flock of pigeons he lived amidst the woodland in a cave of the hills. There was an ascetic, a virtuous man, who had built him a hut near a frontier village not far from the place where the pigeons were, and there in a cave of the hills he lived. Him the Bodhisatta visited from time to time, and heard from him things worth hearing.

After living there a long time, the ascetic went away; and there came a sham ascetic, and lived there. The Bodhisatta, attended by his flock of pigeons, visited him and greeted him respectfully; they spent the day in hopping about the hermit's abode, and picking up food before the cave, and returned home in the evening. There the sham ascetic lived for more than fifty years.

One day the villagers gave him some pigeon's flesh which they had cooked. He was taken with the flavour, and asked what it was. "Pigeon," said they. Thought he, "There come flocks of pigeons to my hermitage; I must kill some of them to eat."

So he got rice and ghee, milk and cummin and pepper, and put it by all ready; in a corner of his robe he hid a staff, and sat down at the hut door watching for the pigeons' coming.

The Bodhisatta came, with his flock, and spied out what wicked thing this sham ascetic would be at. "Yon wicked ascetic sitting there goes under false pretences! Perhaps he has been feeding on some of our kind; I'll find him out!"

So he alighted to leeward, and scented him. [383] "Yes," said he, "the man wants to kill us and eat us; we must not go near him;" and away he flew with his flock. On seeing that he kept aloof, the hermit thought, "I will speak words of honey to him, and make friends, and then kill and eat him!" and he uttered the two first stanzas:

"Here in the hills, for one and fifty years,
O feathered fowl! the birds would visit me,
Nothing suspecting, knowing nought of fears,
In sweet security!

"These very children of the eggs now seem
To fly suspicious to another hill.
Have they forgotten all their old esteem?
Are they the same birds still?"

[384] Then the Bodhisatta stept back and repeated the third:

"We are no fools, and we know you;
We are the same, and you are too:
You have designs against our weal,
So, heretic, this fear we feel."

"They have found me out!" thought the false ascetic. He threw his

staff at the bird, but missed him. "Get away!" said he—"I've missed you!"

"You have missed us," said the Bodhisatta, "but you shall not miss the four hells! If you stay here, I'll call the villagers and make them catch you for a thief. Run off, quick!" Thus he threatened the man, and flew away. The hermit could live there no longer.

The Teacher having ended this discourse, identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the ascetic; the first ascetic, the good one, was Sāriputta; and the chief of the Pigeons was I myself."

No. 278.[1]

MAHISA-JĀTAKA.

[385] "*Why do you patiently*," *etc.* This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a certain impertinent monkey. At Sāvatthi, we are told, was a tame monkey in a certain family; and it ran into the elephant's stable, and perching on the back of a virtuous elephant, voided excrement, and began to walk up and down. The elephant, being both virtuous and patient, did nothing. But one day in this elephant's place stood a wicked young one. The monkey thought it was the same, and climbed upon its back. The elephant seized him in his trunk, and dashing him to the ground, trod him to pieces. This became known in the meeting of the Brotherhood; and one day they all began to talk about it. "Brother, have you heard how the impertinent monkey mistook a bad elephant for a good one, and climbed on his back, and how he lost his life for it?" In came the Master, and asked, "Brethren, what are you talking of as you sit here?" and when they told him, "This is not the first time," said he, "that this impertinent monkey behaved so; he did the same before:" and he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the Himalaya region as a Buffalo. He grew up strong and big, and ranged the hills and mountains, peaks and caves, tortuous woods a many.

Once, as he went, he saw a pleasant tree, and took his food, standing under it.

[1] *Jātaka Mālā*, no. 33 (*Mahisa*); *Cariyā-Piṭaka*, II. 5.

Then an impertinent monkey came down out of the tree, and getting on his back, voided excrement; then he took hold of one of the Buffalo's horns, and swung down from it by his tail, disporting himself. The Bodhisatta, being full of patience, kindliness, and mercy, took no notice at all of his misconduct. This the monkey did again and again.

But one day, the spirit that belonged to that tree, standing upon the tree-trunk, asked him, saying, [386] "My lord Buffalo, why do you put up with the rudeness of this bad Monkey? Put a stop to him!" and enlarging upon this theme he repeated the first two verses as follows:

"Why do you patiently endure each freak
This mischievous and selfish ape may wreak?

"Crush underfoot, transfix him with your horn!
Stop him or even children will show scorn."

The Bodhisatta, on hearing this, replied, "If, Tree-sprite, I cannot endure this monkey's ill-treatment without abusing his birth, lineage, and powers, how can my wish ever come to fulfilment? But the monkey will do the same to any other, thinking him to be like me. And if he does it to any fierce Buffalos, they will destroy him indeed. When some other has killed him, I shall be delivered both from pain and from blood-guiltiness." And saying this he repeated the third verse:

"If he treats others as he now treats me,
They will destroy him; then I shall be free."

A few days after, the Bodhisatta went elsewhither, and another Buffalo, a savage beast, went and stood in his place. The wicked Monkey, [387] thinking it to be the old one, climbed upon his back and did as before. The Buffalo shook him off upon the ground, and drove his horn into the Monkey's heart, and trampled him to mincemeat under his hoofs..

When the Master had ended this teaching, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth: "At that time the bad buffalo was he who now is the bad elephant, the bad monkey was the same, but the virtuous noble Buffalo was I myself."

No. 279.

SATAPATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*As the youth upon his way,*" *etc.* This story the Master told in Jetavana, about Paṇḍuka and Lohita. Of the Six Heretics, two—Mettiya and Bhummaja—lived hard by Rājagaha; two, Assaji and Punabbasu, near Kīṭāgiri, and at Jetavana near Sāvatthi the two others, Paṇḍuka and Lohita. They questioned matters laid down in the doctrine; whoever were their friends and intimates, they would encourage, saying, "You are no worse than these, brother, in birth, lineage, or character; if you give up your opinions, they will have much the better of you," and by saying this kind of thing they prevented their giving up their opinions, and thus strifes and quarrels and contentions arose. The Brethren told this to the Blessed One. The Blessed One assembled the Brethren for that cause, to make explanation; and causing Paṇḍuka and Lohita to be summoned, addressed them: "Is it true, Brethren, that you really yourselves question certain matters, and prevent people from giving up their opinions?" "Yes," they replied. "Then," said he, "your behaviour is like that of the Man and the Crane;" and he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born to a certain family in a Kāsi village. When he grew up, instead of earning a livelihood by farming or trade, [388] he gathered five hundred robbers, and became their chief, and lived by highway robbery and housebreaking.

Now it so happened that a landowner had given a thousand pieces of money to some one, and died before receiving it back again. Some time after, his wife lay on her deathbed, and addressing her son, said,

"Son, your father gave a thousand pieces of money to a man, and died without getting it back; if I die too, he will not give it to you. Go, while I yet live, get him to fetch it and give it back."

So the son went, and got the money.

The mother died; but she loved her son so much, that she suddenly reappeared[1] as a jackal on the road by which he was coming. At that time, the robber chief with his band lay by the road in wait to plunder travellers. And when her son had got to the entrance of the wood, the Jackal returned again and again, and sought to stay him; saying, "My son, don't enter the wood! there are robbers there, who will slay thee and take thy money!"

[1] The word implies a creature not born in the natural way, but taking shape without the need of parents.

But the man understood not what she meant. "Ill luck!" said he, "here's a jackal trying to stop my way!" he said; and he drove her off with sticks and clods, and into the wood he went.

And a crane flew towards the robbers, crying out—"Here's a man with a thousand pieces in his hand! Kill him, and take them!" The young fellow did not know what it was doing, so he thought, "Good luck! here's a lucky bird! now there is a good omen for me!" He saluted respectfully, crying, "Give voice, give voice, my lord!"

The Bodhisatta, who knew the meaning of all sounds, observed what these two did, and thought: "Yon jackal must be the man's mother; so she tries to stop him, and tell him that he will be killed and robbed; but the crane must be some adversary, and that is why it says 'Kill him, and take the money;' and the man does not know what is happening, [389] and drives off his mother, who wishes his welfare, while the crane, who wishes him ill, he worships, under the belief that it is a well-wisher. The man is a fool."

(Now the Bodhisattas, even though they are great beings, sometimes take the goods of others by being born as wicked men; this they say comes from a fault in the horoscope.)

So the young man went on, and by and bye fell in with the robbers. The Bodhisatta caught him, and "Where do you live?" said he.

"In Benares."

"Where have you been?"

"There was a thousand pieces due to me in a certain village; and that is where I have been."

"Did you get it?"

"Yes, I did."

"Who sent you?"

"Master, my father is dead, and my mother is ill; it was she sent me, because she thought I should not get it if she were dead."

"And do you know what has happened to your mother now?"

"No, master."

"She died after you left; and so much did she love you, that she at once became a jackal, and kept trying to stop you for fear you should get killed. She it was that you scared away. But the crane was an enemy, who came and told us to kill you, and take your money. You are such a fool that you thought your mother was an illwisher, when she wished you well, and thought the crane was a wellwisher when it wished ill to you. He did you no good, but your mother was very good to you. Keep your money, and be off!" And he let him go.

When the Master had finished this discourse, he repeated the following stanzas:

"As the youth upon his way
Thought the jackal of the wood
Was a foe, his path to stay,
While she tried to do him good:
That false crane his true friend deeming
Which to ruin him was scheming:

"Such another, who is here,
Has his friends misunderstood;
They can never win his ear
Who advise him for his good.

[390] "He believes when others praise—
Awful terrors prophesying:
As the youth of olden days
Loved the crane above him flying[1]."

When the Master had enlarged upon this theme, he identified the Birth: "At that time the robber chief was I myself."

No. 280.

PUṬA-DŪSAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*No doubt the king,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told in Jetavana, about one who destroyed pottles. At Sāvatthi, we learn, a certain courtier invited the Buddha and his company, and made them sit in his park. [391] As he was distributing to them, during the meal, he said, "Let those who wish to walk about the park, do so." The Brothers walked about the park. At that time the gardener climbed up a tree which had leaves upon it, and said, taking hold of some of the large leaves, "This will do for flowers, this one for fruit," and making them into pottles he dropt them to the foot of the tree. His little son destroyed each as soon as it fell. The Brothers told this to the Master. "Brothers," said the Master, "this is not the first time that this lad has destroyed pottles: he did it before." And he told them an old-world tale.

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1 The scholiast adds the following lines:

The friend who robs another without ceasing;
He that protests, protests incessantly;
The friend who flatters for the sake of pleasing;
The boon companion in debauchery;—
These four the wise as enemies should fear,
And keep aloof, if there be danger near.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a certain family of Benares. When he grew up, and was living in the world as a householder, it happened that for some reason he went into a park, where a number of monkeys lived. The gardener was throwing down his pottles as we have described, and the chief of the monkeys was destroying them as they fell. The Bodhisatta, addressing him, said, "As the gardener drops his pottles, the monkey thinks he is trying to please him by tearing them up[1]," and repeated the first stanza:—

"No doubt the king of beasts is clever
In pottle-making; he would never
Destroy what's made with so much pother,
Unless he meant to make another."

On hearing this the Monkey repeated the second stanza:—

"Neither my father nor my mother
Nor I myself could make another.
What others make, we tear to pieces:
The proper way of monkeys, this is!"

[392] And the Bodhisatta responded with the third:—

"If this is proper monkey nature,
What's the improper way of such a creature!
Be off—it does not matter whether
You're proper or improper—both together!"

and with these words of blame he departed.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time the monkey was the boy who has been destroying the pottles; but the wise man was I myself."

No. 281.

ABBHANTARA-JĀTAKA.

"*There grows a tree,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told in Jetavana, about the Elder Sāriputta giving mango juice to the Sister Bimbādevī. When the Supreme Buddha inaugurated the universal reign of religion, whilst living in a room at Vesāli, the chief wife of the Gotama with five hundred of the Sākiya clan asked for initiation, and received initiation and full orders. Afterwards the five

[1] Should we read, "... Kātukāmo ti maññe" ti?

hundred Sisters became saints on hearing the preaching of Nandaka. But when the Master was living near Sāvatthi, the mother of Rāhula thought to herself, "My husband on embracing the religious life has become omniscient; my son too has become a religious, and lives with him. What am I to do in the midst of the house? I will enter on this life, and go to Sāvatthi, and I will live looking upon the Supreme Buddha and my son continually." So she betook herself to a nunnery, and entered the order, and went and lived in a cell at Sāvatthi, in company of her teachers and preceptors, beholding the Master and her beloved son. The novice Rāhula came and saw his mother.

One day, the Sister was afflicted with flatulence; [393] and when her son came to see her, she could not get to see him, but some others came and told him she was ill. Then he went in, and asked his mother, "What ought you to take?" "Son," said she, "at home this pain used to be cured by mango juice flavoured with sugar; but now we live by begging, and where can we get it?" Said the novice, "I'll get it for you," and departed. Now the preceptor of his reverence Rāhula was the Captain of the Faith, his teacher was the great Moggallāna, his uncle was the Elder Ānanda, and his father was the Supreme Buddha: thus he had great luck. However, he went to no other save only to his preceptor; and after greeting him, stood before him with a sad look. "Why do you seem sad, Rāhula?" asked the Elder. "Sir," he replied, "my mother is ill with flatulence." "What must she take?" "Mango juice and sugar does her good." "All right, I'll get some; don't trouble about it." So next day he took the lad to Sāvatthi, and seating him in a waiting-room, went up to the palace. The king of Kosala bade the Elder be seated. At that very moment the gardener brought a basket of sweet mangoes ripe for food. The king removed the skin, sprinkled sugar, crushed them up himself, and filled the Elder's bowl for him. The Elder returned to the place of waiting and gave them to the novice, bidding him give them to his mother; and so he did. No sooner had the Sister eaten, than her pain was cured. The king also sent messengers, saying, "The Elder did not sit here to eat the mango juice. Go and find out whether he gave it to any one." The messenger went along with the elder, and found out, and then returned to tell the king. Thought the king: "If the Master should return to a worldly life, he would be an universal monarch; the novice Rāhula would be his treasure the Crown Prince[1], the holy Sister would be his treasure the Empress, and all the universe would belong to them. I must go and attend upon them. Now they are living close by there is no time to be lost." So from that day he continually gave mango syrup to the Sister.

It became known among the Brothers how the Elder gave mango syrup to the holy Sister. [394] And one day they fell a-talking in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, I hear that the Elder Sāriputta comforted Sister Bimbādevī with mango syrup." The Master came in and asked, "What are you talking about now?" When they told him—"This is not the first time, Brothers, that Rāhula's mother was comforted with mango syrup by the Elder; the same happened before;" and he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family living in a village of Kāsi. When he grew up, he was educated at Takkasilā, settled down into family life, and on the death of his parents embraced the religious life. After that he remained in the region of Himalaya, cultivating the Faculties and the Attainments. A body of sages gathered round him, and he became their teacher.

[1] Two of the seven *ratanas*, or Treasures of the Empire of an universal monarch.

At the end of a long time time he came down from the hills to get salt and seasoning, and in the course of his wanderings arrived at Benares, where he took up his abode in a park. And at the glory of the virtue of this company of holy men the palace of Sakka shook. Sakka reflected, and perceived what it was. Thought he, "I will do an injury to their dwelling; then their stay will be disturbed; they will be too much distressed to have tranquillity of mind. Then I shall be comfortable again." As he bethought him how to do it, he hit upon a plan. "I will enter the chamber of the chief queen, just at the middle watch of the night, and hovering in the air, I will say—'Lady, if you eat a midmost mango[1], you will conceive a son[2], who shall become a universal monarch.' She will tell the king, and he will send to the orchard for a mango fruit: I will cause all the fruit to disappear. They will tell the king that there is none, and when he asks who eats it, they will say 'The ascetics'." So just in the middle watch, he appeared in the queen's chamber, and hovering in the air, revealed his godhead, and conversing with her, repeated the first two stanzas:—[395]

"There grows a tree, with fruit divine thereon;
Men clepe it Middlemost: and if one be
With child, and eat of it, she shall anon
Bear one to hold the whole wide earth in fee.

"Lady, you are a mighty Queen indeed;
The King, your husband, holds you lief and dear.
Bid him procure the mango for your need,
And he the Midmost fruit will bring you here."

These stanzas did Sakka recite to the queen; and then bidding her be careful, and make no delay, but tell the matter to the king herself, he encouraged her, and went back to his own place.

Next day, the queen lay down, as though ill, giving instructions to her maidens. The king sat upon his throne, under the white umbrella, and looked on at the dancing. Not seeing his queen, he asked a handmaid where she was.

"The queen is sick," replied the girl.

So the king went to see her; and sitting by her side, stroked her back, and asked, "What is the matter, lady?"

"Nothing," said she, "but that I have a craving for something."

"What is it you want, lady?" he asked again.

"A middle mango, my lord."

"Where is there such a thing as a middle mango?"

[1] The phrase is meant to be enigmatical. It is explained below.

[2] The idea of conception by eating of fruit and in other abnormal ways is fully discussed in *The Legend of Perseus*, E. S. Hartland, vol. i. chaps. 4—6.

"I don't know what a middle mango is; but I know that I shall die if I don't get one."

"All right, we will get you one; don't trouble about it."

So the king consoled her, and went away. He took his seat upon the royal divan, and sent for his courtiers. [396] "My queen has a great craving for a *middle mango*. What is to be done?" said he.

Some one told him, "A middle mango is one which grows between two others. Send to your park, and find a mango growing between two others; pluck its fruit and let us give it to the queen." So the king sent men to do after this manner.

But Sakka by his power made all the fruit disappear, as though it had been eaten. The men who came for the mangoes searched the whole park through, and not a mango could they find; so back they went to the king, and told him that mangoes there were none.

"Who is it eats the mangoes?" asked the king.

"The ascetics, my lord."

"Give the ascetics a drubbing, and bundle them out of the park!" he commanded. The people heard and obeyed: Sakka's wish was fulfilled. The queen lay on and on, longing for the mango.

The king could not think what to do. He gathered his courtiers and his brahmins, and asked them, "Do you know what a *middle mango* is?"

Said the brahmins: "My lord, a middle mango is the portion of the gods. It grows in Himalaya, in the Golden Cave. So we have heard by immemorial tradition."

"Well, who can go and get it?"

"A human being cannot go; we must send a young parrot."

At that time there was a fine young parrot in the king's family, as big as the nave of the wheel in the princes' carriage, strong, clever, and full of sharp devices. This parrot the king sent for, and thus addressed him,

"Dear parrot, I have done a great deal for you: you live in a golden cage; you have sweet grain to eat on a golden dish; you have sugared water to drink. There's something I want you to do for me."

"Speak on, my lord," said the parrot.

"Son, my queen has a craving for a *middle mango*; this mango grows in Himalaya, in the Golden Mountain; it is the gods' portion, [397] no human being can go thither. You must bring the fruit back from thence."

"Very good, my king, I will," said the parrot. Then the king gave him sweetened grain to eat, on a golden plate, and sugar-water to drink; and anointed him beneath the wings with oil an hundred times refined; then he took him in both hands, and standing at a window, let him fly away.

The parrot, on the king's errand, flew along in the air, beyond the ways of men, till he came to some parrots which dwelt in the first hill-region of Himalaya. "Where is the middle mango?" he asked them; "tell me the place."

"We know not," said they, "but the parrots in the second range of hills will know."

The parrot listened, and flew away to the second range. After that he went on to the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth. There too the parrots said, "We do not know, but those in the seventh range will know." So he went on there, and asked where the middle mango tree grew.

"In such and such a place, on the Golden Hill," they said.

"I have come for the fruit of it," said he, "guide me thither, and procure the fruit for me."

"That is the portion of the king Vessavaṇa. It is impossible to get near it. The whole tree from the roots upwards is encircled with seven iron nets; it is guarded by thousands of millions of Kumbhaṇḍa goblins; if they see any one, he's done for. The place is like the fire of the dissolution and the fire of hell. Do not ask such a thing!"

"If you will not go with me, then describe the place to me," said he.

So they told him to go by such and such a way. He listened carefully to their instructions. He did not show himself by day; but at dead of night, when the goblins were asleep, he approached the tree, and began softly to climb on one of its roots, when clink! went the iron net [398]—the goblins awoke—saw the parrot, and seized him, crying, "Thief!" Then they discussed what was to be done with him.

Says one, "I'll throw him into my mouth, and swallow him!"

Says another, "I'll crush him and knead him in my hands and scatter him in bits!"

Says a third, "I'll split him in two, and cook him on the coals and eat him!"

The parrot heard them deliberating. Without any fear he addressed them, "I say, Goblins, whose men are you?"

"We belong to king Vessavaṇa."

"Well, you have one king for your master, and I have another for mine. The king of Benares sent me here to fetch a fruit of the middle mango tree. Then and there I gave my life to my king, and here I am. He who loses his life for parents or master is born at once in heaven. Therefore I shall pass at once from this animal form to the world of the gods!" and he repeated the third stanza:

"Whatever be the place which they attain
 Who, by heroic self-forgetfulness,
Strive with all zeal a master's end to gain—
 To that same place I soon shall win access."

After this fashion did he discourse, repeating this stanza. The goblins listened, and were pleased in their heart. "This is a righteous creature," said they, "we must not kill him—let him go!" So they let him go, and said, "I say, Parrot, you're free! Go unharmed out of our hands!" [399]

"Do not let me return empty-handed," said the parrot: "give me a fruit off the tree!"

"Parrot," they said, "it is not our business to give you fruit off this tree. All the fruit on this tree is marked. If there is one fruit wrong we shall lose our lives. If Vessavaṇa is angry and looks but once, a thousand goblins are broken up and scattered like parched peas hopping about on a hot plate. So we cannot give you any. But we will tell you a place where you can get some."

"I care not who gives it," said the parrot, "but the fruit I must have. Tell me where I may get it."

"In one of the tortuous paths of the Golden Mountain lives an ascetic, by name Jotirasa, who watches the sacred fire in a leaf-thatched hut, called Kañcana-patti or Goldleaf, a favourite of Vessavaṇa; and Vessavana sends him constantly four fruits from the tree; go to him."

The parrot took his leave, and came to the ascetic; he gave him greeting, and sat down on one side. The ascetic asked him,

"Where have you come from?" "From the king of Benares." "Why are you come?"

"Master, our Queen has a great craving for the fruit of the middle mango, and that is why I am come. Howbeit the goblins would not give me any themselves, but sent me to you."

"Sit down, then, and you shall have one," said the ascetic. Then came the four which Vessavaṇa used to send. The ascetic ate two of them, gave the parrot one to eat, and when this was eaten he hung the fourth by a string, and made it fast around the parrot's neck, and let him go—"Off with you, now!" said he. The parrot flew back and gave it to the Queen. She ate it, and satisfied her craving, but still all the same she had no son.

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[400] When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth in these words: "At that time Rāhula's mother was the Queen, Ānanda was the parrot, Sāriputta was the ascetic who gave the mango fruit, but the ascetic who lived in the park was I myself."

No. 282.

SEYYA-JĀTAKA.

"*'Tis best that you should know,*" *etc.*—This tale the Master told at Jetavana, about a courtier of the king of Kosala. This man was very useful to the king, we are told, and did everything that had to be done. Because he was very useful, the king did him great honour. The others were jealous, and concocted a slander, and calumniated him. The king believed their saying, and without enquiring into his guilt, bound him in chains, though virtuous and innocent, and cast him into prison. There he dwelt all alone; but by reason of his virtue, he had peace of mind, and with mind at peace he understood the conditions of existence, and attained the fruition of the First Path. By and bye the king found that he was guiltless, and broke his chains and gave him honour more than before. The man wished to pay his respects to the Master; and taking flowers and perfumes, he went to the monastery, and did reverence to the Buddha, and sat respectfully aside. The Master talked graciously with him. "We have heard that ill fortune befel you," said he. "Yes, sir, but I made my ill fortune into good; and as I sat in prison, I produced the fruition of the First Path." "Good friend," said the Master, "you are not the only one who has turned evil into good; for wise men in the olden time turned evil into good as you did." And he told an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of his Queen Consort. He grew up and was educated at Takkasilā; and on his father's death he became king, and kept the ten royal rules: he gave alms, practised virtue, [401] and observed the sacred day.

Now one of his courtiers intrigued among the king's wives. The servants noticed it, and told the king that so and so was carrying on an intrigue. The king found out the very truth of the matter, and sent for him. "Never show yourself before me again," said he, and banished him. The man went off to the court of a neighbouring king, and then all happened as described above in the Mahāsīlava Birth[1]. Here too this king thrice tested him, and believing the word of the courtier came with a great army before Benares with intent to take it. When this was known to the chief warriors of the king of Benares, five hundred in number, they said to the king,

"Such and such a king has come here, wasting the country, with intent to take Benares—here, let us go and capture him!"

"I want no kingdom that must be kept by doing harm," said the king. "Do nothing at all."

[1] No. 51 (vol. i. p. 129 of this translation).

The marauding king surrounded the city. Again the courtiers approached the king, and said,

"My lord, be advised—let us capture him!"

"Nothing can be done," said the king. "Open the city gates." Then, surrounded by his court, he sate down in state upon the great dais.

The marauder entered the town, felling the men at the four gates and ascended the terrace. There he took prisoner the king with all his court, threw chains upon them and cast them into prison. The king, as he sat in prison, pitied the marauder, and an ecstasy of pity was stirred in him. By reason of this pity, the other king felt great torment in his body; he burnt all through as though with a twofold flame; and smitten with great pain, he asked what the matter was.

They replied, "You have cast a righteous king into prison, that is why this is come upon you."

He went and craved pardon of the Bodhisatta, and restored his kingdom, saying, "Your kingdom be your own. [402] Henceforward leave your enemies for me to deal with." He punished the evil counsellor, and returned to his own city.

The Bodhisatta sat in state upon his high dais, in festal array, with his court around him; and addressing them repeated the first two stanzas:

"'Tis best that you should know, the better part
Is evermore the better thing to do.
By treating one with kindliness of heart,
I saved an hundred men from death their due.

"Therefore to all the world I bid you show
The grace of kindliness and friendship dear;
And then alone to heaven you shall not go.
O people of the Kāsi country, hear!"

Thus the great Being praised virtue in the way of pitying the great multitude; and leaving the white umbrella in the great city of Benares, twelve leagues in extent, retired to Himalaya, and embraced the religious life.

[403] The Master, in his perfect wisdom, repeated the third stanza:

"These are the words that I, king Kaṁsa, said,
I the great ruler of Benares town.
I laid my bow, I laid my quiver down,
And my self-mastery I perfected."

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the marauding king, but the king of Benares was I myself."

No. 283.

VAḌḌHAKI-SŪKARA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*The best, the best you always,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told in Jetavana about the Elder Dhanuggahatissa. Mahākosala, the father of king Pasenadi, when he married his daughter, the Lady Kosalā, to king Bimbisāra, gave a village of Kāsi, producing a revenue of a hundred thousand, for bath and perfume money. When Ajātasattu murdered the king his father, the lady Kosalā died of grief. Then thought king Pasenadi, "Ajātasattu has killed his father, my sister has died from sympathy with her husband's misfortune; I will not give the Kāsi town to the parricide." So he refused to give it to Ajātasattu. About this village there was war betwixt these two from time to time. Ajātasattu was fierce and strong, and Pasenadi was a very old man, so he was beaten again and again, and the people of Mahākosala were generally conquered. Then the king asked his courtiers, "We are constantly being beaten; what is to be done?" "My lord," said they, "the reverend fathers are skilled in incantations. We must hear the word of the Brothers who dwell in the Jetavana monastery." Then the king despatched couriers, bidding them listen to the converse of the Brothers at a suitable time. Now at the time there were two old Elders living in a leaf-hut close to the monastery, whose names were Elder Utta and Elder Dhanuggahatissa. [404] Dhanuggahatissa had slept through the first and second watch of the night; and awaking in the last watch, he broke some sticks, lit a fire, and sitting down said, "Utta, my friend!" "What is it, friend Tissa?" "Are you not asleep?" "Now we are awake, what's to do?" "Get up, now, and sit by me." So he did, and began to talk to him. "That stupid, pot-bellied Kosala never has a jar full of boiled rice without letting it spoil; how to plan a war he knows not a bit. He is always being beaten and forced to pay." "But what should he do?" Now just then the couriers stood listening to their talk. The Elder Dhanuggahatissa discussed the nature of war. "War, Sir," said he, "consists of three kinds: the lotus army, the wheel army, and the waggon army[2]. If those who wish to capture Ajātasattu will post garrisons in two hill-forts right away in the hills, and pretend that they are weak, and watch till they get him among the hills, and bar his passage, leap out from the two forts and take him in front and in the rear, and shout aloud, they will quickly have him like a landed fish, like a frog in the fist; and so they will be able to secure him." All this the couriers told their king. The king caused the drum to be beaten for the attack, arranged his army waggon-wise, took Ajātasattu alive; his daughter, Princess Vajirā he gave in marriage to his sister's son, and dismissed her with the Kāsi village for her bath-money.

This event became known among the Brotherhood. One day, they were all talking about it in the Hall of Truth; "Friend, I hear that the king of Kosala conquered Ajātasattu through the instructions of Dhanuggahatissa." The Master

[1] See Morris, *Folk-lore Journal*, iv. 48.

[2] These are technical terms in Sanskrit also (*padmavyūho, çakaṭa°, cakra°*); see Manu 7. 188, 7. 187, and B. R. dict. *s.v.* The 'wheel' explains itself: the 'waggon' was a wedge-shaped phalanx; the 'lotus,' as noted by Bühler (trans. of Manu in *S. B. E.* page 246), is "equally extended on all sides and perfectly circular, the centre being occupied by the king."

came in; "What do you sit here talking about now, Brothers?" asked he. They told him. He said, "This is not the first time that Dhanuggahatissa was clever in discussing war": and he told them an old-world tale.

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[405] Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a tree-spirit. At that time there were some carpenters settled in a village near Benares. One of them, on going into the forest to get wood, found a young boar fallen in a pit, which he took home and kept. He grew big, with curved tusks, and was a well-mannered creature. Because the carpenter kept him, he went by the name of Carpenter's Boar. When the carpenter was chopping up a tree, the boar used to turn the tree over with his snout, and with his teeth fetch hatchet and adze, chisel and mallet, and pull along the measuring line by the end. The carpenter was afraid somebody might eat him up; so he took him and let him go in the forest. The Boar ran into the forest, looking for a safe and pleasant place to live in; and at last he espied a great cave up in a mountain side, with plenty of bulbs, and roots, and fruits, a pleasant living-place. Some hundreds of other boars saw him and approached him.

Said he to them, "You are just what I am looking for, and here I have found you. This seems a nice place; and here I mean to live now with you."

"A nice place it certainly is," said they, "but dangerous."

"Ah," said he, "as soon as I saw you, I wondered how it was that those who dwell in so plentiful a place could be so meagre in flesh and blood. What is it you are afraid of?"

"There is a tiger comes in the morning, and every one he sees he seizes and carries off."

"Does this always happen, or only now and then?"

"Always."

"How many tigers are there?"

"Only one."

"What—one alone too many for all of you!"

"Yes, Sir."

"I'll catch him, if you only do what I tell you. Where does this tiger live?"

"On that hill yonder."

So at night he drilled the Boars and prepared them for war; explaining to them the science. [406] "War is of three kinds—the lotus army, the wheel army, and the waggon army:" and he arranged them after the lotus pattern. He knew the place of vantage; so, says he, "Here we must set our battle." The mothers and their suckling brood he placed

in the middle; around these he put the sows that had no young; around these, the little boars; around these, those which were rather young; around these, all whose tusks were grown; around these, the boars fit for battle, strong and powerful, by tens and by twenties; thus he placed them in serried ranks. Before his own position he had a round hole dug; behind it, a pit getting gradually deeper and deeper, shaped like a winnowing basket[1]. As he moved about amongst them, followed by sixty or seventy Boars, bidding them be of good courage, the dawn broke.

The Tiger awoke. "Time now!" thought he. He trotted up till he caught sight of them; then stopped still upon the plateau, glaring at the crowd of Boars. "Glare back!" cried the Carpenter's Boar, with a signal to the rest. They all glared. The Tiger opened his mouth, and drew a long breath: the Boars all did the same. The Tiger relieved himself: so did the Boars. Thus whatever the Tiger did, the Boars did after him.

"Why, what's this!" the Tiger wondered. "They used to take to their heels as soon as they saw me—indeed, they were too much frightened even to run. Now so far from running, they actually stand up against me! Whatever I do, they mimic. There's a fellow yonder on a commanding position: he it is who has organised the rabble. Well, I don't see how to get the better of them." And he turned away and went back to his lair.

Now there was a sham hermit, who used to get a share of the Tiger's prey. This time the Tiger returned empty-handed. Noticing this, the hermit repeated the following stanza. [407]

"The best, the best you always brought before
When you went hunting after the wild boar.
Now empty-handed you consume with grief,
To-day where is the strength you had of yore?"

At this address, the Tiger repeated another stanza:

"Once they would hurry-scurry all about
To find their holes, a panic-stricken rout.
But now they grunt in serried ranks compact:
Invincible, they stand and face me out."

"Oh, don't be afraid of them!" urged the hermit. "One roar and one leap will frighten them out of their wits, and send them pell-mell." The Tiger yielded to this insistence. Plucking up his courage, he went back and stood upon the plateau.

Carpenter's Boar stood between the two pits. "See Master! here's the scoundrel again!" cried the Boars. "Oh, don't be afraid," said he, "we have him now."

[1] The winnowing basket has low walls on three sides, two of them sloping towards the open end. See a picture in Grierson, *Bihar Peasant Life*, 118.

With a roar the Tiger leapt upon Carpenter's Boar. At the very instant he sprang, [408] the Boar dodged and dropped straight into the round hole. The Tiger could not stop, but tumbled over and over and fell all of a heap in the jaws of the other pit, where it got very narrow. Up jumps the Boar out of his hole, and quick as lightning ran his tusk into the Tiger's thighs, tore him about the kidneys, buried his fangs in the creature's sweet flesh, and wounded his head. Then he tosses him out of the pit, crying aloud—"Here's your enemy for you!" They who came first had tiger to eat; but they who came after went about sniffing at the others' mouths, and asking what tiger's flesh tasted like!

But the Boars were still uneasy. "What's the matter now?" asked our Hog, who had noticed their movements.

"Master," said they, "it's all very well to kill one tiger, but the sham hermit can bring ten tigers more!"

"Who is he?"

"A wicked ascetic."

"The tiger I have killed; do you suppose a man can hurt me? Come along, and we'll get hold of him." So they all set forth.

Now the man had been wondering why the Tiger was so long in coming. Could the Boars have caught him? he thought. At last he started to meet him on the way; and as he went, there came the Boars! He snatched up his belongings, and off he ran. The Boars tore after him. He threw away his encumbrances, and with all speed climbed up a fig-tree.

"Now, Master, it's all up!" cried the herd. "The man has climbed a tree!"

"What tree?" their leader asked.

They replied, "A fig-tree."

"Oh, very well," said the leader. "The sows must bring water, the young ones dig about the tree, the tuskers tear at the roots, and the rest surround it and watch." They did their several tasks as he bade them; he meanwhile charged full at a great thick root, [409]—'twas like an axe-blow; and with this one blow he felled the tree to the ground. The Boars who were waiting for the man, knocked him down, tore him to pieces, gnawed the bones clean in a moment!

Now they perched Carpenter's Boar on the tree-trunk. They filled the dead man's shell with water, and sprinkled the Boar to consecrate him for their king; a young sow they consecrated to be his Consort.

This, the saying goes, is the origin of the custom still observed. When people make a king now-a-days, he is placed on a fine chair of fig-wood, and sprinkled out of three shells.

A sprite that dwelt in that forest beheld this marvel. Appearing

before the Boars in a cleft of his tree-trunk, he repeated the third stanza:—

"Honour to all the tribes assembled be!
A wondrous union I myself did see!
How tuskers once a tiger overcame
By federal strength and tusked unity!"

After this discourse the Master identified the Birth: "Dhanuggaha the Elder was the Carpenter's Boar, and I was the tree-sprite."

No. 284.

SIRI-JĀTAKA.

"*Whatever riches they who strive*," *etc.*—This story the Master told about a brahmin who stole good luck. [410] The circumstances of this birth-tale are given above in the Khadiraṅga Birth[1]. As before, the heretical spirit that lived in the gate tower of Anāthapiṇḍika's house, doing penance, brought four and fifty crores of gold and filled the store-rooms, and became a friend of the great man. He led her before the Master. The Master discoursed to her. She heard, and entered on the stream of conversion. Thenceforward the great man's honour was great as before. Now there was living in Sāvatthi a brahmin, versed in lucky marks, who thought on this wise. "Anāthapiṇḍika was poor, and then became famous. What if I make as though I went to see him, and steal his luck?" So to the house he went, and was welcomed hospitably. After exchanging civilities, the host asked why he had come. The brahmin was looking about to see where the man's luck lay. Now Anāthapiṇḍika had a white cock, white as a scoured shell, which he kept in a golden cage, and in the comb of this cock lay the great man's luck. The brahmin looked about and spied where the luck lay. "Noble sir," said he, "I teach magic charms to five hundred young fellows. We are plagued by a cock that crows at the wrong time. Your cock crows at the right time. For him I have come; will you give him to me?" "Yes," said the other: and at the instant the word was uttered, the luck left the cockscomb, and settled in a jewel put away in the pillow. The brahmin observed that the luck had gone into this jewel, and asked for it too. As soon as the owner agreed to give it, the luck left the jewel, and settled in a club for self-defence which lay upon the pillow. The brahmin saw it and asked again. "Take it, and take your leave," said the owner; and in an instant the luck left the club, and settled on the head of the owner's chief wife, who was named the Lady Puññalakkhaṇā. The thievish brahmin thought, when he saw this, "This is an inalienable article which I cannot ask for." Then he told the great man, "Noble sir," said he, "I came to your house to steal your luck. The luck was in the comb of your

[1] No. 40, vol. i. page 100.

cock. But when you gave me the cock, the luck passed into this jewel; when you gave me the jewel it passed into your stick; when you gave the stick to me, it went out of it [411] and passed into the head of the Lady Puññalakkhaṇā. Surely this is inalienable, I can never get it. It is impossible to steal your luck—keep it, then!" and rising from his seat, he departed. Anāthapiṇḍika determined to tell the Master; so he came to the monastery, and after respectfully greeting him, sat on one side, and told the Buddha all about it. The Master listened, and said, "Goodman, now-a-days the luck of one man does not go to another. But formerly the luck belonging to those of small wit went to the wise;" and he told him an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a Brahmin family in the realm of Kāsi. On growing up, he was educated at Takkasilā, and lived among his family; but when his parents died, much distressed he retired to the life of a recluse in Himalaya, and there he cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments.

A long time passed, and he came down to inhabited parts for salt and savouring, and took up his quarters in the gardens of the king of Benares. Next day, on his begging rounds, he came to the door of an elephant-trainer. This man took a fancy to his ways and manners, fed him, and gave him lodging in his own grounds, waiting upon him continually.

Now it happened just then that a man whose business it was to gather firewood failed to get back to town from the woods in time. He lay down for the night in a temple, placing a bundle of sticks under his head for a pillow. At this temple there were a number of cocks quite free, which had perched close by on a tree. Towards morning, one of them, who was roosting high, let fall a dropping on the back of a bird below. "Who dropt that on me?" cried this one. "I did," cried the first. "And why?" "Didn't think," said the other; and then did it again. Hereupon they both began to abuse each other, crying—"What power have you? what power have *you?*" At last the lower one said, "Anybody who kills me, and eats my flesh roasted on the coals, [412] gets a thousand pieces of money in the morning!" And the one above answered—"Pooh, pooh, don't boast about a little thing like that! Anybody who eats my fleshy parts will become king; if he eats my outside, he'll become commander-in-chief or chief queen, according as he's man or woman; if he eats the flesh by my bones, he'll get the post of royal Treasurer, if he be a householder; or, if a holy man, will become the king's favourite!"

The stick-picker heard all this, and pondered. "Now if I become king, there'll be no need of a thousand pieces of money." Quietly he climbed the tree, caught the topmost cock and killed him: he fastened

him in a fold of his dress, saying to himself—"Now I'll be king!" As soon as the gates were opened, in he walked. He plucked the fowl, and cleaned it, and gave it to his wife, bidding her make the meat nice for eating. She got ready the meat with some rice, and set it before him, bidding her lord eat.

"Goodwife," said he, "there's great virtue in this meat. By eating it I shall become king, and you my queen!" So they took the meat and rice down to the Ganges bank, intending to bathe before eating it. Then, putting meat and rice down upon the bank, in they went to bathe.

Just then a breeze stirred up the water, which washed away the meat. Down the river it floated, till it came in sight of an elephant-trainer, a great personage, who was giving his elephants a bath lower down. "What have we here?" said he, and picked it up. "It's fowl and rice, my lord," was the reply. He bade wrap it up, and seal it, and sent it home to his wife, with a message to open it for him when he returned.

The stick-picker also ran off, with his belly puffed out with sand and water which he had swallowed.

Now a certain ascetic, who had divine vision, the favourite chaplain of the elephant-trainer, was thinking to himself, "My patron friend does not leave his post with the elephants. When will he attain promotion?" As he thus pondered, he saw this man by his divine insight, and perceived what was a-doing. He went on before, and sat in the patron's house.

When the master returned, [413] he greeted him respectfully and sat down on one side. Then, sending for the parcel, he ordered food and water to be brought for the ascetic. The ascetic did not accept the food which was offered him; but said, "I will divide this food." The master gave him leave. Then separating the meat into portions, he gave to the elephant-trainer the fleshy parts, the outside to his wife, and took the flesh about the bones for his own share. After the meal was over, he said, "On the third day from this you will become king. Take care what you do!" and away he went.

On the third day a neighbouring king came and beleaguered Benares. The king told his elephant-trainer to dress in the royal robes, bidding him go mount his elephant and fight. He himself put on a disguise, and mingled with the ranks; swift came an arrow, and pierced him, so that he perished then and there. The trainer, learning that the king was dead, sent for a great quantity of money, and beat the drum, proclaiming, "Let those who want money, advance, and fight!" The warrior host in a twinkling slew the hostile king.

After the king's obsequies the courtiers deliberated who was to be

made king. Said they, "While our king was yet alive, he put his royal robes upon the elephant-trainer. This very man has fought and won the kingdom. To him the kingdom shall be given!" And they consecrated him king, and his wife they made the chief queen. The Bodhisatta became his confidant.

After this discourse the Master, in his perfect wisdom, gave utterance to the two stanzas following:

"Whatever riches they who strive amain
Without the aid of luck can ever gain,
All that, by favour of the goddess Luck,
Both skilled and unskilled equally obtain.

"All the world over many meet our sight,
Not only good, but creatures different quite,
Whose lot it is fruition to possess
Of wealth in store which is not theirs by right."

[414] After this the Master added, "Good sir, these beings have no other resource but their merit won in previous births; this enables you to obtain treasures in places where there is no mine." Then he recited the following scripture[1].

"There is a treasury of all good things
Which both to gods and men their wishes brings.
Fine looks, voice, figure, form, and sovranty
With all its pomp, lies in that treasury.
Lordship and government, imperial bliss,
The crown of heaven, within that treasure is.
All human happiness, the joys of heaven,
Nirvana's self, from out that store is given.
True ties of friendship, wisdom's liberty,
Firm self-control, lies in that treasury.
Salvation, understanding, training fit
To make Pacceka Buddhas come from it.
Thus hath this merit a virtue magical;
The wise and stedfast praise it one and all."

[415] Lastly the Fowl repeated the third stanza, explaining the treasures in which lay the luck of Anāthapiṇḍika.

"A fowl, a gem, a club, a wife—
All these with lucky marks were rife.
For all these treasures, be it known,
A good and sinless man did own."

Then he identified the Birth: "Elder Ānanda was the King, and the family priest was the Very Buddha."

[1] *Khud. Pāṭha*, p

No. 285.

MAṆISŪKARA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*To hell shall go he*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about the murder of Sundarī. At that time we learn that the Bodhisatta was honoured and respected. The circumstances were the same as in the Kandhaka[2]; this is an abstract of them. The brotherhood of the Blessed One had received gain and honour like five rivers pouring in a mighty flood; the heretics, finding that gain and honour came to them no longer, becoming dim like fireflies at sunrise, they collected together, and took counsel: "Ever since the priest Gotama appeared, our gain and glory has gone from us. Not a soul ever knows that we exist. Who will help us to bring reproach on Gotama, and prevent him from getting all this?" Then an idea occurred to them. "Sundarī will make us able to do it." So when one day Sundarī visited the heretics' grove, they gave her greeting, but said nothing more. She addressed them again and again, but received no answer. "Has anything annoyed the holy fathers?" she asked. "Why, sister," said they, "do not you see how the priest Gotama annoys us, depriving us of alms and honour?" "What can I do about it?" she said. "You, sister, are fair and lovely. You can bring disgrace upon Gotama, and your words will influence a great many, [416] and you can thus restore our gains and good repute." She agreed, and took her leave. After this she used to take flowers and scents and perfumes, camphor, condiments and fruits, and at evening time, when a great crowd had entered the city after hearing the Master's discourse, she would set her face towards Jetavana. If any asked where she was going, she would say, "To the Priest Gotama; I live with him in one perfumed chamber." Then she spent the night in a heretical settlement, and in the morning entered the road which led from Jetavana into the city. If any asked her where she was going, she replied, "I have been with the priest Gotama in one perfumed chamber, and he made love to me." After the lapse of some days they hired some ruffians to kill Sundarī before Gotama's chamber and throw her body into the dust-heap. And so they did. Then the heretics made a hue and cry after Sundarī, and informed the king. He asked where their suspicions pointed. They answered that she had gone the last few days to Jetavana, but what happened afterwards they did not know. He sent them to search for her. Acting on this permission, they took his own servants, and went to Jetavana, where they hunted about till they found her in the dust-heap. Calling for a litter, they brought the body into the town, and told the king that the disciples of Gotama had killed Sundarī, and thrown her in the dust-heap, in order to cloak the sin of their Master. The king bade them scour the city. All through the streets they went, crying, "Come and see what has been done by the priests of the Sakya prince!" and came back to the palace door. The king had placed the body of Sundarī upon a platform, and had it watched in the cemetery. All the populace, except the holy disciples, went about inside the town, outside the town, in the parks and in the woods, abusing the Brethren, and crying out, "Come and see what the priests of the Sakya prince have done!" The Brethren told all this to the Buddha. Said the Master, "Well, go and reprove these people in these words:

[1] Cf. Morris, *Folk-lore Journal*, iv. 58.

[2] This story is given in *Udānaṁ*, iv. 8 (p. 43). *Khandhakaṁ* seems to mean the Vinaya (Childers *s. v.*, *J. P. T. S.* 1888 *s. v.*), but I cannot find the story there.

"To hell shall go he that delights in lies,
And he who having done a thing, denies:
[417] Both these, when death has carried them away,
As men of evil deeds elsewhere shall rise[1]."

The king directed some men to find out whether Sundarī had been killed by anybody else. Now the ruffians had drunk the blood-money, and were quarrelling together. Said one to another, "You killed Sundarī with one blow, and then threw her in the dust-heap, and here you are, buying liquor with the blood-money!" "All right, all right," said the king's messengers; and they caught the ruffians and dragged them before the king. "Did you kill her?" asked the king. They said, yes, they did. "Who bade you?" "The heretics, my lord." The king had the heretics summoned. "Lift up Sundarī," said he, "and carry her round the city, crying as you go: 'This woman Sundarī wanted to bring disgrace upon the priest Gotama; we had her murdered; the guilt is not Gotama's, nor his disciples'; the guilt is ours!'" They did so. A multitude of the unconverted believed, and the heretics were kept out of mischief by receiving the punishment for murder. Thenceforward the Buddha's reputation grew greater and greater. And then one day they began to gossip in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, the heretics thought to blacken the Buddha, and they only blackened themselves: ever since, our gains and glory have increased!" The Master came in, and asked what they were talking about? They told him. "Brethren," said he, "it is impossible to make the Buddha impure. Trying to stain the Buddha, is like trying to stain a gem of the first water. In bygone ages people have wished to stain a fine jewel, and no matter how they tried, they failed to do it." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a Brahmin family. When he grew up, perceiving the suffering that arises from desire, he went away, and traversed three ranges of Himalaya, where he became a hermit, and lived in a hut of leaves.

Near his hut was a crystal cave, in which lived thirty Boars. Near the cave a Lion used to range. [418] His shadow used to be reflected in the crystal. The Boars used to see this reflection, and terror made them lean and thin-blooded. Thought they, "We see the reflection because this crystal is clear. We will make it dirty and discolour it." So they got some mud from a pool close by, and rubbed and rubbed the crystal with it. But the crystal, being constantly polished by the boars' bristles, got brighter than ever.

They did not know how to manage it; so they determined to ask the hermit how they might sully the crystal. To him therefore they came, and after respectful greeting, they sat down beside him, and gave utterance to these two verses:

"Seven summers we have been
Thirty in a crystal grot.
Now we are keen to dull the sheen—
But dull it we can not.

[1] *Dhammapada*, v. 306; *Sutta Nipāta*, v. 661.

"Though we try with all our might
To obscure its brilliancy,
Still more bright shines forth the light,
What can the reason be?"

The Bodhisatta listened. Then he repeated the third stanza:

"'Tis precious crystal, spotless, bright, and pure;
No glass—its brilliancy for ever sure.
Nothing on earth its brightness can impair.
Boars, you had best betake yourselves elsewhere."

And so they did, on hearing this answer. The Bodhisatta lost himself in rapturous ecstasy, and became destined to Brahma's world.

After this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time, I was the hermit."

No. 286.

SĀLŪKA-JĀTAKA[1].

[419] "*Envy not what Celery eats*" *etc.*—This story the Master told in Jetavana, about the temptation springing from a fat girl. The circumstances will be explained in the Cullanāradakassapa[2] story. So the Master asked this brother whether it was true he had fallen in love. Yes, he said. "With whom?" the Master asked. "With a fat girl." "That woman, brother," said the Master, "is your bane; long ago, as now, you became food for the crowd through your desire to marry her." Then at the request of the brethren he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was an ox named Big Redcoat, and he had a young brother called Little Redcoat. Both of them worked for a family in some village.

[1] Compare No. 30, Vol. I. p. 75, and No. 477; parallels are quoted by Benfey, *Pañcatantra* pref. pp. 228, 229. Æsop's fable of the Calf and the Ox will occur to the reader. See also Rhys Davids' note to his translation of No. 30.

[2] No. 477.

There was in this family a grown-up girl, who was asked in marriage by another family. Now in the first family a pig called Sālūka or Celery[1], was being fatted, on purpose to serve for a feast on the wedding-day; it used to sleep in a sty[2].

One day, Little Redcoat said to his brother, "Brother, we work for this family, and we help them to get their living. Yet they only give us grass and straw, while they feed yon pig with rice porridge, and let it sleep in a sty; and what can it do for them!"

"Brother," said Big Redcoat, "don't covet his porridge. They want to make a feast of him on our young lady's wedding-day, that's why they are fattening him up. Wait a few days, and you'll see him dragged out of his sty, killed, chopped into bits, and eaten up by the visitors." So saying, he composed the first two stanzas : [420]

"Envy not what Celery eats ;
Deadly is the food he gets.
Be content and eat your chaff :
It means long life on your behalf.

"By and bye the guest will come,
With his gossips all and some.
All chopt up poor Celery
With his big flat snout will lie."

A few days after, the wedding guests came, and Sālūka was killed and made a meal of. Both oxen, seeing what became of him, thought their own chaff was the best.

The Master, in his perfect wisdom, repeated the third stanza by way of explanation :

"When they saw the flat-snout lie
All chopt up, poor Celery,
Said the oxen, Best by half
Surely is our humble chaff!"

When the Master had finished this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth :—at the conclusion of the Truths, the Brother in question attained the fruition of the First Path :—"At that time, the stout girl was the same, the lovesick brother was Sālūka, Ānanda was Little Redcoat, and I was Big Redcoat myself."

[1] Lit. edible lotus root.

[2] Heṭṭhamañca, 'perhaps the platform outside the house under the eaves, a favourite resort.' Cp. Rhys Davids, *Buddhist Birth Stories*, p. 277.

No. 287.

LĀBHA-GARAHA-JĀTAKA.

"*He that hath madness,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a fellow-priest of the Elder Sāriputta. [421] This brother came and greeted the Elder, and sitting on one side, he asked him to tell the way in which one could get gain, and how he could get dress and the like. The Elder replied, "Friend, there are four qualities which make a man successful in getting gain. He must get rid of modesty from his heart, must resign his orders, must seem to be mad even if he is not; he must speak slander; he must behave like a dancer; he must use unkind words everywhere." Thus he explained how a man gets a great deal. The brother objected to this method, and went away. The Elder went to his Master, and told him about it. The Master said, "This is not the first time that this brother spoke in dispraise of gain; he did the same before;" and then, at the request of the Elder, he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a Brahmin family. When he grew up to the age of sixteen years, he had already mastered the three Vedas and the eighteen accomplishments; and he became a far-famed teacher, who educated a body of five hundred young men. One young man, a youth of virtuous life, approached his teacher one day with the question, "How is it these people get gain?"

The teacher answered, "My son, there are four qualities which procure gain for those people;" and he repeated the first stanza:—

"He that hath madness, he that slanders well,
That hath an actor's tricks, ill tales doth tell,
Such is the man that wins prosperity
Where all are fools: let this your maxim be."

[422] The pupil, on hearing his master's words, expressed his disapproval of gain-getting in the two following stanzas:—

"Shame upon him that gain or glory wins
By dire destruction and by wicked sins.

"With bowl in hand a homeless life I'll lead
Rather than live in wickedness and greed."

[423] Thus did the youth praise the quality of the religious life; and straight became a hermit, and craved alms with righteousness, cultivating the Attainments, until he became destined to Brahma's world.

When the Master had ended this discourse he thus identified the Birth:—"At that time the brother who disapproved of gain was the young man, but his teacher was I myself."

No. 288.

MACCH-UDDĀNA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Who could believe the story,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana about a dishonest merchant. The circumstances have been told above.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the family of a landed proprietor.

When he grew up, he became a wealthy man. He had a young brother. Afterwards their father died. They determined to arrange some business of their father's. This took them to a village, where they were paid a thousand pieces of money. On their way back, as they waited on a river-bank for the boat, they ate a meal out of a leaf-pottle. The Bodhisatta threw what he left into the Ganges for the fishes, giving the merit to the river-spirit. The spirit accepted this with gratification, which increased her divine power, and on thinking over this increase of her power, became aware what had happened. The Bodhisatta [424] laid his upper garment upon the sand, and there he lay down and went to sleep.

Now the young brother was of a rather thievish nature. He wanted to filch the money from the Bodhisatta and keep it himself; so he packed a parcel of gravel to look like the parcel of money, and put them both away.

When they had got aboard, and were come to mid-river, the younger stumbled against the side of the boat, and dropt overboard the parcel of gravel, as he thought, but really the money.

"Brother, the money's overboard!" he cried. "What's to be done?"

"What can we do? What's gone is gone. Never mind about it," replied the other.

But the river-spirit thought how pleased she had been with the merit she had received, and how her divine power had been increased, and resolved to take care of his property. So by her power she made a big-mouthed fish swallow the parcel, and took care of it herself.

When the thief got home, he chuckled over the trick he had served his brother, and undid the remaining parcel. There was nothing but gravel to be seen! His heart dried up; he fell on his bed, and clutched the bedstead.

[1] *Folk-lore Journal,* iii. 364.

Now some fishermen just then cast their nets for a draught. By power of the river-spirit, this fish fell into the net. The fishers took it to town to sell. People asked what the price was.

"A thousand pieces and seven annas," said the fishermen.

Everybody made fun of them. "We have seen a fish offered for a thousand pieces!" they laughed.

The fishers brought their fish to the Bodhisatta's door, and asked him to buy it.

"What's the price?" he asked.

"You may have it for seven annas," they said.

"What did you ask other people for it?"

"From other people we asked a thousand rupees and seven annas; but you may have it for seven annas," they said.

He paid seven annas for it, and sent it to his wife. She cut it open, and there was the parcel of money! [425] She called the Bodhisatta. He gave a look, and recognising his mark, knew it for his own. Thought he, "These fishers asked other people the price of a thousand rupees and seven annas, but because the thousand rupees were mine, they let me have it for seven annas only! If a man does not understand the meaning of this, nothing will ever make him believe:" and then he repeated the first stanza:—

"Who could believe the story, were he told,
That fishes for a thousand should be sold?
They're seven pence to me: how I could wish
To buy a whole string of this kind of fish!"

When he had said this, he wondered how it was that he had recovered his money. At the moment the river-spirit hovered invisibly in the air, and declared—

"I am the Spirit of the Ganges. You gave the remains of your meal to the fishes, and let me have the merit. Therefore I have taken care of your property;" and she repeated a stanza:—

"You fed the fish, and gave a gift to me.
This I remember, and your piety."

[426] Then the spirit told about the mean trick which the younger brother had played. Then she added, "There he lies, with his heart dried up within him. There is no prosperity for the cheat. But I have brought you your own, and I warn you not to lose it. Don't give it to your young thief of a brother, but keep it all yourself." Then she repeated the third stanza:—

"There's no good fortune for the wicked heart,
And in the sprites' respect he has no part;
Who cheats his brother of paternal wealth
And works out evil deeds by craft and stealth."

Thus spoke the spirit, not wishing that the treacherous villain should receive the money. But the Bodhisatta said, "That is impossible," and all the same sent the brother five hundred.

After this discourse, the Master declared the Truths:—at the conclusion of which the merchant entered upon the fruition of the first path:—and identified the Birth:—"At that time the younger brother was the dishonest merchant, but the elder was I myself."

No. 289.

NĀNA-CCHANDA-JĀTAKA.

"*We live in one house,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told in Jetavana, about the venerable Ānanda's taking a valuable article. The circumstances will be explained in the Juṇha Birth, in the Eleventh Book[1].

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[427] Now once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of his Queen Consort. He grew up, and was educated at Takkasilā; and became king on his father's death. There was a family priest of his father's who had been removed from his post, and being very poor lived in an old house.

One night it happened that the king was walking about the city in disguise, to explore it. Some thieves, their work done, had been drinking in a wine-shop, and were carrying some more liquor home in a jar. They spied him there in the street, and crying—"Halloo, who are you?" they knocked him down, and took his upper robe; then, they picked up their jar, and off they went, scaring him the while.

The aforesaid brahmin chanced at the time to be in the street observing the constellations. He saw how the king had fallen into unfriendly hands, and called to his wife; quickly she came, asking what it was. Said he[2], "Wife, our king has got into the hands of his enemies!" "Why,

[1] No. 456.
[2] *sā* is a mistake for *so.*

your reverence," said she, "what dealings have you with the king? His brahmins will see to it." This the king heard, and, going on a little, called out to the rascals, "I'm a poor man, masters—take my robe and let me go!" As he said this again and again, they let him go out of pity. He took note of the place they lived in, and turned back again.

Said the brahmin to his wife, "Wife, our king has got away from the hands of his enemies!" The king heard this as before; and entered his palace.

When dawn came, the king summoned his brahmins, and asked them a question.

"Have you been taking observations?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Was it lucky or unlucky?"

"Lucky, my lord."

"No eclipse?"

"No, my lord, none."

Said the king, "Go and fetch me the brahmin from such and such a house," giving them directions.

So they fetched the old chaplain, and the king proceeded to question him. [428]

"Did you take observations last night, master?"

"Yes, my lord, I did."

"Was there any eclipse?"

"Yes, my lord: last night you fell into the hands of your enemies, and in a moment you got free again."

The king said, "That is the kind of man a star-gazer ought to be." He dismissed the other brahmins; he told the old one that he was pleased with him, and bade him ask a boon. The man asked leave to consult with his family, and the king allowed him.

The man summoned wife and son, daughter-in-law and maidservant, and laid the matter before them. "The king has granted me a boon; what shall I ask?"

Said the wife, "Get me a hundred milch kine."

The son, named Chatta, said, "For me, a chariot drawn by fine lily-white thoroughbreds."

Then the daughter-in-law, "For me, all manner of trinkets, earrings set with gems, and so forth!"

And the maidservant (whose name was Puṇṇā), "For me, a pestle and mortar, and a winnowing basket."

The brahmin himself wanted to have the revenue of a village as his boon. So when he returned to the king, and the king wanted to know whether his wife had been asked, the brahmin replied, "Yes, my lord

king; but those who are asked are not all of one mind"; and he repeated a couple of stanzas:—

"We live in one house, O king,
But we don't all want the same thing.
My wife's wish—a hundred kine;
A prosperous village is mine;
The student's of course is a carriage and horses,
Our girl wants an earring fine.
While poor little Puṇṇā, the maid,
Wants pestle and mortar, she said!"

"All right," said the king, "they shall all have what they want"; and repeated the remaining lines:—[429]

"Give a hundred kine to the wife,
To the goodman a village for life,
And a jewelled earring to the daughter:
A carriage and pair be the student's share,
And the maid gets her pestle and mortar[1]."

Thus the king gave the brahmin what he wished, and great honour besides; and bidding him thenceforward busy himself about the king's business, he kept the brahmin in attendance upon himself.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time the Brahmin was Ānanda, but the king was I myself."

No. 290.

SĪLA-VĪMAṀSA-JĀTAKA[2].

"*Virtue is lovely,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a brahmin who put his reputation to the test. The circumstances which gave rise to it, and the story itself, are both given in the Sīlavīmaṁsa Birth-tale, in the First Book. Here, as before—

When Brahmadatta was king of Benares, his chaplain resolved to test his own reputation for virtue, and on two days abstracted a coin from the

[1] I hope the indulgent reader will pardon the rime.
[2] Compare Nos. 86, 290, 305, 330, 362.

Treasurer's counter. On the third day they dragged him to the king, and accused him of theft. On the way he noticed some snake-charmers making a snake dance. The king asked him what he had done such a thing for. The brahmin replied, "To try my reputation for virtue": and went on

"Virtue is lovely—so the people deem—
Virtue in all the world is held supreme.
Behold! this deadly snake they do not slay,
'For he is good,' they say.

[430] "Here I proclaim how virtue is all-blest
And lovely in the world: whereof possest
He that is virtuous evermore is said
Perfection's path to tread.

"To kinsfolk dear, he shines among his friends;
And when his union with the body ends,
He that to practise virtue has been fain
In heaven is born again."

Having thus in three stanzas declared the beauty of virtue and discoursed to them, the Bodhisatta went on—"Great king, a great deal has been given to you by my family, my father's property, my mother's, and what I have gained myself: there is no end to it. But I took these coins from the treasury to try my own value. Now I see how worthless in this world is birth and lineage, blood and family, and how much the best is virtue. I will embrace the religious life; allow me to do so!" After many entreaties, the king at last consented. He left the world, and retired to Himalaya, where he took to the religious life, and cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments until he came to Brahma's world.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time the Brahman chaplain who tried his reputation for virtue was I myself."

No. 291.

BHADRA-GHAṬA-JĀTAKA.

[431] "*A ne'er-do-well did once,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a nephew of Anāthapiṇḍika. This person had squandered an inheritance of forty crores of gold. Then he visited his uncle, who gave him a thousand, and bade him trade with it. The man squandered this, and then came again; and

once more he was given five hundred. Having squandered this like the rest, next time his uncle gave him two coarse garments; and when he had worn these out, and once more applied, his uncle had him taken by the neck and turned out of doors. The fellow was helpless, and fell down by a side-wall and died. They dragged him outside and threw him down there. Anāthapiṇḍika went and told the Buddha what had happened to his nephew. Said the Master, "How could you expect to satisfy the man whom I long ago failed to satisfy, even when I gave him the Wishing Cup?" and at his request, he proceeded to tell him an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a rich merchant's son; and after his father's death, took his place. In his house was buried a treasure of four hundred million. He had an only son. The Bodhisatta gave alms and did good until he died, and then he came to life again as Sakka, king of the gods. His son proceeded to make a pavilion across the road, and sat down with many friends round him, to drink. He paid a thousand pieces to runners and tumblers, singers and dancers, and passed his time in drinking, gluttony, and debauchery; he wandered about, asking only for song, music, and dancing, devoted to his boon-companions, sunk in sloth. So in a short time he squandered all his treasure of four hundred millions, [432] all his property, goods, and furniture, and got so poor and miserable that he had to go about clad in rags.

Sakka, as he meditated, became aware how poor he was. Overcome with love for his son, he gave him a Wishing Cup, with these words: "Son, take care not to break this cup. So long as you keep it, your wealth will never come to an end. So take good care of it!" and then he returned to heaven.

After that the man did nothing but drink out of it. One day, he was drunk, and threw the cup into the air, catching it as it fell. But once he missed it. Down it fell upon the earth, and smashed! Then he got poor again, and went about in rags, begging, bowl in hand, till at last he lay down by a wall, and died.

When the Master had finished this tale, he went on:—

"A ne'er-do-well did once a Bowl acquire,
A Bowl that gave him all his heart's desire.
And of this Bowl so long as he took care,
His fortunes were all fair.

"When, proud and drunken, in a careless hour,
He broke the Bowl that gave him all this power,
Naked, poor fool! in rags and tatters, he
Fell in great misery.

"Not otherwise whoso great fortune owes,
But in the enjoying it no measure knows,
Is scorched anon, even as the knave—poor soul!—
That broke his Wishing Bowl."

Repeating these stanzas in his perfect wisdom, he identified the Birth: "At that time Anāthapiṇḍika's nephew was the rascal who broke the Lucky Cup, but I myself was Sakka."

No. 292.

SUPATTA-JĀTAKA[1].

[433] "*Here, in Benares city*," *etc.*—This story the Master told in Jetavana, about a meal of rice mixed with new ghee, with red fish to flavour it, which was given by Elder Sāriputta to Bimbādevī. The circumstances are like those given above in the Abbhantara Birth-tale[2]. Here too the holy Sister had a pain in the stomach. The excellent Rāhula told the Elder. He seated Rāhula in his waiting-room, and went to the king to get the rice, red fish and new ghee. The lad gave it to the holy sister, his mother. No sooner had she eaten than the pain subsided. The king sent messengers to make enquiries, and after that always sent her that kind of food. One day they began to talk about it in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, the Captain of the Faith satisfied the Sister with such and such food." The Master came in, and asked what they were talking about: they told him. Said he, "This is not the first time, Brother, that Sāriputta has given Rāhula's mother what she wanted; he did the same before." So saying, he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a Crow. He grew up, and became chief of eighty thousand crows, a Crow king, by name, Supatta, or Fairwing; and his chief mate went by the name of Suphassā or Softie, his chief Captain was called Sumukho—Prettybeak. With his eighty thousand subjects, he dwelt hard by Benares.

One day he and his mate in search of food passed over the king's kitchen. The king's cook had been preparing a host of dishes, of all sorts of fish, and he had uncovered the dishes for a moment, to cool them. Queen Crow smelt the odour of the food, and longed for a bit. But that day she said nothing.

[1] *Folk-lore Journal*, 3. 360.
[2] No. 281, above.

However the next day, when King Crow proposed that they should go a-feeding, she said, "Go by yourself: there's something I want very much!"

"What is it?" asked he.

"I want some of the king's food to eat; [434] and as I can't get it, I am going to die."

The Crow sat down to think. Prettybeak approached him and asked if anything had displeased him. King Crow told him what it was. "Oh, that'll be all right," said the Captain; and added, to console them both, "you stay where you are to-day, and I'll fetch the meat."

So he gathered the Crows together, and told them the matter. "Now come, and let's get it!" said he; and off they all flew together to Benares. He posted them in companies here and there, near the kitchen to watch; and he, with eight champions, sat on the kitchen roof. While waiting for the king's food to be served, he gave his directions to these: "When the food is taken up, I'll make the man drop the dishes. Once that is done there's an end of me. So four of you must fill your mouths with the rice, and four with the fish, and feed our royal pair with them; and if they ask where I am, say I'm coming."

Well, the cook got his various dishes all ready, hung them on a balance-pole, and went off towards the king's rooms. As he passed through the court, the Crow Captain with a signal to his followers flew and settled upon the carrier's chest, struck him with extended claws, with his beak, sharp as a spear-point, pecked the end of the man's nose, and with his two feet stopped up his jaws.

The king was walking up and down upon an upper floor, when looking out of a large window he saw what the crow was doing. He hailed the carrier: "—Hullo you, down with the dishes and catch the crow!" so the man dropt the dishes and caught the crow tight.

"Come here!" cried the king.

Then the crows ate all they wanted, [435] and picked up the rest as they had been told, and carried it off. Next all the others flocked up, and ate what remained. The eight champions gave it to their king and queen to eat. The craving of Softie was appeased.

The servant who was carrying the dinner brought his crow to the king.

"O Crow!" said he, "you have shown no respect for me! you have broken my servitor's nose! you have smashed my dishes! you have recklessly thrown away your life! What made you do such things?"

Answered the Crow, "O great king! Our king lives near Benares, and I am captain of his forces. His wife (whose name is Softie) conceived a great longing, and wanted a taste of your food. Our king told me what she craved. At once I devoted my life. Now I have sent her the food;

my desire is accomplished. This is the reason why I acted as I did." And to explain the matter, he said—

"Here in Benares city, O great king,
There dwells a king of Crows that hight Fairwing;
Who was attended by a following
Of eighty thousand Crows.

"Softie, his mate, had one o'ermastering wish:
She craved a supper of the king's own fish,
Fresh caught, cooked in his kitchen,—such a dish
As to kings' tables goes.

"You now behold me as their messenger;
It was my royal master sent me here;
And for that I my monarch do revere
I wounded that man's nose."

[436] When the king heard this, he said, "We do great honour to men, and yet cannot make friends of them. Even though we make presents of such things as a whole village, we can find no one willing to give his life for us. But this creature, crow as he is, sacrifices life for his king. He is very noble, sweet-speaking, and good." He was so pleased with the crow's good qualities that he did him the honour of giving him a white umbrella. But the crow saluted the king with this, his own gift, and descanted upon the virtues of Fairwing. The king sent for him, and heard his teaching, and sent them both food of the same sort as he ate himself; and for the rest of the crows he had cooked each day a large measure of rice. He himself walked according to the monition of the Bodhisatta, and protecting all creatures, practised virtue. The admonitions of Fairwing the crow were remembered for seven hundred years.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, the Captain was Sāriputta, but Supatta was I myself."

No. 293.

KĀYA-VICCHINDA-JĀTAKA.

"*Down smitten with a direful illness,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana about a certain man. We learn that there lived at Sāvatthi a man tormented by jaundice, given up by the doctors as a hopeless case. His wife and

son wondered who could be found to cure him. The man thought, "If I can only get rid of this disease, I will take to the religious life." Now it happened that some days after he took something that did him good, and got well. Then he went to Jetavana, and asked admission into the Order. He received the lesser and greater orders from the Master, and before long attained to sainthood. One day after this the brethren were talking together in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, So and so had jaundice, and vowed that if he got well he would embrace the religious life; he did so, and now he has attained sainthood." The Master came in, and asked what they talked about, sitting there together. [437] They told him. Then he said: "Brothers, this is not the only man who has done so. Long ago wise men, recovering from sickness, embraced a religious life, and secured their own advantage." And he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a Brahmin family. He grew up, and began to amass wealth: but he fell sick of the jaundice. Even the physicians could do nothing for him, and his wife and family were in despair. He resolved that if he ever got well, he would embrace the religious life; and having taken something that did him good, he did get well, whereupon he went away to Himalaya and became a religious. He cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments, and dwelt in ecstatic happiness. "All this time," thought he, "I have been without this great happiness!" and he breathed out this aspiration:

"Down smitten with a direful illness, I
In utter torment and affliction lie,
My body quickly withers, like a flower
Laid in the sun upon the dust to dry.

"The noble seems ignoble, and pure the impure seems,
He that is blind, all beautiful a sink of foulness deems.

"Shame on that sickly body, shame, I say,
Loathsome, impure, and full of foul decay!
When fools are indolent, they fail to win
New birth in heaven, and wander from the way."

[438] Thus did the Great Being describe in various ways the nature of impurity and constant disease, and being disgusted with the body and all its parts, cultivated all his life the four excellent conditions of life, till he went to Brahma's world.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he proclaimed the Truths, and identified the Birth—many were they who attained the fruition of the First Path, and so forth—"At that time I myself was the ascetic."

No. 294.

JAMBU-KHĀDAKA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Who is it sits,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta and Kokālika. At the time when Devadatta began to lose his gettings and his repute, Kokālika went from house to house, saying, "Elder Devadatta is born of the line of the First Great King, of the royal stock of Okkāka[2], by an uninterrupted noble descent, versed in all the scriptures, full of ecstatic sanctity, sweet of speech, a preacher of the law. Give to the Elder, help him!" In these words he praised up Devadatta. On the other hand, Devadatta praised up Kokālika, in such words as these: "Kokālika comes from a northern brahmin family; he follows the religious life; he is learned in doctrine, a preacher of the law. Give to Kokālika, help him!" So they went about, praising each other, and getting fed in different houses. One day the brothers began to talk about it in the Hall of Truth. "Friend, Devadatta and Kokālika go about praising each other for virtues which they haven't got, and so getting food." The Master came in, and asked what they were talking about as they sat there. They told him. Said he, "Brethren, this is not the first time that these men have got food by praising each other. Long ago they did the same," and he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became a tree-sprite in a certain rose-apple grove. [439] A Crow perched upon a branch of his tree, and began to eat the fruit. Then came a Jackal, and looked up and spied the Crow. Thought he, "If I flatter this creature, perhaps I shall get some of the fruit to eat!" So in flattery he repeated the first stanza:

"Who is it sits in a rose-apple tree—
Sweet singer! whose voice trickles gently to me?
Like a young peacock she coos with soft grace,
And ever sits still in her place."

The Crow, in his praise, responded with the second:

"He that is noble in breeding and birth
Can praise others' breeding, knows what they are worth.
Like a young tiger thou seemest to be:
Come, eat, Sir, what I give to thee!"

With these words she shook the branch and made some fruit drop.

[1] Compare No. 295, and Æsop's fable of the Fox and the Crow.

[2] A fabulous king, the same as Ikshvāku. See reff. in *J. P. T. S.* 1888, p. 17.

Then the spirit of the tree, beholding these two eating, after flattering each other, repeated the third stanza:

> "Liars foregather, I very well know.
> Here, for example, a carrion Crow,
> And corpse-eating Jackal, with puerile clatter
> Proceed one another to flatter!"

After repeating this stanza, the tree-sprite, assuming a fearful shape, scared them both away.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he summed up the Birth-tale; "At that time the Jackal was Devadatta, the Crow was Kokālika, but the Spirit of the Tree was I myself."

No. 295.

ANTA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Like to a bull*," *etc.*—[440] This is another story told by the Master in the same place and about the same people. The circumstances are the same as before.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became the spirit of a castor-oil-tree which stood in the approach to a certain village. An old ox died in a certain village; and they dragged the carcase out and threw it down in the grove of these trees by the village gate. A Jackal came and began to eat its flesh. Then came a Crow, and perched upon the tree. When she saw the Jackal, she cast about whether by flattery she could not get some of this carcase to eat. And so she repeated the first stanza:

> "Like to a bull your body seems to be,
> Like to a lion your activity.
> O king of beasts! all glory be to thee!
> Please don't forget to leave a bit for me."

[1] *Folk-Lore Journal*, 3. 363. Compare No. 294.

On hearing this the Jackal repeated the second:

"They that of gentle birth and breeding be
Know how to praise the gentle worthily,
O Crow, whose neck is like the peacock's neck,
Come down from off the tree and take a peck!"

The Tree-spirit, on seeing this, repeated the third:

"The lowest of all beasts the Jackal is,
The Crow is lowest of all birds y-wis,
The Castor-oil of trees the lowest tree:—
And now these lowest things are here all three!"

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[441] When the Master had ended this discourse he identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the Jackal, Kokālika was the Crow, but the Tree-spirit was I myself.

No. 296.

SAMUDDA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Over the salt sea wave,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about Elder Upananda. This man was a great eater and drinker; there was no satisfying him even with cartloads of provisions. During the rainy season he would pass his time at two or three different settlements, leaving his shoes in one, his walking-stick in another, and his water-jar in a third, and one he lived in himself. When he visited a country monastery, and saw the brothers with their requisites all ready, he began to talk about the four classes of contented ascetics[2]; laid hold of their garments, and made them pick up rags from the dust-heap; made them take earthen bowls, and give him any bowls that he fancied and their metal bowls; then he filled a cart with them, and carried them off to Jetavana. One day people began to talk in the Hall of Truth. "Friend, Upananda of the Sakka clan, a great eater, a greedy fellow, has been preaching religion to other people, and here he comes with a cartful of priests' property!" The Master came in, and wanted to know what they were talking of as they sat there. They told him. "Brethren," said he, "Upananda has gone wrong before by talking about this contentment. But a man ought first of all to become modest in his desires, before praising the good behaviour of other people.

"Yourself first stablish in propriety,
Then teach; the wise should not self-seeking be."

[1] *Folk-Lore Journal*, 3. 328.

[2] See Childers, p. 56 *b*. The recluse who is contented with the robes presented to him, with the food, with the bedding, and he who delights in meditation.

Pointing out this verse from the Dhammapada[1], and blaming Upananda, he went on, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Upananda has been greedy. Long ago, he thought even the water in the ocean ought to be saved." And he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became a Sea-spirit. Now it so happened that a Water-crow was passing over the sea. He went flying about, and trying to check the shoals of fish and flocks of birds, crying,

"Don't drink too much of the sea-water! be careful of it!" [442] On seeing him, the Sea-spirit repeated the first stanza:

"Over the salt sea wave who flies?
Who checks the shoals of fish, and tries
The monsters of the deep to stay
Lest all the sea be drunk away?"

The Water-crow heard this, and answered with the second stanza:

"A drinker never satisfied
So people call me the world wide,
To drink the sea I fain would try,
And drain the lord of rivers dry."

On hearing which the Sea-spirit repeated the third:

"The ocean ever ebbs away,
And fills again the selfsame day.
Who ever knew the sea to fail?
To drink it up can none avail!"

With these words the spirit assumed a terrible shape and frightened the Water-crow away.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time, Upananda was the Water-crow, but the Spirit was I myself."

No. 297.

KĀMA-VILĀPA-JĀTAKA.

"*O bird, that fliest,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a man who pined for his former wife. The circumstances which called it forth are[2] explained in the Puppharatta Birth-tale[3], and the tale of the past in the Indriya Birth-tale[4].

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[1] Verse 158.
[2] Reading *kathitaṁ*.
[3] No. 147 above, vol. i. page 312.
[4] No. 423.

So the man was impaled alive. As he hung there, he looked up and saw a crow flying through the air; and, nought recking of the bitter pain, he hailed the crow, to send a message to his dear wife, repeating these verses following:

"O bird, that fliest in the sky!
O winged bird, that fliest high!
Tell my wife, with thighs so fair:
Long will seem the time to her.

"She knows not sword and spear are set:
Full wroth and angry she will fret.
That is my torment and my fear,
And not that I am hanging here.

"My lotus-mail I have put by,
And jewels in my pillow lie,
And soft Benares cloth beside.
With wealth let her be satisfied.'

[444] With these lamentations, he died.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth (now at the conclusion of the Truths, the lovesick brother attained the fruition of the First Path): "The wife then was the wife now; but the spirit who saw this, was I myself."

No. 298.

UDUMBARA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Ripe are the figs*," *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a certain Brother, who had made a hermitage to live in at a certain village on the frontier. This delightful dwelling stood upon a flat rock; a little well-swept spot, with enough water to make it pleasant, a village close at hand to go your rounds in, and friendly people to give food. A Brother on his rounds arrived at this place. The Elder who lived in it did the duties of host to the new arrival, and next day took him along with him for his rounds. The people gave him food, and invited him to visit them again next day. After the new-comer had thus fared a few days, he meditated by what means he could oust the other [445] and get hold of the hermitage. Once when he had come[2] to wait upon the Elder, he asked, "Have you ever visited the Buddha, friend?" "Why no, Sir; there's

[1] *Folk-Lore Journal*, 3. 255.

[2] Reading *āgantvā* (which is surely right).

no one here to look after my hut, or I should have gone before." "Oh, I'll look after it while you are gone to visit the Buddha," said the new-comer; and so the owner went, after laying injunctions upon the villagers to take care of the holy Brother until his return. The new-comer proceeded to backbite his host, and hinted to the villagers all sorts of faults in him. The other visited his Master, and returned; but the new-comer refused him harbourage. He found a place to abide in, and next day went on his rounds in the village. But the villagers would not do their duty by him. He was much discouraged, and went back to Jetavana, where he told the Brethren all about it. They began to discuss the matter in their Hall of Truth: "Friend, Brother So-and-so has turned Brother So-and-so out of his hermitage, and taken it for himself!" The Master came in, and wanted to know what they were discussing as they sat there. They told him. Said he, "Brethren, this is not the first time that this man turned the other out of his dwelling;" and he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became a Tree-spirit in the woods. At that time during the rainy season rain used to pour down seven days on a stretch. A certain small red-faced Monkey lived in a rock-cave sheltered from the rain. One day he was sitting at the mouth of it, in the dry, quite happy. As he sat there, a big black-faced Monkey, wet through, perishing with cold, spied him. "How can I get that fellow out, and live in his hole?" he wondered. Puffing out his belly, and making as though he had eaten a good meal, he stopped in front of the other, and repeated the first stanza:

"Ripe are the figs, the banyans good,
And ready for the Monkey's food.
Come along with me and eat!
Why should you for hunger fret?"

[446] Redface believed all this, and longed to have all this fruit to eat. So he went off, and hunted here, and hunted there, but no fruit could he find. Then he came back again; and there was Blackface sitting inside his cave! He determined to outwit him; so stopping in front he repeated the second stanza:

"Happy he who honour pays
To his elders full of days;
Just as happy I feel now
After all that fruit, I vow!"

The big monkey listened, and repeated the third:

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war;
A monkey scents a monkey's tricks afar.
Even a young one were too sharp by half;
But old birds never can be caught with chaff."

The other made off.

When the Master ended this discourse, he summed up the birth-tale: "At that time the owner of the hut was the little monkey, the interloper was the big black monkey, but the Tree-spirit was I myself."

No. 299.

KOMĀYA-PUTTA-JĀTAKA[1].

[447] "*Aforetime you were used*," *etc.*—This story the Master told in Pubbārāma, about some Brethren who were rude and rough in their manners. These Brethren, who lived on the floor below that where the Master was, talked of what they had seen and heard, and were quarrelsome and abusive. The Master called Mahāmoggallāna to him, and bade him go startle them. The Elder rose in the air, and just touched the foundation of the house with his great toe. It shook to the furthest edge of ocean! The Brothers were frightened to death, and came and stood outside. Their rough behaviour became known among the Brethren. One day they got to talking about it in the Hall of Truth. "Friend, there are some Brethren who have retired to this house of salvation, who are rough and rude; they do not see the impermanence, sorrow and unreality of the world, nor do their duty." The Master came in, and asked what they were discussing as they sat there. They told him. "This is not the first time, Brethren," said he, "that they have been rough and rude. They were the same before." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a brahmin's son in a village. They named him Komāyaputta. By and bye he went out and embraced the religious life in the region of Himalaya. There were some frivolous ascetics who had made a hermitage in that region, and there they lived. But they did not take the means to induce religious ecstasy. They fetched the fruits from the woods, to eat; then they spent the time laughing and joking together. They had a monkey, rude-mannered like themselves, which gave them endless amusement by his grimaces and antics.

Long they lived in this place, till they had to go amongst men again to get salt and condiments. After they went away, the Bodhisatta lived in their dwelling-place. The monkey played his pranks for him as he had done for the others. The Bodhisatta snapt his fingers at him, and gave him a lecture, saying, "One who lives with well-trained ascetics [448]

[1] *Folk-Lore Journal*, 3. 254.

ought to behave properly, ought to be well-advised in his actions, and devoted to meditation." After that, the monkey was always virtuous and well-behaved.

After this, the Bodhisatta moved away. The other ascetics returned with their salt and condiments. But the monkey no longer played his pranks for them. "What's this, my friend?" they asked. "Why don't you make sport, as you used to do?" One of them repeated the first stanza:

"Aforetime you were used to play
Where in this hut we hermits stay.
O monkey! as a monkey do;
When you are good we love not you."

On hearing this, the Monkey repeated the second stanza:

"All perfect wisdom by the word
Of wise Komāya I have heard.
Think me not now as I was late;
Now 'tis my love to meditate."

Hereupon the anchorite repeated the third:

"If seed upon the rock you sow,
Though rain should fall, it will not grow.
You may hear perfect wisdom still;
But meditate you never will."

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[449] When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth: "At that time these Brothers were the frivolous anchorites, but Komāyaputta was I myself."

No. 300.

VAKA-JĀTAKA[1].

[449] "*The wolf who takes,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about old friendship. The circumstances were the same in detail as in the Vinaya[1]; this is an abstract of them. The reverend Upasena, a two-years' man, visited

[1] *Mahāvagga*, i. 31. 3 foll. (trans. in *S. B. E.*, i. p. 175); *Folk-Lore Journal*, 3. 359; Morris, *Contemp. Rev.* xxix. 739.

the Master along with a first year's man who lived in the same monastery; the Master rebuked him, and he retired. Having acquired spiritual insight, and attained to sainthood, having got contentment and kindred virtues, having undertaken the Thirteen Practices of a Recluse, and taught them to his fellows, while the Blessed One was secluded for three months, he with his brethren, having accepted the blame first given for wrong speech and nonconformity, received in the second instance approval, in the words, "Henceforth, let any brothers visit me when they will, provided they follow the Thirteen Practices of a Recluse." Thus encouraged, he returned and told it to the Brethren. After that, the brothers followed these practices before coming to visit the Master; then, when he had come out from his seclusion, they would throw away their old rags and put on clean garments. As the Master with all the body of the Brethren went round to inspect the rooms, [450] he noticed these rags lying about, and asked what they were. When they told him, he said, "Brethren, the practice undertaken by these brothers is short-lived, like the wolf's holy day service"; and he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned king in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as Sakka, king of the gods. At that time a Wolf lived on a rock by the Ganges bank. The winter floods came up and surrounded the rock. There he lay upon the rock, with no food and no way of getting it. The water rose and rose, and the wolf pondered: "No food here, and no way to get it. Here I lie, with nothing to do. I may as well keep a sabbath feast." Thus resolved to keep a sabbath, as he lay he solemnly resolved to keep the religious precepts. Sakka in his meditations perceived the wolf's weak resolve. Thought he, "I'll plague that wolf"; and taking the shape of a wild goat, he stood near, and let the wolf see him.

"I'll keep Sabbath another day!" thought the Wolf, as he spied him; up he got, and leapt at the creature. But the goat jumped about so that the Wolf could not catch him. When our Wolf saw that he could not catch him, he came to a standstill, and went back, thinking to himself as he lay down again, "Well, my Sabbath is not broken after all."

Then Sakka, by his divine power, hovered above in the air; said he,

"What have such as you, all unstable, to do with keeping a Sabbath? You didn't know that I was Sakka, and wanted a meal of goat's-flesh!" and thus plaguing and rebuking him, he returned to the world of the gods.

"The wolf, who takes live creatures for his food,
And makes a meal upon their flesh and blood,
Once undertook a holy vow to pay,—
Made up his mind to keep the Sabbath day.

"When Sakka learnt what he resolved to do,
He made himself a goat to outward view.
Then the blood-bibber leaped to seize his prey,
His vow forgot, his virtue cast away.

[451] "Even so some persons in this world of ours,
That make resolves which are beyond their powers,
Swerve from their purpose, as the wolf did here
As soon as he beheld the goat appear."

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth as follows: "At that time I myself was Sakka."

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

INDEX OF NAMES AND PALI WORDS.

*** This Index contains all names of persons and places, real or legendary (except such as in the Stories of the Past are manifestly invented); all names of literary documents quoted in the text; and the parallels or illustrations given in the notes; but it does not include the names of previous translators of any of the stories.



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